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MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER

VOL. XXXIII, 1930

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASS.

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MEDFORD
J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER

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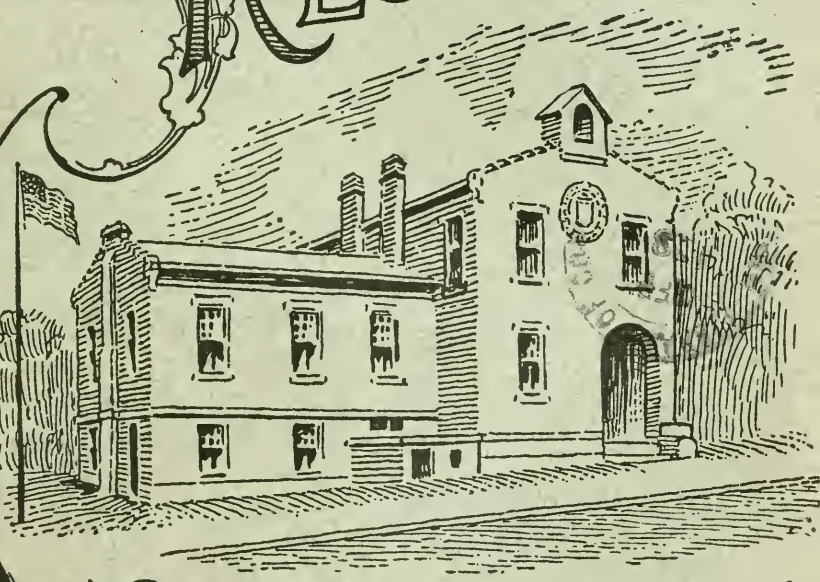

Mar., June, 1930

PUBLISHED BY THE

MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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PREFACE—
MEDFORD'S TERCENTENARY OBSERVANCES. . *Editor*

THE PAGEANT OF THE MYSTIC. . . *Ruth Dame Coolidge.*

Entered as second-class matter, under the act of July 16, 1894, Medford Station, Boston, Massachusetts.

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXXIII. MARCH, JUNE, 1930. Nos. 1 and 2.

MEDFORD'S TERCENTENARY OBSERVANCES.

IN observance of the Massachusetts Tercentenary, our Historical Society planned a special issue of its REGISTER early in June and to precede the coming pageant. Its production was placed in charge of a special committee and was to appear as Vol. XXXIII, Nos. 1 and 2. This was mentioned in editorial of our last issue and also by a slip attached by a clip to its cover.

By the above action the venerable editor had a six months' vacation and now, at the call and desire of that committee, he prepares these prefacing lines for their special issue.

Having been in labors abundant in the various observances, the committee finds the June days have passed without the REGISTER's appearance. Instead of abstracts and reprints of a previous time, the committee is sending the text of "The Pageant of the Mystic," with its valuable notes, foreword, and names of the participants, with the hope that it will be favorably received, preserved and reread in the future.

The first of the Tercentenary observance we are elsewhere noting. Next was Patriots' Day exercises, to which were added those at the old cemetery on Salem street. The city had reconstructed the enclosing wall of brick and concrete with granite cap, with a well-designed iron gate at the entrance on Salem street. Bronze tablets had been placed upon its pillars.

A bronze tablet reproducing the old inscription had been placed upon the Governor Brooks monument, and a memorial flagstaff erected in the corner of the grounds

near River street. Suitable dedicatory exercises were held in relation to these by city authorities and were observed by a large company of interested people.

The bronze tablets at the gate bear the following inscriptions: —

YE OLDE
MEDFORD
BURYING GROUND
IN USE PRIOR TO
1683

THIS TABLET DEDICATED
APRIL 19, 1930

IN MEDFORD'S
TERCENTENARY YEAR

HERE LIE
EARLY SETTLERS OF MEDFORD

GOVERNOR JOHN BROOKS
CAPTAIN ISAAC HALL
HONORABLE PETER TUFTS
SARAH BRADLEE FULTON

PATRIOTS OF THE REVOLUTION
WHO FOUGHT AT LEXINGTON
AND BUNKER HILL
AND OTHERS WHOSE VIRTUES
THIS TABLET COMMEMORATES

DEDICATED
APRIL 19, 1930

And in June came the pageant. Just before this, however, through the enterprise of our business men, there were printed fifteen thousand copies of a four-page paper called *Ye Town Crier*. This was printed in blue ink, its opening page advertising "The Pageant of the Mystic," its particular feature being an Indian chief overlooking the river's course and the ship-building on its bank. This was inscribed the "Official Poster of the Pageant."

The *Crier* was distributed throughout the city by the troops of the Boy and Girl Scouts. Among the writers contributing to it were Mayor Larkin, who wrote upon "The Celebration's Benefits;" and former Mayor Coolidge, who wrote upon "The Brooks Estate," the scene of the pageant's enacting.

The cavalcade from Salem to Boston made its course through High and Main streets stopping at the Royall House. The three floats representing the *Arbella*, Guarding the Treasure, and Winthrop Transferring the

Charter, preceded by mounted musicians, were met by our city officials and escorted thither, where suitable exercises of reception were held.

Next morning the cavalcade finished the last stage of the journey to Boston. Though in 1630 Governor Winthrop did not carry the charter through the woods overland from Naumkeeke to Mishawum with so much pomp, pride and circumstance, this portrayal was viewed by many along its four-day journey with interest, and in Medford it advertised the pageant, which was attended by over sixteen thousand people. Remarkably favorable were the weather conditions. The clouds of the second afternoon were somewhat ominous, ending in a slight shower at eight o'clock, reducing the attendance to nine hundred and ninety-nine.

After the three days' intermission it appeared that Medford knew a good thing when they saw it, for there reassembled twenty-nine hundred and eight.

But what shall we say of the pageant itself and its enacting by a cast of twelve hundred people, entering so heartily into its spirit, working harmoniously for its success, patiently and perseveringly through rehearsals and to its close? This voices it: as we walked amid the dense throng to take the bus-ride home we repeatedly heard "Wasn't it wonderful?" and that expression seems to be in people's thoughts and on their tongues, using the word wonderful in preference to the many words that might be used. We have heard but one adverse criticism; we are giving that for what it is worth for the benefit of the one who will have the pageant in charge one hundred years from now—"There was no splash in the water when the ship was launched." And the wonderful setting for it, its use so kindly allowed by the present resident owner, Mrs. Shepherd Brooks, the historic ground over which the first white men came to Medford! Language fails us. We will not try to say more, other than this—those that missed seeing the pageant missed an opportunity of a lifetime.

In the Meeting-house of the First Parish in Medford, fifth edifice in succession to shelter the religious services of the old Parish, and the third upon the same site, was held on Sunday, February 23d, a church service after the manner of the seventeenth century, so far as the Parish found it practicable to reproduce in its modern home the setting and conditions of that period.

At early candle-light the parishioners gathered in an auditorium lighted only by candles. The women on one side of the center, the men on the other. The pulpit had been removed and on the platform stood two tables and three chairs. Ordinary white candles in old-fashioned candlesticks stood on the tables and were ranged along the sides of the room.

Entering from the vestry, the minister, the Rev. Louis C. Dethlefs, in gown and band, seated himself at the table in the center of the platform, while the teacher, Mr. Wilson Fiske, took his place at the table to the minister's right. In the chair at the minister's left sat Mr. A. W. Stockwell, tithing-man, with his staff of office. Below the platform and facing the congregation sat the ruling elder, Mr. E. W. Stone, with pitch-pipe and psalm book at hand. Teacher, tithing-man and elder were in the conventional Puritan garb.

On the minister's table stood an hour-glass, which the tithing-man took occasion to reverse during the sermon.

Opening the services, the minister made a short address of explanation, followed by a prayer. The ruling elder rose, announced the One-hundredth Psalm, gave the pitch, and lined the psalm for the congregational singing. Following this the teacher read from the seventeenth chapter of Proverbs and interpreted to the congregation the scripture passage read. After a second psalm (the Seventy-eighth), led by the ruling elder as before, the minister read a portion of an ancient sermon on "Pleasures, True and False," delivered originally in 1771 by Rev. William Dodd. Then followed the third Psalm and the benediction.

The congregational singing was remarkable for spirit and effectiveness.

The customs of the day were followed so far as to install the pewter contribution platter at the front, to which the congregation made pilgrimage to deposit their offerings under the eyes of the tithing-man, by whom they were summoned to contribute in proportion as they had prospered.

The church was filled to its capacity.

After the services the rather extensive and unique collection of church silver, mostly Colonial, belonging to the Parish, was on exhibition in the vestry, together with some of the ancient records and literature, the property of the Parish.

PROVERBS XVII.

1. Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices, with strife.

2. A wise servant shall have rule over a son that causeth shame, and shall have part of the inheritance among the brethren.

3. The fining pot is for silver and the furnace for gold; but the Lord trieth the hearts.

4. A wicked doer giveth heed to false lips; and a liar giveth ear to a naughty tongue.

5. Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his maker; and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.

6. Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers.

"And the Glory of Children are Their Fathers!"

So have we said, looking back upon the rugged constancy and faith which animated *our* fathers in their bitter struggle to establish themselves and theirs and their institutions in a new and bleak and inhospitable land; upon their perfect conviction that they were forwarding the will and the work of their God by loosing the bonds which they found hampering to their souls, and by building a new-made freedom upon foundations as firm as their own granite hills.

We glory in their unfeigned enthusiasm therein, in their splendid devotion to their task and in their generous self-immolation in its execution. We turn us to their example for that inspiration to high thoughts and great deeds which shall make us worthy to wear their mantles.

"As he was to the fathers, so be the Lord to us." Thus speaks the motto upon the seal of our Metropolitan city. It is ours so to bear our parts that the heritage may be nowise dimmed, but rather brightened, passing on to our children's children. If we cannot share all the sternness and perhaps the gloom of our fathers' faith, yet may we emulate their steadfastness, in the faith that *is* ours, faltering not in the pursuit of that righteousness unto which all other good shall be added.

"So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers."

Nor is this constancy in the faith our whole duty, the confidence in this reward our only, perhaps not our highest, expectation.

"Children's children *are* the crown of old men." So, whether we will or not, we *do* bring something into the world; and we shall be known by what we leave after us.

How else shall one live on, save in the offspring of his brain, his hand, his heart? If his brain prove barren or perverse, shall not its creatures be dead things, or worse than dead? And if hand and heart work not together for good, what shall they bring forth but ashes? He shall be judged by his fruits. These shall fashion his crown, shall show it forth tarnished or bright, shall build the furnace wherein to try its metal. Most surely of all shall they be found in his most precious contribution — his descendants unto all generations.

Heaven send we may so number our days that our children's children shall rise up to call us blessed, shall find in us that joy and inspiration we have found in the fathers; shall fare strong and wise and able, to perform without fear and without reproach the work they may be called to do. Then shall they look upon their fathers' labors and the structure they have built and sing of us with pious reverence:

"The leaves they knew
Are gone these many summers, and the winds
Have scattered them all harshly thro' the years
But still, in calm and venerable strength,
The old stem lifts its burthen up to heaven,
And the new leaves, to the same gentle tune,
Drink in the light, and strengthen, and grow fair."

The Pageant of the Mystic

A PAGEANT
in celebration of the
Tercentenary of the Settlement
of Medford

1630 1930

Written by
RUTH DAME COOLIDGE
for the

TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION

Produced and Performed by the People of Medford

JUNE 23, 24, 25, 30, JULY 1 AND 2
8:30 O'CLOCK
BROOKS ESTATE WEST MEDFORD

MASTER OF THE PAGEANT

LESLIE R. CAREY

STAFF

Assistant Pageant Director ..... EDWIN F. PIDGEON
Stage Manager ..... GEORGE J. HACKETT
Assistant Stage Manager ..... JOHN G. FORTUNE
Assistant Stage Manager ..... FREDERICK A. KOM LOSY
Assistant Stage Manager ..... THOMAS M. CONNELL
Music Director ..... ELMER H. WILSON
Choral Director ..... DR. CHARLES W. MCPHERSON
Dancing Director ..... MRS. FREDERICK A. RUSSELL

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Honorary Chairman
Frank D. Neill, *Chairman*
Charles T. Daly, *Secretary*

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RECEPTION

Michael E. O'Brien

PAGEANT BOOK

Hon. Richard B. Coolidge

Music by Medford Tercentenary Orchestra.

Chorus by Medford Tercentenary Choristers.

Costumes and Wigs by Ware, Costumer Inc., Boston. Mass.

Poster by Miss Norma E. Casano.

Amplification by Radio Installation & Service Co., Medford, Mass.

Lighting by J. M. Maxwell & Son.

Scenery designed and constructed by Frederick A. Kom-Losy, Malden, Mass.

Seats by Maurice M. Devine.

Printing Pageant Book, Mercury Printing Company.

Chorus Accompanist, Mrs. William J. Reilly.

Dance Accompanist, Miss Doris Brown.

Pageant Book Secretary, Miss Louise P. Taylor.

Assistant Pageant Book Secretary, Miss Mildred A. Jacobus.

"I haue great cause to acknowledge God's goodness & mercy to me in inabling me to undergoe what I haue & doe suffer by New England, & if my heart deceyve me not, I joye more in the expectation of that good shall come to others there when I shal bee dead and gone, than I greyue for my owne losses, though they have beene verry heavy & greate."

Mathewe Cradock to the Court of Assistants, February 1640.

FOREWORD

From the days when the Indians paddled their canoes up the Missituk,—"great tidal river,"—to their homes by the spreading lakes, the Mystic has been the pulsing heart of Medford's life. The earliest settlers made the winding stream a highway to Cradock's plantation. The "Blessing of the Bay," launched by Governor Winthrop as early as 1631, was the forerunner of a later fleet that went down the river to all the corners of the seven seas. Across Matthew Cradock's toll bridge labored the land traffic of colonial days toward the settlements to the north, and under it crept the slow "lighters" which bore the products of forest, farm, and brickyard to the markets of the seaport. Today the Mystic, no longer hemmed in by the "uncouth wilderness," carries its salt tide only to the site of the bridge. But the open valley runs on to the lakes while, skirting its banks, the parkways of today bring beauty and vision to the crowded pressure of city life.

In this pageant I have attempted to picture significant events in the life story of the town that grew up along the Mystic. Sometimes imagination has necessarily added to the scenes that embody, however, as far as possible the recorded words of the past actors. I have not tried to go beyond the boundaries of Medford, except to follow back to England Matthew Cradock, who, though founder of the city, never saw his grant of two thousand acres.

I have tried to make Medford live again as patriot souls stirred her into action, for Medford knew Governor Winthrop, Paul Revere, and General Washington. She had, too, her own patriot sons and daughters who contributed to the upbuilding of the commonwealth and the republic. From their day the colonial town by rapid growth through these later years has become a large city in which still stand sentinels of the olden times, cherished in a living present.

Into Medford, as if with the flood of the tide, have poured the men and wealth of lands across the sea. In her three hundred years of existence Medford has created a new world from the old, and as the ebb tide of her river returns to the sea, so she has given again to the world her men and her wealth in grateful appreciation.

I am indebted to many, among others to Miss Helen T. Wilde and Mr. Moses W. Mann, accurate historians of the city, to Mrs. Leo R. Lewis, who has composed the music of the choruses, to Mrs. Shepherd Brooks, who made her estate the pageant ground, to Mr. Leslie A. Carey, Director of the Pageant, whose dramatic experience has enriched the text and who has shown the finest spirit of co-operation, and to all the various committees and the cast who have made the production possible.

Ruth Dame Coolidge.

OUTLINE OF THE PAGEANT

Prologue—The Mystic River with the Ebb and Flood Tides.

Episode I—Colonization.

- Scene 1. The First White Men in Medford, September 21, 1621.
- Scene 2. The Granting of the Charter, March 4, 1629.
- Scene 3. Cradock and the Charter, July 28, 1629.
- Scene 4. "Went up Mystic Six Miles," June 17, 1630.
- Scene 5. The Death of Sagamore John.

Episode II—Colonial Life, 1630-1770.

Episode III—The Revolution.

- Scene 1. After the Boston Tea Party, December 16, 1773.
- Scene 2. Isaac Royall's Decision, 1775.
- Scene 3. The Nineteenth of April—Morning, 1775.
- Scene 4. The Nineteenth of April—Evening, 1775.
- Scene 5. Washington inspects the troops at Medford, March, 1776.

Tableau—The Outcome of the Revolution.

Interlude—Song Chorus.

Episode IV—Commercial Development.

- Scene 1. The first adventure in Transportation—the Middlesex Canal, 1793.
- Scene 2. The second adventure—the Boston & Lowell Railroad, June 24, 1835.
- Scene 3. The Launching of the Ship, 1856.
- Scene 4. The second Paul Revere, April 18, 1861.

Epilogue—The City of Medford, the Flood and Ebb Tides.

The Pageant of the Mystic

PROLOGUE

(Before the pageant opens, the Indians are already on the scene. The men are in canoes fishing, the women making baskets and pottery. Boys are building a fire. Kettles and clay pots stand by the fire where women are cooking. Before the Indian wigwam is stretched a drying skin; fish are drying on a flat trellis.)

Indian Dance

SONG CHORUS

From the shining lakes between the hills
The Missituck come I,
Winding my pathway through the vale,
Where the broad marshes lie.

A hundred streams in the shady Fells,
And sunny brooks a score,
Have loved and lavished at my feet
Their swift and sparkling store.

Swelling with love I bear their gifts
A treasure to the sea,
And then with grateful heart turn back—
The salt tide as my fee.

Ever the flood tide brings with me
The wealth of seas unknown,
And ever my grateful ebb tide bears
The wealth that the woodlands loan.

To all who dwell beside my shore
I give my blessings twain,
The bounty to take of land and sea
And the heart to give back again.

(Sound of music. Enter Mystic, with Flood and Ebb tides, two women, each with a train of dancers dressed to represent the varying shades of the water.

A dance of the spirits follows symbolizing the winding of the river, and its ebb and flow. The River takes a position in the foreground and the music changes to an Indian melody.)

EPISODE I—Colonization

SCENE 1.

The First White Men in Medford

(The Indian men disperse as for hunting, leaving the women and a few boys in the settlement. In the distance approach by water Miles Standish nine companions and four Indians. They leave their shallop drawn up on the shore with two armed men on guard and march forward. An Indian runner in the foreground gives warning of the coming whites and all withdraw in terror before the Pilgrims land. Squanto and Obbatinewat enter and call to them. The women come slowly back as the Pilgrims come forward gesturing courteously.)

STANDISH

Assure them, Squanto, that we mean but peace.

(Indian boys approach and look at the color of the white men and touch their beards wonderingly. Squanto talks with the women.)

STANDISH

Which of them is the Squa Sachem?

(Squanto interprets. The women shake their heads.)

SQUANTO

She not here.

STANDISH

Not here! 'Tis unfortunate after all these miles of weary travel. Not here.—Where is she?

SQUANTO

(After much talk)

She not here.

STANDISH

Strange, a squaw to reign over these people! Was their sachem, Nanepashemit, swept away in the recent plague, Squanto?

SQUANTO

They say Nanepashemit killed by enemy on top hill, right there.

(As Squanto interprets the women point to the hill behind the pageant ground.)

STANDISH

Where are their men? Go you

(to a runner)

with one of these boys, find them and bring them thither.

(Exeunt the runner and a boy)

WINSLOW

I confess myself hungry. Yon kettle has a pleasant odor.

SQUANTO

They say, they give food pale faces.

(The Pilgrims move up with alacrity as squaws prepare food.)

WINSLOW

They have cooked, methinks, some of the fish with which this Missituk river abounds.

STANDISH

I never knew fish with more bones.

WINSLOW

What though it be more bony than our cod, we must thank them, nevertheless, for their hospitality.

STANDISH

Give them thanks, Squanto.

(As they finish the runner returns with a small timid Indian who registers fear whenever the Pilgrims advance toward him and takes refuge at times behind the stoical women.)

STANDISH

Is this the only envoy of a great tribe? Well, Squanto, tell him we would make a treaty with the Squa Sachem and trade with them for skins.

(Squanto interprets and the men make a display of wampum, knives and red cloth.)

BREWSTER

This country we have seen is most fertile, with excellent harbors and running waters. Would we had landed here instead of Plymouth.

WINSLOW

Nay, the Lord who assigns to all men their habitations hath appointed it for other use.

BREWSTER

Surely the Lord hath been with us in our outgoings and incomings, for which His holy name have praise evermore.

(During this dialogue Squanto attempts to wrest a beaver skin from the small Indian, who finally gets help from the women.)

STANDISH

Yea, truly Elder Brewster, but we must even help ourselves now in our outgoings. We cannot find the Squa Sachem or any men save this poor fellow with whom to trade.

SQUANTO

(creeping up and speaking scornfully with sweep of his arm.)

All Squaws. Take skins and food. Enemies! Say they fight you. Take their things.

STANDISH

Out on you, Tisquantum. Were they never so bad we would not wrong them or give them any just occasion against us.

WINSLOW

Perchance the women would trade with us, good captain.

(He takes hold of a skin hanging about the shoulders of one of the women and offers her some beads. Brisk

trading follows. The Pilgrims start toward the boat, well laden, the women following them.)

TISQUANTUM

They say they will save skins for you. He (pointing to the Indian) trade, too.

STANDISH

Back now to the boat and our return home. We have not seen the Squa Sachem but somewhat we have done toward a knowledge of this new land.

BREWSTER

I cannot but wish "we had been ther seated."

(Exeunt)

Note. Two powerful tribes of Indians held sway in this vicinity when the first settlers came,—the Massachuset and the Pawtuckets. The sachem of the Pawtuckets was Nanepashemit. He came from Lynn in 1615 and took up his abode on Rock Hill where he could best watch canoes on the river. He was killed in 1619, apparently about on the hill behind the pageant ground. His widow, the Squa Sachem, succeeded him, though his three sons, called by the English Sagamores John, George, and James, ruled over the Indians of Medford, Salem, and Lynn.

This scene is based on Mourt's Relation, which narrates in detail the trip made by an exploring party of ten pilgrims with Indian guides in September, 1621. On September 21 they marched inland to the Mystic Lakes and found a palisaded Indian village deserted. Further on they came upon the Indian women: "with much fear . . . they entertained us at first, but seeing our gentle carriage toward them, they took heart and entertained us in the best manner they could, boiling cod and such things as they had for us."

INTERLUDE

(The Flood tides run toward the East, listening and exulting, while the faint refrain of an English chanty rises.)

EBB TIDE

Beyond the sea wherein my waters flow,
A distant call. Flood tide, what hearest thou?

FLOOD TIDE

Twice every day I bear unto thy heart
The fresh salt tides from ocean's farthest shores.

EBB TIDE

What new gift doth old ocean bear to me?

FLOOD TIDE

Soon, soon shall come to thee across the foam,
From England's brave and noble hearted isle,
A ship of hardy and godfearing men,—
Like to yon Pilgrims who adventured here—
To found a city on thy winding stream.

EBB TIDE

What king doth send them here?

FLOOD TIDE

No king
But their own conscience. Yet a merchant prince,
Whose argosies have floated down the Thames
And sailed to all the seas, will send them forth.

EBB TIDE

And his name, my Flood Tide?

FLOOD TIDE

Good Matthew Cradock, born in London town,
A generous, fair, farsighted man,
Who dreams of new worlds sprung from old and acts
To make his dreams come true. E'en now, behold,
He and the friends of Massachusetts Bay
Have wrested from King Charles a mighty grant
Of all these shores to found a Commonwealth.

SCENE 2.

The Granting of the Charter

(A canopy is borne in, followed by a train of nobles, Cradock among them. King Charles takes his seat beneath the canopy. His chancellor brings to him the charter of the "Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England." March 4, 1629.)

KING CHARLES
(to his Chancellor)

Affix we now the seal.

(The great seal is brought in and impressed upon the charter.)

Mr. Cradock, I grant to you, as the first and present Governor, the charter of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England. May you build a New England across the seas!

CRADOCK
(Kneeling and kissing his hand)

Most gracious sovereign, we will build a new world from our old.

(He takes the charter. Exeunt Royal train.)

Note. Matthew Cradock, the founder of Medford, was a distinguished merchant of London, prominent under two kings, and the personal friend of John Winthrop. To him belongs the credit of taking the initiative in the transfer of the charter to the new world. Though Cradock never came to the plantation he founded, he guided the infant settlement, gave wise directions as to the treatment of the Indians and built the first toll bridge across the Mystic in about 1636. However heavy was the loss in his financial investment, he never failed to succor and develop his struggling plantation. In his vision, his wisdom and in his generosity Medford recognizes him as the ideal father of the city.

SCENE 3

Cradock and the Charter

(During the exit of the royal train, a long table and several chairs are brought in by attendants. Enter twenty-three members, present on the recorded date of the business meeting at which the transfer of the charter was first introduced, July 28, 1629, at the home of the Deputy Governor, Mr. Thomas Goffe in London.

Among those present at this meeting and at the meeting of August 29, 1629, when the motion was carried to transfer the charter to New England were: "Mr. Matthew Cradock, Gov., Mr. Thomas Goffe, Dept., Mr. Thomas Adams, Mr. Nathaniell Wright, Mr. Theophilus Eaton, Sir Richard Saltonstall, Mr. Increase Nowell, Mr. Samuel Vassall, Mr. Jos. Bradshawe, Mr. Willyam Pinchon, and others.)

CRADOCK

The matter of the purchase of ships is, then, arranged. We will now turn to the final and most important matter of business. Gentlemen! Know you this?

(He holds aloft the charter)

ALL

The charter! The charter!

CRADOCK

Aye. The charter!

GOFFE

Ay! The head of his majesty, King Charles himself!

CRADOCK

And his royal seal affixed.

SALTONSTALL

Your name, Governor Cradock, heads the list.

CRADOCK

So! This much have we won from his Highness, King Charles,—a grant for our colony of Massachusetts Bay; a start to a new home in the wilderness.

SALTONSTALL

But why the charter here today, Mr. Cradock?

CRADOCK

Members of the Council, we need men of worth and quality, resourceful men to cope with hardships, and men with property of their own to carve new worlds out of old.

SALTONSTALL

Aye.

CRADOCK

But such men are unwilling to risk their all in such a venture without assurance and guarantee of certain freedom.

GOFFE

You speak in riddles!

CRADOCK

I will be brief. I propose that the government of the plantation be transferred to those who shall inhabit there, and not to continue the same in subordination to the Company here.

SALTONSTALL

You propose—

CRADOCK

I propose that the charter be transferred to the plantation.

SALTONSTALL

The charter to be taken overseas!

GOFFE

His Majesty will never consent.

CRADOCK

Then it shall be transplanted without his consent.

NOWELL

Is this treason?

GOFFE

But the company is ours—we have invested our money.

CRADOCK

They invest their lives.

GOFFE

But the company will be out of hand.

VASSALL

Three thousand miles beyond our reach. Farewell, money.

CRADOCK

Our money against their lives!

GOFFE

But we offer them more.

NOWELL

Ay, much more.

SALTONSTALL

Is freedom from oppression of no value?

CRADOCK

What freedom is there if they are to be ruled by Parliament?

VASSALL

Treason!

CRADOCK

Treason or tyranny?

ALL

Tyranny!

SALTONSTALL

Governor, methinks I am with you! Let them as Englishmen have their charter.

NOWELL

Never, as long as I have breath to protest and the power to vote.

CRADOCK

But this very power of vote in affairs is what they are to be denied. And you with so little at stake!

GOFFE

Is our money nothing?

CRADOCK

Exactly that—if the right of voice in its expenditure be removed.

VASSALL

Cradock, I, too, am with you. There is weight in your words.

NOWELL

Not one penny of my money without assurance.

CRADOCK

Not one once of their blood without protection.

SALTONSTALL

Governor, I propose a vote on the proposition that you made. Will you read it once more.

CRADOCK

(reading from paper)

"I do propose that for the advancement of the plantation, the inducing and encouraging persons of worth and qualitie to transplant themselves and families thither and for other weighty reasons that the government of the plantation shall be transferred to those that shall inhabit there and not to continue the same in subordination to the company here, as now it is."*

*This motion was not passed until August 29, 1629, but for the sake of dramatic presentation, the two scenes have been combined.

NOWELL

Second the motion.

CRADOCK

You have heard the proposition. Those in favor will say ay, and those opposed nay.

(The vote is close, winning by one or two)

It is voted. I have faith to prophesy that the Charter of our Massachusetts Bay Company with the seal of our gracious majesty affixed, will, in accordance with that vote, be the first to cross the Atlantic. We shall plant a free commonwealth in a free land.

ALL

(Visibly moved)

Amen, so be it.

CRADOCK

If there be no further business we are adjourned.

(Cradock lingers after others have gone)

Now whatsoever King or Parliament may do, I joy in the expectation of that good shall come to my settlement at Mystick.

SCENE 4

"Went Up Mystick River Six Miles"

John Winthrop's Journal June 17, 1630

(Refrain from old English chantey)

(A boat appears carrying sailors from the Arbella and three colonists with Winthrop in command. As the clearing in the woods comes in view, they rest on their oars. Pantomine discussions.)

WINTHROP

Rest on the oars!

(They take sounding)

SAILORS

(They rest on their oars and are instantly on guard)

What's abroad?

WINTHROP

There's a landing point. Put about! Let's ashore!

(Slowly the boat comes to shore. Cautiously the company disembarks.)

WINTHROP

(Suddenly raises voice)

Hold!

(Every man attentive and cautious.)

SAILOR

What's toward?

WINTHROP

A trail!

SAILOR

Aye.

WINTHROP

Forward, men, and cautiously. Here is sign of humans. Watchful!

SAILOR

The trail divides yonder.

WINTHROP

So. Do you, Sirs,

(indicating two men)

return to the ford and stand guard over the boat. You, men,

(indicating others)

take the trail to the left. Mark you keep within gun signal. We will to the right. Cradock did say they planted their farm near where the Indian trail did cross the river.

SAILOR

But if we find no—

WINTHROP

No colony? Then it must appear the Indians have done their work. Wait! Look you!

(indicating right)

Some one comes. To cover, men, and spare your powder.

(They instantly drop to crouching positions. From over the knoll to the right appear white men. They have seen the disembarking group and stand for an instant on guard. Then they recognize the dress of Englishmen and rush forward exultantly.)

MAYHEW

(one of the Mystick men)

Englishmen!

(His men together shout: Englishmen! They meet Winthrop's unit and, half crazed with joy, embrace them man to man.)

WINTHROP

My good men. You,—are you of Cradock's plantation at Mystick?

MAYHEW

Ay. The same! Thrice welcome. Thrice welcome. 'Tis over a year now since we have heard any English voice save our own. Oh, the loneliness of these forests!

DAVISON

Three brothers by the name of Sprague with four comrades did venture across the wilderness from Gov. Endicott's colony at Nehamkeeke last summer; they alone have found us.

MAYHEW

How came you? By what boat? How many are you? What of England?

WINTHROP

Greetings from Mathewe Cradock, your proprietor!

MAYHEW

Governor Cradock!

WINTHROP

Nay, sir. I have now the honor to be the Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company.

MAYHEW

You, Sir? The governor! And here?

WINTHROP

The same. The charter and the Governor be now on **these** shores. Cradock has willed it.

MAYHEW

And we be now ruled by your charter here in New England?

WINTHROP

Ay. The first ever to be taken from the old world to the new.

SETTLER

(Timidly)

Has your ship yet returned to England?

WINTHROP

Nay. The Arbella yet rides at anchor in Massachusetts Bay well stocked with merchandise and supplies for your needs.

SETTLER

When—when—sails she for dear old England?

WINTHROP

Within the fortnight.

FIRST SETTLER

I would go back with her.

SECOND SETTLER

And I, sir.

THIRD SETTLER

And I.

WINTHROP

What is this?

SECOND SETTLER

Oh, sir, I've endured, suffered until sometimes it seems I'd go mad with loneliness and—

THIRD SETTLER

Three of our members have already—(indicates death)

FIRST SETTLER

I want no more of it.

WINTHROP

Stop! Is this mutiny?

MAYHEW

If so, 'tis not the first.

WINTHROP

Have you not food?

MAYHEW

Enough with care. The waters abound in alewives and the woods be full of—

THIRD SETTLER

Indians that hourly seek our pelt.

WINTHROP

Is that true?

MAYHEW

The Indians in the main are friendly and have brought us much aid. Dark fears.

(He touches his head significantly)

WINTHROP

What of shelter?

MAYHEW

These woods have yielded substance for shelter and ships, and game for food. Substance aplenty for hardy souls!

WINTHROP

(Turning on the recalcitrant group)

And you prate of suffering?

COLONIST

I say, Governor, let them sail those blooming waters as we did. Suffering! 'Ods Bodkins!

(He seizes his stomach)

WINTHROP

Enough of this. There is no room here for lily-livered souls. Get you to boat and sail for England and when you are once more with them who were wont to call you men say that

here be scant harbor for hearts with infirm purpose; say that here be little shelter for such as tremble at imaginary shadows and the sickly fears of children; say that here are broad fields, mighty forests and potent rivers, boundless opportunities for those whose lips are firm and whose courage is fixed. Here we are carving new worlds out of old, sturdy enterprise calling for men who falter not nor count the sacrifice. If you are the stuff of which colonies must be made, I would to God this venture were already ended.

FIRST SETTLER

(with head bowed)

Sir, you shame me as I deserve. I beg to stay.

SECOND AND THIRD SETTLERS

And I.

WINTHROP

'Tis well! I salute you as Englishmen.
Come, the tide has changed. Let us to our boat.
I doubt not that many others will return to this fair settlement. I ask for nothing better, myself, than to settle by this fair river and build ships for new ventures. Farewell.

(Winthrop and his men go to the boat as the other group stands and waves adieu. Again is heard the sound of the chantey as the boat rows away.)

Note. This scene is based on an entry in Winthrop's Journal, June 17, 1630. "Went up Mystick River six miles,"

and one in the Charlestown Records that the Sprague brothers and three others travelling overland from Salem in 1628 or 1629 found Cradock's men on the Mystic. The meeting is unfounded by actual record but is entirely probable. The first authoritative record of Medford is on September 28, 1630, when the Court of Assistants, under Governor Winthrop, levied a tax on the several plantations for instructing the colonists in military tactics, among others, "Meadford, three pounds."

Winthrop, the first governor of the colony in Massachusetts, early explored Medford and received a grant of six hundred acres, including that part of Medford now south of the River. He launched on July 4, 1631, "The Blessing of the Bay," one of the first ships built in the new world.

SCENE 5

The Death of Sagamore John

(Conspicuous among settlers about a camp fire are Winthrop, Davison, Mayhew, John Noyes, George Felt, and the Reverend John Wilson.)

WINTHROP

Look you, gentlemen, something's amiss.

(A score of canoes enter bearing Indians across the pond about to land)

MAYHEW

Sagamore John and his followers!

FELT

'Tis another warning of attack by the Tarrentines.

(The canoes land. The Indians beckon the settlers excitedly and they rush to the shore. Sagamore John is lifted from canoe and half carried to the camp fire. The canoes withdraw.)

WINTHROP

What is it, John?

(John settles to the ground with a cry of relief. All surround him.)

INDIAN

Chief bad. No eat, no sleep, always lay down so.

JOHN

Water.

(They raise and give him water.)

JOHN

Ah! Good! Master Wilson.

WILSON

Here, John.

JOHN

(Seizing his hand)

I-come-to-give-white-man-thank. Good-much good.

WINTHROP

Quick! Give him rum!

JOHN

No! Not more! Red chief-go-soon-see-Great Spirit!

MAYHEW

How long has he been thus?

INDIAN

For many sun he bad.

NOYES

Is he—is this the end?

WINTHROP

I fear it.

JOHN

See, Great Spirit angry! It grow dark!

WILSON

No, John, there is no anger. All is well.

JOHN

Where Papoose?

(They bring an Indian boy to his side. John reaches forward and grasps the arm of the boy.)

Master Wilson! You take Papoose-boy-make-him-like-good-white-man. Sometime him be big chief like Gov'nor John.

(He again turns his head to Winthrop)

Make Papoose good man—learn know white man God!

WILSON

Be assured, brave chief, he shall be watched after. And you, John, think you that now you know the white man's God!

JOHN

Red Chief-think-he-know. Red Chief love—

(weaker)

It grow dark - Papoose - boy - come - near - Papoose-Big-Chief-It grow dark-dark-dark—

(He dies)

(Winthrop and his men remove their hats: Reverently they draw the blanket over the body of Sagamore John. Soft Indian dirge rises as Winthrop speaks final lines.)

WINTHROP

Into the land of the setting sun he goes. So passes the spirit of those who first learned and loved the hidden mysteries of these

shores and who freely shared of their patrimony that those who follow might prosper.

(Indians embark in the canoes and paddle silently away, in a wide circle.)

(The rest of the Indians walk slowly in single file toward the setting sun. The River dancers surge in from each side waving farewell until finally all exeunt.)

EPISODE II—Colonial Life

This time of uneventful peace in Medford's history is represented by characteristic pictures of the religious, civil, and social life.

The settlers go to church,* and the sound of their psalm rises by the river. Women enter with quilting frames and girls and boys for a husking bee. Many Colonial activities are represented. A man is placed in the stocks and endures the scorn and jesting of all who pass, of children on their way to school (†), of men and boys bearing corn to the mill (‡), of women on their way to market. Peter Tufts rides by on his way to Boston as Medford's first representative. His son Peter, eleven years old, bids his father farewell (§). A trial also takes place before a judge and the protesting culprit is borne away to the ducking stool (*†). Meanwhile the river dancers encircle the whole, as the river itself was literally a way of life to the early settlers (*‡).

*The first meeting house in Medford was erected in 1696 on High Street, just above High Street Place, and was 30 feet long, 27 feet wide and 16 feet high. Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge was the first minister. He called it "candlestick by the ford and a light set up in it." The Town of Medford hired a horse for his journey hither, insisting that it be well shod.

The second meeting house was near Meetinghouse Brook, 1727 and was 52 feet long, 38 feet wide and 33 feet posts, about twice the size of the first one. The third was built in 1770 on the site of the present Unitarian Church with a "tower from the ground, two porches and leads and pulleys in the windows."

†The first schoolhouse in Medford built May, 1734, 20 by 24 feet near Meetinghouse Brook. Before this by 1719 a writing school was established with "Mr. Henery Davison" as teacher who was allowed "the sum of Three Pound money for keepin school the time aboue Sd and also to diet him for Ye

term aboue Sd." The third schoolhouse stood very near the street opposite the Episcopal Church. It was from this church that the children flocked to see President Washington after he breakfasted next door with Governor Brooks.

‡In 1698 a Petition stated that "your Petitioners have hitherto been necessitated for want of a gristmill in Sd towne to carry their corne to be ground as far as Charlestowne or Watertowne and sometimes as far as Boston and Noddle's Island. Whereby many times before they can get their meal home, it costs them as much as the corne was worth . . . . There was a mill later near Harvard Avenue, West Medford, and there was a saw mill as early as 1689 on "Marble's or Meetinghouse Brook, in land recently taken for the Fells where the mill dam is still clearly marked. There was a large tide-mill on the river on the site of Miles lumber yard (1746) and other smaller mills.

§It is now believed by many that the so-called Cradock house was built by Peter Tufts about 1670. Medford had been up to 1684 a "peculiar" or local district, not set off into a town, but from this date it became a town. Peter Tufts to reach Boston by horseback must have gone via Cambridge and West Roxbury. He may have ferried at Charlestown or at Penny Ferry (Wellington Bridge) or even have gone by boat from his home on the river to the city.

*†The ducking stool, though there is no court record of its use in Medford, was a common Puritan method of punishment for women or men.

*‡Some of Medford's earliest trade was in bricks and rum and the river was the highway for farmers' produce from all the surrounding country. There were many landing places. The passage down the river was aided by tide, sail, and oar, and the long haul around Labor-in-vain was early found so difficult that a passage was cut through. These broad sloops were built in Medford along the river.

Interlude

(Enter Mystic River accompanied by the Flood and Ebb Tides.)

MYSTIC

A tiny hamlet, steeped in busy peace,—
Ploughing the fertile meadows, planting corn,
Hewing the mighty trees for firewood;
Yet loyal to the dream of Cradock still,
Building a new world.

FLOOD TIDE

But the old world tries
To curb her freedom, shear her daring trade
And tax, unrepresented, her young might.

EBB TIDE

The sound of Indian warfare long has ceased,
Yet hark, what sound of thrilling martial drums
Beats on the silence?

FLOOD TIDE

My tides do bring
Redcoated soldiers, stern repressive laws
To tax and conquer our stout Medford men.

MYSTIC

The minutemen of Medford are prepared
To volunteer alike in war and peace
To work, to sacrifice, and e'en to die
For their Puritan heritage of Liberty.

(Martial Music)

EPISODE III—The Revolution

SCENE 1

After the Boston Tea Party

(Enter Sarah Bradlee Fulton and Mrs. Nathaniel Bradlee. The have a large iron kettle which contains water and clothes.)

SARAH BRADLEE FULTON

'Tis the only time I ever wished that I might be an Indian squaw.

MRS. BRADLEE

Thou would'st have made a rare one, Sarah. A good soldier was lost when thou put on petticoats.

SARAH

I know I had rather make tea as they are making it, with the harbor as their teapot, than to set the kettle on the hob. Ah! Here come our painted helpmates e'en now.

(Two men enter hurriedly, Indians from their waists up—John Fulton and Nathaniel Bradlee.)

FULTON

Quick, wife! To the house and cover.

SARAH

With face and features of that cut! You'll not step through my door thus!

FULTON

But the town is full of spies. We may be watched!

SARAH

Let them but show themselves and I'll fix these feathers with pitch and apply it to their royal crowns.

(During the dialogue the ladies have removed most of the feathers and have wiped off some of the paint.)

There. You'll soon be turned from a savage into a civilized man again. Take you to the well and end the good work. But before you go tell us quickly how it went.

FULTON

We did rush in a body on the wharves. No one offered us resistance. Zounds, how our hatchets did crash into those painted tea boxes. Some of us carried them up from the hold, some did smash them open, and overboard they went in a trice.

MRS. BRADLEE

Would I might have seen it!

BRADLEE

The whole regiment of redcoats might have all the tea they wished did they drink from the harbor tonight.

SARAH

Well salted indeed and cooled in the saucer. But

come now. Get you gone. We'll remain here till you return.

(Men exeunt)

MRS. BRADLEE

Sarah! Look you! A redcoat.

SARAH

Let him come.

MRS. BRADLEE

The feathers.

(Sarah conceals feathers, etc. and puts towels into kettle and begins to scrub vigorously.)

SPY

(Appears, looks about and is plainly at a loss.)

You—you are late at work, good women.

SARAH

We do wash up the towels after our tea. What would you?

SPY

You did make tea tonight?

SARAH

Ay, we made tea,—oceans of it.

SPY

Pardon me. I did think you were rebels and not his majesty's loyal subjects.

SARAH

We will pardon you.

(Exit spy)

Note. This scene is enlarged from an incident in which a spy, searching for proof of participators in the Tea Party, found Mrs. Fulton and Mrs. Bradlee so quietly at work that his suspicions at the lateness of the hour were dissipated.

SCENE 2

Isaac Royall's Decision

(Enter Plato and George, slaves to Isaac Royall; Captain Isaac Hall; Dr. Simon Tufts, an old man of 75; Bond, the village blacksmith, and other colonists.)

BOND

Here you!

PLATO

Yes suh!

BOND

Where's your master?

PLATO

I cain't rightly say, suh.

GEORGE

He done say he's goin' to Kings Chapel.

(All exchange significant glances.)

TUFTS

Say to Colonel Royall we will a word with him.

PLATO AND GEORGE

Yes, suh.

(Exit)

BOND

It'll take more than his gift of silver service to the meeting house to convince me of Royall's loyalty.

HALL

I like it not that he doth leave Medford for Kings Chapel. Matters stand on a most desperate pass. We Minutemen do look at any moment for the signal to march.

TUFTS

I cannot believe that Colonel Royall would turn Tory.

HALL

Last winter when I settled accounts with the colonel he did show me all his arms and accoutrements and told me he was fully determined to stand for his country. Hush! He comes!

(Enter Col. Royall with his daughter, Elizabeth Pepperell, followed by Sir William Pepperell and their little five year old daughter, and several royalists.)

ROYALL

Good morrow, my good friends. 'Tis kind of you to search me out. My best beloved physician, Dr. Tufts, Elizabeth and Sir William, whom you do know well. And Isaac Hall, our brave young captain of the Minutemen. Greetings to you all!

(All make formal greetings, the child also courtsies. The atmosphere is courteous but cool.)

ROYALL

We are leaving for church in Boston and Elizabeth goes thence to other friends.

(Plato and third slave enter bringing out Lady Elizabeth's trunk.)

Is there aught in which I can be of service to you, gentlemen?

(Awkward pause.)

TUFTS

Will you forgive an old friend, Colonel Royall, if he makes bold to beg of you to stay in Medford? The times are troubled and many hearts are jealous and uneasy.

ROYALL

But you know, Dr. Tufts, my business in far Antigua doth demand my attention.

SIR WILLIAM

Business is business, Sir, and Antigua a convenient place for business just now.

(He takes a pinch of snuff.)

HALL

'Twill be thought you do take flight there, Colonel. Many already say you are a Tory, and make threats against you.

ROYALL

Men will ever talk, Isaac, but surely this cloud of misunderstanding 'twixt the king and colony will blow away. There surely may be honorable peace. For if we come to war, what prospect is there for colonial arms? Do you believe, Sir,

(to Isaac Hall)

"our brave but untrained soldiers can openly

defy the power of England? Why, believe me, Sir, she is too strong for us and would send against us her ten thousand Russians who would subdue us."*

HALL

I'll not believe it, and if I did I still would fight, were it I alone to the full ten thousand.

PEPPERELL

Good Gad, Sir, this fellow forgets you are an Englishman and love your flag and king.

ROYALL

He remembers I am an American and love my colony, home, and friends.

PEPPERELL

Zounds, Sir, you surely cannot take sides with these demagogues?

(Stir among colonists.)

ROYALL

On my honor, Sir, I'll never raise my sword for my king against my countrymen.

(The Pepperells whisper excitedly.)

TUFTS

Spoken like Colonel Royall. I was assured the love you bore your country was so deep you'd throw the weight of your wealth and influence on the side of freedom.

*Directly quoted from Royall's words.

ELIZABETH

Father, you would not take up arms against England and the King?

ROYALL

Who talks of fighting? I but talk of peace.

HALL

Peace is out of the question. Matters have gone too far.

TUFTS

It is a time, Royall, when to be neutral is to be a Tory? Who is not for us is against us.

HALL

Come, Colonel, we trifle. You must choose! Is it King or Colony?

ROYALL

(Struggling)

My heart is with the colonies.

HALL

Your hand on it, Sir!

(Royall half extends hand to meet that of Hall.)

PEPPERELL

Stay! Think what you do, Sir! Do you contemplate treason against your sovereign? And your property, Sir—think of your property.

ELIZABETH

Father, you would not disgrace your daughters?

(Royall hesitates, then withdraws his hand.)

ROYALL

Gentlemen—I cannot. Quick, my carriage—I am not well.

(Slowly he withdraws from colonial group followed by his friends. The coach rolls up. Royall starts to mount, hesitates, turns back to the group of men. Pepperell touches his arm, he turns, mounts and the coach rolls away. As Royall leaves, a light is turned on Hall who steps forward. Dr. Tufts stands with bowed head.)

HALL

Thus must history record this struggle which will ever try men's souls. We move according to our light.

SCENE 3

The Ninteenth of April—Morning

(Alarm-bells sound. Paul Revere dashes by. There are distant calls—"To arms—the British are coming —To arms,"—with the sound of fife and drum the Medford Minutemen enter, and with Isaac Hall in command march away. Townspeople gather excitedly in Square—Bond, the Blacksmith, Porter, the tavern proprietor, Dr. Tufts, Sarah Bradlee Fulton, Mrs. Nathaniel Bradlee, Stephen Hall, Esq., former member of Legislature, and others. There is a distant sound of battle.)

BOND

What's the news, Master Porter?

PORTER

News aplenty.

HALL

They've been fighting?

PORTER

Most certain blood has been shed.

BOND

Blood. Sure and that'll make the boys see red!

(Fife and drum drawing nearer.)

SARAH BRADLEE FULTON

Yes, more minutemen down the Salem Road.

PORTER

'Tis the boys from Malden.

(Enter the company from Malden. A boy from the roadside offers a pail and tin dipper of water.)

MALDEN CAPTAIN

Where is the fighting?

(Distant boom of cannon)

PORTER

Lexington, I should reckon.

MALDEN CAPTAIN

Quick then, boys, we'll catch them before they reach Menotomy. Forward! March!

PORTER

Huzzay, boys, on with you! The rascals came here and stole our powder.

BOND

Stole it, did they? Bad 'cess to 'em! Sure, we'll give them all they want!

CHORUS

Fight 'em, boys, fight 'em!

(A few stragglers pass by from time to time on foot or horseback, all in a great hurry.)

SARAH BRADLEE FULTON

Will they come back this way?

HALL

Nay, I reckon, they'll take the shortest road to their boats to get under the shelter of the guns.

(Enter Henry Putnam with gun, followed by his wife.)

WIFE

Henry, Henry, come back. Don't go off without something in your stomach, you aren't going without your dinner!

HENRY PUTNAM

Yes, I am. I am going to take powder and balls for my dinner today, or give them some.

WIFE

Did you ever see such a man. He's no call to fight at his age. And his dinner stun cold!

SARAH BRADLEE FULTON

Nay, he's a hero.

(More music.)

BOND

Another company of minutemen eating up the ground before them!

(Enter Danvers men.)

DANVERS CAPTAIN

Which way to the fighting?

BOND

High road to Menotomy.

DANVERS CAPTAIN

Forward!

(Cheer from bystanders.)

BOND

Where are you from?

DANVERS CAPTAIN

Danvers.

SARAH BRADLEE FULTON

Not a second's pause. Boys, most of them, just boys, but boys that can fight. They must have run the whole sixteen miles.

(A farmer gallops in and stops in front of the Tavern. Porter runs to bring him a drink.)

BOND

What news, man?

FARMER

The farmers are fighting all along the road and the redcoats are running for Charlestown.

BOND

How many of them be there?

FARMER

Gage had to send more troops to help 'em out. The road's full of them and the houses are smoking all along the way.

SARAH BRADLEE FULTON

Houses afire? Why, this is war.

(Again, distant sound of fife and drum.)

FARMER

I wish I could have fought longer, but my pow-

der was all gone. I tell you I lay behind a stonewall and caught some of them, I tell you that.

(Enter another company.)

CAPTAIN

Which way to the fighting?

FARMER

I just came from Menotomy and they were fighting there. Best take the road to Charlestown.

PORTER

Whence came you?

CAPTAIN

Salem.

BOND

Lynn and Danvers have passed already. You are late.

CAPTAIN

All has gone wrong with us. Mistake upon mistake. I fear we'll be too late for any fight at all.

TUFTS

You'll cut them off at Winter Hill.

PORTER

I'll with them.

BOND

Hurray for the minutemen! I'll with them, too.

(Bond and Porter exeunt.)

TUFTS

You and I, Mistress Fulton, had best prepare supplies lest we see wounded men come here at night.

(Exeunt to tavern.)

(There is a brief darkness thrilling with the roar of drums and faint echoes of martial music.)

SCENE 4

The Nineteenth of April—Evening

(Enter Abigail Brooks and her nieces Mercy (age, twelve) and Nancy (age, eighteen.)

NANCY

What you suppose is happening?

MERCY

The guns are nearer, I do believe.

NANCY

Will they return this way, think you, Aunt Abigail?

ABIGAIL

Not the redcoats, I warrant you. They'll make the best of their way to Charlestown and the men of war.

(She brings out a kettle.)

MERCY

But what are doing, Aunt Abigail?

ABIGAIL

Our men may be coming home any moment, and the brave minutemen of other towns. They will be hungry and thirsty.

NANCY

And you are going to feed them?

ABIGAIL

Yes, child, we'll light a fire under this kettle and serve them.

NANCY

Not tea, Aunt Abigail! Oh listen, that was nearer.

ABIGAIL

Tea, child! No patriot drinks tea. Peter! Peter!

MERCY

What then, Aunt Abigail?

(Enter Peter Chardon Brooks, small boy of eight.)

ABIGAIL

Peter, bid Pompey bring all the last milking here.

PETER

Yes, mother.

ABIGAIL

This is what they shall have.

MERCY

Your best chocolate, that you saved so long.

ABIGAIL

Naught can be too good for those who hurry to their country's call to-day.

(She melts chocolate while Peter and Pompey bring in milk in wooden buckets.)

ENTER PETER

Oh, mother, I climbed up to the roof, and I saw—

MERCY AND NANCY

What, what, tell us what!

PETER

Something bright, shining in the sun, over at Menotomy and, oh, mother, I am sure it was the bayonets of the British soldiers marching.

MERCY

Oh, listen, it is the redcoats. How near the firing is!

PETER

Oh, mother, couldn't I go and see?

ABIGAIL

Nay, son, I need you here. Who comes there?

PETER

Some of the minutemen returning.

ABIGAIL

Bring them here quickly. See, I have some chocolate already hot in the kitchen. Bring that first, Mercy.

(Enter three farmers, powder blackened, slouching wearily in their saddles. Peter and girls scamper to meet them.)

PETER

Here they are, mother. Their powder is all gone, and they've been fighting.

ABIGAIL

You must be tired and hungry. Quick, girls.

(Reenter Mercy.)

FARMER

We've got 'em on the run, thank God.

SECOND FARMER

Yes, ma'm, British grenadiers, running like hares.

MERCY

Oh, I hope no one has been hurt.

FARMER

Hurt! They say eight of our men were killed in Lexington and scores of the grenadiers. I saw some of them conveyed off in litters. I did myself.

(Enter Peter conveying another group. The first group moves along, saying "Thank you, Ma'm.")

NANCY

Are they coming back this way?

FOURTH FARMER

No, making for Boston town as fast as ever God lets 'em, our men hot on their tracks and taking pot shots from any cover they can get.

FIFTH FARMER

Swarming in on their rear guard, mess of human hornets. The whole countryside's aroused.

ABIGAIL

Ay, we have seen the minutemen from all the north shore pass by us to-day, Lynn, Danvers, and all.

FOURTH FARMER

Well, the regulars won't add another mile to that journey, they won't. They were that hot, their tongues was hanging out of their mouths, like dogs.

MERCY

Do have more chocolate.

FARMER

No thank you, miss. It's powerful good and I never tasted any before. But we have a far ride to get home to our farms and milking.

PETER

(Rushing in, in high excitement.)

Mother, here comes father.

ABIGAIL

Your father? Are you sure? Thank God!

(Enter Rev. Edward Brooks, walking beside a horse on which is a British officer.)

ABIGAIL

Thanks be to Providence. My dear husband, you are safe!

EDWARD

Yes, wife, and I have brought you a guest. Lieutenant Gould of the King's own. My nieces, Lieutenant. Here, help him down.

(They lift him from horse and he stands supported.)

ABIGAIL

But you are wounded. Not badly, I hope.

EDWARD

Shot in the heel at Concord Bridge. The Lord has delivered our enemy into our hands today and we must be merciful unto him.

ABIGAIL

He shall be our guest.

LT. GOULD

I resign myself, madam, to being prisoner of war.

ABIGAIL

Call you it war?

EDWARD

Yes, wife, and we must be ready to give our all for liberty.

LT. GOULD

Mr. Brooks, this is a fateful day. This is rebellion and will be punished as such.

REV. EDWARD

Perhaps not a rebellion, but a revolution. The outcome of today is now in the hands of God.

(Music)

SCENE 5

Washington Inspects the Troops at Medford

(A detachment of New Hampshire soldiers under Col. Stark marches on field and sets up tents. Early March of 1776.)

(Enter Mistress Molly Stark and Sarah Bradlee Fulton.)

MOLLY STARK

(To Col. Stark.)

Kind Madam Fulton has but now sought you at the Royall House with butter and eggs for your table.

SARAH BRADLEE FULTON

And an offer of more firewood for your men if need arises from Captain Thomas Brooks.

GENERAL STARK

I salute you, General Fulton. Our army owes a great debt to you.

SARAH BRADLEE FULTON

Nonsense, sir, I have but done what every Medford woman fain would do.

GENERAL STARK

'Tis firewood that the Tories in old Boston lack. But our patriotic Medford citizens have seen to it we suffer not.

MOLLY STARK

How long think you these Tories will lie idle in Boston town?

GENERAL STARK

I do believe that Howe will soon embark his troops on his ships and sail from the city.

MOLLY STARK

And my own eyes shall see it. I shall mount the stairs of our Royall House to the roof and where last spring I saw the smoke rise over burning Charlestown after Bunker's Hill, I shall today see the British slink crestfallen out to sea.

GENERAL LEE

Good morrow, ladies and my fellow officer. 'Tis indeed a fair spring morning.

GENERAL STARK

Ay, the troops will soon be in action.

SARAH BRADLEE FULTON

And the British troops in Boston flee before our Washington.

GENERAL LEE

Oh, Washington, Washington. And what is there about this siege of Boston that shows such marvelous generalship? A lesser man had driven Howe from shelter long ere this.

(The women show visible indignation.)

GENERAL STARK

No man can fight without ammunition and 'tis but now that Congress hath supplied cannon and powder.

GENERAL LEE

Time will show how soon he uses that powder. But for the sake of my bleeding country alone, I pray for his success.

MOLLY STARK

Amen to that.

(Washington rides in accompanied by Colonel John Brooks, staff officer. Lee starts.)

GENERAL WASHINGTON

I am fortunate in finding here two generals at once. Ladies, your servant. What was that to which you prayed so heartily, amen?

MOLLY STARK

To your success, sir, at the lips of General Lee.

GENERAL WASHINGTON

I thank you, Lee, for your loyalty. I do stand in need of faithful officers, true to their men and me. The time has come at last to spring our forces on the enemy.

GENERAL LEE

We are prepared for action, sir.

GENERAL WASHINGTON

Your men

(with significant coldness)

are near at hand, ready for inspection?

GENERAL LEE

At Winter Hill, sir.

GENERAL WASHINGTON

We'll not detain you longer, the while your men do need you. Good morning, sir.

(Lee makes his bows to Molly and Sarah and salutes Washington.)

I shall have trouble with that man, I fear.

(To Mistress Fulton)

Madam, I have not forgotten the service you did to patriot cause in bearing my message into Boston, walking by night to and from Charlestown and rowing over the river. Some day I shall more fittingly thank you.

(She courtesies deeply. He rides to the tents. The men stand at attention.)

GENERAL WASHINGTON

Corporal, how stand your men?

CORPORAL

Our General and the Medford people, sir, have equipped us well. All we would ask, sir, would be action.

GENERAL WASHINGTON

Courage, men, that will be soon. We shall have our chance to serve our country.

(He salutes again and rides slowly into distance, all following him with their eyes.)

Tableau

The Outcome of the Revolution

COLONEL BROOKS

We shall win our liberty with General Washington.

(Washington with the Minutemen and the thirteen states.)

General Charles Lee was later disloyal to Washington and was suspended from his office. Though quartered at Winter Hill he spent much time at the Royall House which he dubbed "Hobgoblin Hall."

Medford has borne an honorable part in the military history of the country. Her company of fifty-nine minutemen responded to the call of Paul Revere; their maxim was, "Every citizen a soldier; every soldier a patriot." Medford men were with Washington at Monmouth, at Brandywine, and at the crossing of the Delaware; and fought bravely for the liberties of their country. Approximately 236 men out of a population of 900 townsmen bore arms in the Revolution.

John Brooks, the most distinguished son of Medford, was a prominent figure in the struggle for independence; a military leader of skill and daring, and the trusted friend of Washington, he became later Governor of Massachusetts, serving the State for seven successful terms.

INTERLUDE

Song Chorus

I was the road that bore the load
In the days of the colony—
The thoroughfare which made men dare
Strike inland from the sea.

I and my rills turned around the mills
That sawed the forest wood,
And ground the corn they lived upon
And called the Giver good.

The swarming fish that gave men food
Fresh meadow grass for kine,
The clay and wood for hearth and home,
And the clipper ship were mine.

Gone is the crew of the frail canoe
That barely grazed my breast;
The lighter gone on which were borne
The fruits man's labor blest.

And, half asleep, doth near me creep,
With aqueduct and lock,
The slow canal, whose lifetime shall
The locomotive mock.

Loud now the beat of hammers fleet
In the shipyards by my side,
Loud the cheers as a clipper clears
The way for the brimming tide.

Hail to the ships with the curving lips
That quaff of my river foam,
They sail the seas of the far countries
And call our Medford home.

EPISODE IV

Commercial Development

SCENE 1

The First Adventure in Transportation,

"The Canal," 1793

(Enter a group of men, Governor Samuel Adams and staff with a band of ladies in costume of the period, Col. Loammi Baldwin and Gen. John Brooks, and James Sullivan, president of the Proprietors of the Middlesex Canal.)

SULLIVAN

Gentlemen, today marks the climax of many years of labor and organization. Since this corporation received its charter signed by John Hancock until today we have pushed our way forward with the vision ever before us of bringing to the citizens of Boston and Medford, and of our other towns, safe and reasonable transportation for themselves and their necessities. Today the first shovelful of earth will be dug for the great Middlesex Canal by Colonel Baldwin, to whom is entrusted the duty of its construction. In honor of this occasion we have present a distinguished guest. Ladies and gentlemen: I have the honor to present to you His

Excellency, Samuel Adams, the Governor of Massachusetts.

GOVERNOR ADAMS

Ladies and gentlemen; and far seeing gentlemen of the Middlesex Canal Corporation. I account it indeed an honor thus to take the first step toward uniting the waters of the Merrimac River with Boston Harbor. It is an ambitious undertaking full of promise for the entire countryside; nay more, for the State, and even for the nation. We shall build a new world from the old one. For it is no new thought, my friends, that the prosperity of a nation rests on its transportation. Long have our tidal rivers, the Mystic and the Charles, brought prosperity to the people of their shores, but with the coming of the nineteenth century our merchants must depend on surer, easier transportation, not at the mercy of the tide and the windings of the river, but reaching far into the countryside, beyond their sources. Our coaches, our laboring teams of horses and oxen, must find another assistant. And such, we may prophesy, will be the Middlesex Canal, threading the countryside, a harnessed river, bearing the produce of the country to the towns with speed and safety and economy. It is, therefore, with the same enthusiasm which our beloved President, George Washington, felt toward canals that I see today the first spadeful of earth turned toward its completion.

(He takes a spade and hands it to Baldwin, who upturns the first sod. Cheers. Exeunt crowd. 1802*.

A canal boat enters drawn by horses or mules. Several horse-drawn vehicles and dray by oxen enter during following dialogue. Enter a sea captain, whistling, and Thatcher Magoun, looking at canal.)

MAGOUN

Good morrow, Captain. May I ask if you come from yonder schooner whose masts I saw from Winter Hill?

CAPTAIN

Ay, ay, sir.

MAGOUN

How much water do you draw?

CAPTAIN

Ten feet.

MAGOUN

What's your tonnage?

CAPTAIN

One hundred and twenty tons.

MAGOUN

Do you go up and down the river often?

CAPTAIN

Yes, I bring wood for the distillery yonder. I've just had a sample.

*The Middlesex Canal was opened in 1802-3 and was in use until 1846. The competition of the Lowell railroad, against whose building the proprietors of the canal had remonstrated, dealt the deathblow to the canal. The rails and ties for the new railroad were carried by the canal.

MAGOUN

Are there any large rocks or bad shoals in the bed of the river?

CAPTAIN

All clear.

MAGOUN

How deep is the water generally at high tide?

CAPTAIN

I guess from fifteen to twenty feet.

MAGOUN

Do you think an empty ship of three hundred tons could float down the river?

CAPTAIN

Oh, yes.

MAGOUN

Thank you, sir.

(Exit captain whistling.)

'Twill do. The canal for ship timber, the river for ships and Medford for my shipyards.

(Exit)

SCENE 2

The Second Adventure

"The Railroad, June 24, 1835"

(Crowds gather and carriages and heavy teams. A group of men and women are in excited conversation.)

LUCY

Well, I declare to goodness! What won't they think of next!

MARTHA

No steam carriages for me. Let 'em as wants to ride in 'em but as I says to Hosea this morning, I says, "Hosea, old Fanney and the Concord buggy is good enough for me. She may not be fast but she is safe."

CALEB

I suppose t'wont be long, Abner, 'fore you'll be takin' the morning train to Boston. Heh, Heh.

(General Laughter.)

HOSEA

Hear That?

(To deaf individual.)

Caleb, says as how t'wont be long 'fore Abner'll be a takin' the morning train to Boston.

(Further laughter.)

ABNER

There won't be a critter on a farm in the country where this new dido runs through as won't be killed in a fortnight.

CALEB

I know a feller who's seen the engine and he says as how there's a dingus on front that scoops up everythin' on the track.

MARTHA

I just can't get used to the idea. It don't stand to reason to me that a kerriage can go along with nothin to fetch it. I should just as quick think 'er flyin'.

HOSEA

Oh, I dunno, Maw, steam is a wonderful thing. Look what it did to your stun jar that you left in the fire.

ABNER

Caleb! There's one thing I thinks on. If this steam buggy gits agoin', what's to hinder thar being two on 'em? And if thars two, why not three? If this thing grows, what's going to happen to the canal? It looks to me as if this steam engine would be a bad partner for the water.

CALEB

Don't you worry. If it ever does run, which I doubts, 'twont never take the place of that thar canal. You kin count on that, Hosea.

LUCY

No, Abner, I want you to promise me you won't go near that contraption. You're allus so inquisitive. I expect nothin' but you'll want to git right up in the front line.

ABNER

Don't worry, Lucy, I know my P's and Q's.

(To crowd.)

Better be gettin down, hadn't we? She may be along any minute now.*

CALEB

She's four hours late now.

MARTHA

You don't suppose she's gone around some other way do you?

(They move down as a train whistles. The train appears with passengers. In the distance the canal boat moves out of the picture.)

*Though strongly opposed by the canal proprietors and by many speakers in legislature, the Boston & Lowell Railroad was chartered by the General Court of Massachusetts, built largely by foreign labor, with ties of split granite, and opened June 24th, 1835. This was the first railroad with passenger service in New England.

SCENE 3

The Launching of the Ship, 1856

(There is a great pounding of hammers and the labor of ship carpenters. Throughout the scene there is the sound of hammers and saws and the busy labor of the shipyard.*)

A crowd of children enter shouting, No school, no school! Hurrah for Captain Foster!

(Enter Mr. Charles Tufts and Hosea Ballou 2nd.)

BALLOU†

(to one of the children)

And what is the reason for your happiness?

BOY

'Tis a great day for Medford. The clipper "Wild Ranger" is in Boston Harbor, back from California and China, and Captain Joshua Foster is launching a ship.

TUFTS

How many ships, son, do you think have been launched in Medford?

*Medford's shipbuilding extended from 1803 to 1873, when the last ship was launched. There were 567 ships built in all and Medford was known on all seas for the swiftness of her clipper ships and the sound, honest workmanship in all her ten shipyards.

†Hosea Ballou was the first president of Tufts College, opened in 1854. The land was given by Mr. Charles Tufts who said he would put a light on his bleak hill in Medford.

BOY

Hundreds, sir, just hundreds. The very best ones ever built.

BALLOU

Aye, 'tis true. Medford ships are built on honor and sail in the teeth of any gale.

BOY

And fast, too, sir. Didn't the "Herald of the Morning," built right in Hayden & Cudworth yards, sail to San Francisco in 99 days?

BALLOU

Our New England ships are in every sea.

BOY

And you won't find any of them faster or better built than those right on our own river. See if you can.

(Exit boy.)

(Ship launching. As ship is launched out of seal, a great shout from the crowd is followed by a vocal chorus which sings one verse of "Thou too sail on.")

SCENE 4

The Second Paul Revere, April 18, 1861

(There is the alarm of drums and the strains of "John Brown's Body". Enter Samuel C. Lawrence holding papers in his hand, with his brother, Daniel W. Lawrence and a detail of five soldiers in uniforms of the period.)

S. C. LAWRENCE

By the President of the United States: A Proclamation: Whereas the laws of the United States have been for some time past and now are opposed and the execution thereof obstructed in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisianna, and Texas by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings or by the powers vested in the Marshals by law—

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the militia of the several states of the union to the aggregate number of 75,000 in order to suppress said combinations and to cause the laws to be duly executed.

Seventy-five thousand volunteers to defend our capitol. That is the call of President Lincoln.

D. W. LAWRENCE

Our Medford Company E will be on the march soon.

S. C. LAWRENCE

Not soon, immediately. I have already here the marching orders for the whole Fifth Regiment.

D. W. LAWRENCE

Prompt work, brother. I am proud to salute you as Colonel.

S. C. LAWRENCE

Daniel, you know where to find the captains of the regiment. Take these orders to each company.

D. W. LAWRENCE

(saluting and taking papers)

Very good, sir. They shall be in the proper hands before dawn and by tomorrow morning the whole regiment shall be ready to entrain in Boston.

(He starts to leave)

S. C. LAWRENCE

Hold a moment.

(D. W. Lawrence wheels back)

Do you know what day this is?

D. W. LAWRENCE

The eighteenth of April, Colonel.

S. C. LAWRENCE

Yes, the eighteenth of April, the very night on which Paul Revere made ready to ride through

Middlesex to rouse our Minutemen against the British.

(Paul Revere dashes on from the left. He crosses down to D. W. Lawrence wheels about, beckons to the latter and then dashes off left, closely followed by D. W. Lawrence.)

D. W. LAWRENCE

Lead, Paul Revere. I follow.

(Gallops off)

S. C. LAWRENCE

God bless Massachusetts, the first to rally to the flag.

Note. The Lawrence Light Guard was organized October 1, 1854, as Company E, 5th Regiment, Massachusetts Light Infantry. On April 15th 1861, three days after the fall of Ft. Sumter, President Lincoln issued his call for volunteers. Massachusetts was the first to move and Col. Samuel C. Lawrence issued marching orders to his command on the 18th of April.

It is a singular coincidence that on the night of 18th of April Daniel W. Lawrence covered almost the identical route of Paul Revere eighty-six years before.

From the beginning to the end of the Civil War, eleven calls for men were made in Medford and her 769 enlistments were the response. For bounties and other war expenses the Town paid out over $56,000 and voluntary subscriptions raised the amount to almost $73,000. The women and children contributed their part by sending clothing, bandages and necessary supplies.—Miller's History of Medford.

EPILOGUE

(Music of Pomp and Circumstance March)

(The Mystic slowly brings in the City of Medford and seats her under a canopy. The River dancers form circle about the throne presenting the charter granted in 1892 to the City of Medford.)

Thou hast outgrown the childhood of a town!
The Commonwealth of Massachusetts grants
hereby the charter that creats thee city!

MEDFORD

Oh, Mystic River, fairest foster mother,
That cradled, fed, and clothed my infancy
And launched the ships that bore my honored
name
On farthest seas, thou here hast shown to me
The pioneers who dared the great unknown,—
The brave men who have ventured all for me.
May Medford never lack its Minutemen
Or patriots who tread the paths of peace,

MYSTIC

What do thy sons to keep thee beautiful
That souls of men be glorified and grow?
For man must never live by bread alone
But by that beauty that doth feed the soul.

MEDFORD

Much doth our city owe in reverent love
To those who kept thy river still a road,—

An open sweep up valley to the hills,—
And those who saved thy crown of woodland green,
The Middlesex Fells—for heritage forever,
Where men may still walk free and rest and dream.

MYSTIC

Medford, what other sons of thine are there
Whose vision and hands have blessed our town?

MEDFORD

Time doth forbid I further name to thee
The sons who gave their city beauty, peace,
Places of worship, college towers fair,
The armory, the new-built hospital,
The library, the elms along our streets,
Yea, and this place, a wild bird sanctuary.
Where children learn to know their feathered friends
And list their songs on this historic hill.*

*The Middlesex Fells were saved as a State reservation largely through the effort of Elizur Wright who made a great gift of his own woodland and finally so aroused public opinion that the Fells were accepted February, 1894. Grace Church was largely the gift of Mrs. Gorham Brooks in 1868. The Lawrence Armory was the gift of Gen. Samuel C. Lawrence. The Lawrence Memorial Hospital was provided through the generosity of Daniel C. Lawrence and his son, Rosewell B. Lawrence. The Library was originally the Mansion House of Thatcher Magoun and was presented to the City by his son, Thatcher Magoun, in 1875. The Children's Library was the gift of General Samuel C. Lawrence. The Elms along the streets of West Medford were planted through the generosity of Edward T. Hastings and Samuel Teel, Jr. Mr. John Bishop made the same generous provision for the eastern part of Medford. Turrell Tufts, Esq. left a legacy also for roadside trees. The beautiful Shepherd Brooks estate has been given as a bird sanctuary by Mrs. Shepherd Brooks and her children.

(Birds enter and dance.)

At the close of the dance, enter the later settlers of Medford and take their places beside the city. Again is heard the sound of drums and national music. Paul Revere enters, beckoning to those behind and leading in the Spanish War Veterans who pass and form by Medford. Then, still at the call of Paul Revere, enter the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars from each side of pageant ground.*

Behind the last military lines follows Peace. More later settlers follow with citizens of all foreign nations represented in Medford. The entire pageant cast enters and forms about the city. Last of all come the last members of the Grand Army of the Republic, escorted by the Lawrence Light Guard. The music of the final chorus begins.

FINAL CHORUS

Down from the haze of glacial days
To a future of mystery,
I wind the dream, with my placid stream,
Of Medford's history.

Gone is the crew of the frail canoe
Which barely grazed my breast;—
The lighter gone, on which were borne
The fruits man's labor blest.

*The military history since the inauguration of the first city government in 1893 has been a continuation of the patriotic record of the town of Medford. Over two hundred men served in the Spanish War under Colonel J. H. Whitney. When the United States entered the World War, April 6, 1917, Medford again came forward and the names of over two thousand citizens of Medford stand on the Honor Roll on Forest Street.

Silent the beat of the hammers fleet
In the shipyards by my side;
Silent those cheers, as a clipper clears
The ways for the brimming tide.

Where are the ships with the curving lips
That quaffed of the river foam?
They sailed the seas of the far countries
Yet never a one is home.

Still bathe in my tide the exulting tribe
Of the swimming, diving boys,
And the winters bring the icy ring
Of the skaters' joyous noise.

And overhead with wings outspread,
The air flotillas come,
Soaring thro the heaven's blue
With the deep-mouthed motor's hum.

Oh, ne'er forget the vision yet
My tides have brought to thee:
Keep fair and green my vale serene
In grateful memory.

Down from the haze of glacial days
To a future of mystery
I wind the dream with my placid stream
Of Medford's history.

(With the last verse of music Mystic crowns Medford. The lights turn upon the great city seal. The spots suddenly pick up America on a float in the Pond, like the Statue of Liberty, and the band plays the Star Spangled Banner.)

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC OF THE PAGEANT

Indian Dances ..... *Skilton*
American Fantasie ..... *Herbert*
Massachusetts Bay Tercentenary March ..... *Frazee*
Sigurd Jorsalfar Suite ..... *Grieg*
Pomp and Circumstance March ..... *Elgar*
Minuet from Military Symphony ..... *Haydn*
New World Symphony ..... *Dvorak*
Evolution of Yankee Doodle ..... *Lake*
Ballet Music ..... *Gounod*
Coronation March ..... *Meyerbeer*
National Hymns of Countries
Theme from "Pique Dame" Overture ..... *Suppe*
Over There
John Brown's Body
Stars and Stripes ..... *Sousa*
The Star Spangled Banner ..... *Key*

CHORUS MUSIC OF THE PAGEANT

DR. CHARLES W. MCPHERSON, *Conductor*

"From the shining lakes between the hills"
Carrie Bullard Lewis
"Land of Hope and Glory" ..... *Sir Edward Elgar*
"I was the road that bore the load" *Carrie Bullard Lewis*
"Sail on, O Ship of State" ..... *Leo R. Lewis*
"Down from the haze of glacial days"
Carrie Bullard Lewis

CONCERT BY ALEPPO TEMPLE SHRINE BAND

WALTER SMITH, *Conductor*

Monday, June 23, 1930 7:30 P. M.

CONCERT BY MEDFORD POST 1012, VETERANS FOREIGN WARS BAND

GERALD FRAZEE, *Conductor*

Monday, June 30, 1930 7:30 P. M.

A PAGEANT OF THE MYSTIC

Indians On the Island

Frank M. Brewster, Chief

Martin Doyle
Joseph Plante
Thomas Norton

James A. Lunn, Medicine Man

Arthur Center
Christopher Sarno
Eugene Duplain
Albert Walkling
Anthony F. Lyons

PROLOGUE

Indian Dancers

Lois Bacon
Mildred Parsons
Barbara Ellis
Hazel Richardson
Mary Guido
Dorothy Robar
Edith Hawes
Priscilla Rurbeck
Jerry Jones
Virginia Sherman
Barbara Kendall
Harriet Smith
Esther Knight
Barbara Snowman
Helen Michelson
Wilda Stuart

Indian Warriors

Michael Albano
Vespasiano Collella
Jeremiah Barbato
Frank Colletto
John Brenen
Louis Comunale
Joseph Cafarella
Anthony DiNafio
Philip Carcione
James DiNafio
John Carpineto
Samuel DiNafio
Patrick Carpineto
Charles Hemmand
Philip Carpineto
Anthony Labella
John Carvotta
Saverio Maietta
Oreste Castraberti
Andrew Mara
Alfred Catino
Louis Palumbo
Louis Collella
Anthony Pilaro

Arthur Ragozzino
Joseph Sacco
Anthony Scarnici
John Selvitelli
Anthony Taverna
Michael Vallerini
Frank Venezzano
William Vinci

Indian Women

Marietta Arlin
Alice O. Budds
Emily M. Burrell
Mary A. Carroll
Annie M. Chisholm
Bride J. Condon
Winifred Connoly
Mary E. Cunningham
Clara C. Demontier
Annie M. Drury
Mary E. Gingras
Catharine Griffin
Catherine R. Kenney
Margaret C. King
Margaret Lynch
Vera Mack
Kathleen C. Marcou
Marie L. Marcou
Lillian M. McDonald
Mary H. McGuire
Emily D. Nelson
Margaret M. Reardon
Mary E. Sullivan
Mary T. Surrette
Gertrude E. Tracy

Indian Girls

Lois Bacon
Barbara Ellis
Mary Guido
Edith Hawes
Jerry Jones
Barbara Kendall
Esther Knight
Helen Michelson
Mildred Parsons
Hazel Richardson
Dorothy Robar
Priscilla Rurbeck
Virginia Sherman
Harriet Smith
Barbara Snowman
Wilda Stuart

Indian Boys

Francis Burt
John Canty
Paul Canty
Donald Crooker
John Garvey
Wilbert Jones
William Kenney
John Rose
John Shemkus
George Wadrope

Mystic ..... Mrs. Doris F. Tower
Flood Tide ..... Miss Rebecca A. Sullivan
Ebb Tide ..... Miss Bernice M. Sullivan

DANCERS

The Flood and Ebb Tides

Thelma R. Ardito
Bernadette M. Bizier
Adelaide Bodah
Margaret A. Bowes
Inez L. Brown
Charlotte Burdette
Thelma R. Cahill
Dorothy P. Callahan
Ruth M. Callahan
Elizabeth C. Carroll
Elizabeth B. Chaffe
Florence M. Collins
Irene M. Coluci
Dorothy E. Davis
Mildred E. Davis
Helen V. Donovan
Margaret P. Ellis
Dorothy E. Fitzgerald
Lorraine E. Fraser
Katherine F. Friel
Marguerite S. Houlihan
Carolyn L. Johnson
Audrey L. Kenney
Anna M. MacNeil
Irene V. Matel
Isabel E. Matel
Marguerite A. McIntyre
Katherine J. McKane
Dorothea V. Mullane
Eleanor Mullane
Geraldine J. Murdock
Marion T. Murphy
Eileen M. O'Connor
Dorothy Packard
Anna M. Quinn
Beatrice M. Ranberg
Elizabeth L. Reardon
Frances E. Reardon
Helen E. Reynolds
Alice M. Romano
Vera M. Romano
Doris P. Smith
Ethel Mary Smith
Ethel May Smith
Mildred M. Solberg
Verlie O. Whiting
Eleanor Wilson
G. May Wilson
Dorothy H. Wyer

EPISODE I

COLONIZATION

Scene 1

The First White Men in Medford

September 21, 1621

Captain Myles Standish ..... Walter R. Magoun
Frank B. Crockett
Squanto or Tisquantum ..... Joseph N. Arcaro
Edward Winslow ..... J. Stanley McKee
Elder William Brewster ..... Ralph McKay
Timid Indian ..... Oreste Castraberti
Indian Warriors, Women, Girls and Boys
from Prologue

Interlude

Mystic ..... Mrs. Doris F. Tower
Flood Tide ..... Miss Rebecca A. Sullivan
Ebb Tide ..... Miss Bernice M. Sullivan
Dancers—The Flood Tides from Prologue

Scene 2

The Granting of the Charter

March 4, 1629

King Charles I ..... John J. Bagley
Governor Mathew Cradock ..... Henry I. Dale
King's Chancellor ..... Joseph F. Orpen

NOBLES

Richard A. Ardini	William E. Ingraham
C. Arnold Babcock	Edgar S. Michelson
Fred Bosworth	John D. Mullins
Cyril M. Cronin	Joseph A. Novelline
Edward S. DeLeo	Alexander Treem
Sylvester P. Doran	Francis B. Welsh
Morris L. Kertzman	Robert M. Winn

HERALDS

Edward B. Hutchinson, Jr. Ernest A. Needham, Jr.
Everett W. Needham

Scene 3

Governor Cradock and the Charter

July 28, 1629

Governor Matthew Cradock ..... Henry I. Dale
Thomas Goffe ..... George P. Hassett
Sir Richard Saltonstall ..... Gerald F. O'Donnell
Increase Nowell ..... Robert O. Andrews
Samuel Vassall ..... Edward Murphy

GENERAL COURT

Richard A. Ardini
C. Arnold Babcock
Fred Bosworth
Cyril M. Cronin
Edward S. DeLeo
Sylvester P. Doran
Morris L. Kertzman
William E. Ingraham
Edgar S. Michelson
John D. Mullins
Joseph A. Novelline
Joseph F. Orpen
Alexander Treem
Francis B. Welsh
Robert M. Winn

Scene 4

"Went Up Mystic Six Miles"

June 17, 1630

Governor John Winthrop ..... Edwin F. Pidgeon
Thomas Mayhew, Cradock's Agent ..... George L. Bussell
Nicholas Davison, Second Agent ..... Chester E. Young
First Settler ..... Clarence M. Ewell
Second Settler ..... John W. Pinkham
Third Settler ..... Henry C. Green
Sailor ..... Clarence M. Sherritt

SETTLERS

Arthur Antrobus	Harry E. Gifford
Bruce Champion	Henry C. Green
Edgar N. Champion	Allen C. Jameson
Chester George	John Shade

George E. Young

SAILORS

Alfred E. Buck	Edwin Richardson
Albert W. Crowe	Lee Russell
Frederick A. LeBuff	Warren B. Scrannage
Joseph Lyons	John Smith
Robert J. Moody	John L. Stevens
Alvin W. Morse	George P. Yeamans

Scene 5

The Death of Sagamore John

Governor John Winthrop ..... Edwin F. Pidgeon
Sagamore John ..... Edward M. Quinn
Thomas Mayhew ..... George L. Bussell
George Felt ..... Charles V. Sturdivant
Indian ..... Arthur Ragozzino
Reverend John Wilson ..... Harry L. Pearson
Rev. Henry F. Smith
John Noyes ..... Walter W. Dixon
Nicholas Davison ..... Chester E. Young
Papoose ..... Edwin F. Pidgeon, Jr.

Settlers from Scene 4

Indian Warriors from Scene I

EPISODE II

COLONIAL LIFE

Colonial Scene 1700, Going to Church

PURITAN MEN

Pastor ..... Rev. Louis C. Dethlefs
Pastor ..... Paul S. Fiske
Drummer ..... Sidney T. Guild
Teacher ..... Wilson Fiske
Teacher ..... Harry E. Walker
Precentor ..... Philip W. Johnson
Tithing-man ..... Alcott W. Stockwell
Tithing-man ..... Charles H. Grant

Arthur I. Bourden
Douglas P. Brayton
Percy S. Brayton
William P. Clark
Arthur L. Finney
Charles E. Finney
Earl Mahoney
Lawrence P. Moore

PURITAN WOMEN

Mabel A. Brayton
Caroline L. Chase
Stella W. Howe
Clara W. Jackson
Alice L. Jeffery
Barbara E. Johnson
Edna C. Johnson
Mary C. Palmer
Ellen L. Tisdale
Elsie Tufts
Helen T. Wilde

PURITAN CHILDREN

David C. Baker
Katherine C. Baker
Alison Brayton
Angela G. Chase
Wm. Bradford Coolidge
George L. Cushman
Thomas W. Jackson
Richard Johnson
Phyllis K. Pidgeon

Peter Tufts ..... Thomas Chaffe
Peter Tufts Jr. ..... Peter Tufts 10th
Man in Stocks ..... E. Roy Smith
Man in Pillory ..... Harold Dole
Officer ..... Arthur Stearns
Officer ..... Harvey Bartlett
Officer ..... Thomas T. Johnson

HOUSEHOLD ARTS GROUP

Margaret I. Barbour
Edna Boardman
Evelyn Boardman
Frances Boardman
Helen Buss
Mildred Clarke
Dorothea Cushing
Laura Cushing
Beatrice C. Davis
Hattie L. Dole
Margaret Gow
Margaret Gowan
Adelaide L. Hall
Adelaide S. Hall
Lucy Jameson
Margaret Johnson
Katharine Kidder
Melvina C. Kintz
Ruth Lawrence
Louise Mamoute
Elizabeth McKee
Rosamond Mitchell
Eleanor Mullen
Rose E. Norman
Josephine F. Plastridge
Edith Schweikart
Eliza Smith
Harriet Stearns
Louise A. Taylor
Margaret Vance
Cora F. Weston
Alice H. Wright

MILLERS

Arnold B. Bagnall
Roland Davis
William Dole
Bernard Hadley
Walter Hallstrom
Clemens Kintz
Robert Morison
Donald Murch
George Packard
James Peistrup
Charles Piper
William Ryan
Robert Stearns

BOYS

Edward Boardman
Richard T. Davis
L. Mitchell Marcy
Charles A. Plastridge
Charles E. Walters

LITTLE GIRLS

Jacqueline F. Hall	Alice Purbeck
Priscilla Davis	Barbara H. Purbeck
Helen Russell	Barbara J. Plastridge
Natalie Newcomb	Ethel Waterman

Judge ..... Edward A. Cronin
Victim of Ducking Stool ..... Paul Ruddy
Woman ..... Eileen Coyne
Dancers—Flood and Ebb Tides from Earlier Scenes

MINUET

COLONIAL LADIES	COLONIAL GENTLEMEN
Natalie Fessenden	Richard Harlow
Barbara Mather	David Lowe
Urita A. Pote	William Mitchell
Audrey Ruck	William H. Mitchell
Dorothy Rugg	Stephen Nichols
Dorothy E. Whitman	Herbert Robinson
Marjorie E. Whitney	George H. Rugg
Ruth Wiltshire	Andrew F. West

INTERLUDE

Mystic ..... Mrs. Doris F. Tower
Flood Tide ..... Miss Rebecca A. Sullivan
Ebb Tide ..... Miss Bernice M. Sullivan

EPISODE III

THE REVOLUTION

Scene 1

After the Boston Tea Party

December 16, 1773

Sarah Bradlee Fulton	Dorothea D. Deignan Mollie G. Ward
Mrs. Nathaniel Bradlee	Laura Cunningham
John Fulton	William A. Ward
Nathaniel Bradlee	Carl Linder
A Spy	Malcolm O. MacDonald

Scene 2

Isaac Royall's Decision—1775

Plato	Hans P. Block
George	John J. Dwyer
Harry Bond	James H. O'Gara
Captain Isaac Hall	Francis A. Partridge, Jr.
Dr. Simon Tufts	Walter E. Pingree
Sir William Pepperell	James A. Guerney
Lady Elizabeth Pepperell	Hortense S. York
Isaac Royall	Russell G. Randall
Lady Pepperell's Daughter	Ardelle E. Tiffany
Coachman	Frank M. Quinn
Footman	Joseph Conway

COLONISTS

Herbert Andrews	Walter J. Crowley
Joseph Conway	Franklin G. Hinckley
Paul Conway	Donald R. Kenney

Scene 3

The Nineteenth of April—1775

Morning

Paul Revere ..... Frank M. Brewster
Harry Bond ..... James H. O'Gara
Jonathan Porter ..... Harry L. Walker
Stephen Hall ..... Joseph M. Miller
Malden Captain ..... Benjamin B. Osthues
Sarah Bradlee Fulton ..... Dorothea D. Deignan
Mollie G. Ward
Henry Putnam ..... Bernard A. Cassidy
Mrs. Putnam ..... Teresa A. St. Denis
Danvers Captain ..... Herbert V. Carr
J. William Powers
A Farmer ..... Everett A. Tisdale
Salem Captain ..... Walter Gordon
William J. Perry
Dr. Simon Tufts ..... Walter E. Pingree

COLONIAL WOMEN

Louise C. Anderson
Margaret Barrows
Isabelle A. Brewster
Alice O. Budds
Ida J. Bussell
Mary A. Cleaves
Alice E. Cowan
Louise B. Cowan
Lillian Dean
Mary M. Donoghue
Florence G. Dyer
Edna L. Ewell
E. Jean Ewell
Maria Gaffey
Mary C. Lawless
Margaret A. Mackay
Alice R. Matthews
Johana A. Schade
Marion Smith
Mary Strachan
Agnes G. Sweeney
Alice L. Tewksbury
Edith V. Tewksbury
Edna M. Tewksbury
Eva D. Tewksbury
Florence D. Thurston
Carolyn A. Weeks
Ethel B. White

FARMERS

Fred Hall	Earl Mollineaux
John Hickox	Roland Mollineaux
William Hickox	Stephen Ryan
James Lawrence	George Swimm
Walter Miller	Frank White

COMPANY OF MEDFORD MINUTEMEN

Captain ..... Frank E. Abbott
Lieutenant ..... Robert M. Magee
Ensign ..... John J. Hayes
Sergeant ..... George W. Cushing
Sergeant ..... John A. Mather
Sergeant ..... Marshall P. Newman
Corporal ..... Charles L. McDonald
Corporal ..... Joseph H. O'Mara
Drummers ..... Gerald Bagley
Albert Chisholm

MEN OF THE COMPANY

James W. Abbott	Kenneth Ferguson
Carl A. Anderson	Ralph F. Folsom
Herbert G. Andrews	Ernest L. Gault, Sr.
Orin Andrews	Ernest L. Gault, Jr.
Robert O. Andrews	Russell Greenleaf
Robert T. Blodgett	Francis O. Heffler
S. W. Boyd	Maurice L. Hilt
George E. Bussell	Franklin G. Hinckley
Roland B. Clark, Jr.	Fred. O. Hoitt
Frank Como	Geoffrey H. Houlder
Joseph Conway	Donald R. Kenney
Paul Conway	Arnold H. Kuper
Frank Crockett	Arthur W. Kuper
John J. Crowley	Curtis L. Marchant
Walter J. Crowley	Philip P. McGonagle
Leo Daykin	William E. McMahon
Frederick DeBenedictis	William Meade
Lincoln D'Etoile	O. Mortensen
Fred Dunbar	Peter A. Murphy
Walter Emery	Charles B. Olmstead

Harold A. Osgood
Frank Pearson
Merton E. Porter
Paul G. Richmond
Arthur Romano
John J. Ruddy, Jr.
Paul E. Ruddy
Frank Santouroso
William G. Scott
Arthur L. Spofford
Albert H. Thomann
Robert G. Transue

Company of Malden Minutemen

Captain ..... Benjamin B. Osthues
Sergeant ..... Stuart C. Linnell
Corporal ..... Eugene H. Johnson
Drummers ..... Kenneth Chisholm
Russell Dealy

MEN OF THE COMPANY

John Bianeardi
P. Henry Brennan
Arthur Center
Philip M. Center
Ray B. Chadbourne
Joseph L. Coyne
Gordon Diamonds
Louis Durant
Wilfred Durant
Frederick Fougere
Theodore P. Gahan
Douglas Gillis
Harold N. Gillis
Wilbert L. Hill
Frank Hoitt
Freeman Kendall
Joseph Landry
Leonard Marchand
Wilfred Marchand
John McGrath
Dudley Miller
John H. Morrow, Jr.
Edward E. Murphy
Bernard Norton
B. B. Osthues, Jr.
Edward M. Peters
John A. Ricker
Norwal D. Robinson
Chris Sarno
Walter Sullivan
Benjamin F. Walker
Andrew F. West
Sumner R. Wholley

Company of Danvers Minutemen

Captain ..... William J. Perry
Lieutenant ..... Herbert Carr
Ensign ..... H. A. Vinet
Sergeant ..... Mario Manfre
Corporal ..... Edward A. Cronan
Drummers ..... John Hanlon
William Lucia

MEN OF THE COMPANY

Charles Abate
Nicholas Abate
John A. Anderson
W. P. Anderson
George L. Bussell, Sr.
Charles A. Cooper
Thomas D. Collins
Louis Collella
Bonney Constantino
Frank B. Deering
Patrick Dugan
F. Eostrom
Arthur Fennelly
Joseph Fisher
Allen Griffin
Charles Griffin
Frank Griffin
W. J. Hanlon
Herbert Hazelton
John J. Higgins
George W. Joseph
John J. Joyce
Edward H. Leonard
Carl Malm

COMPANY OF SALEM MINUTEMEN

Captain ..... Walter B. Gordon
Lieutenant ..... J. William Powers
Ensign ..... Joseph M. Rego
Sergeant ..... Walter F. Amero
Corporal ..... J. J. Hanlon
Drummers ..... Ronald Nichols
James Rogers

MEN OF THE COMPANY

E. Forbes
Basil Gallivan
V. Magnuson
C. E. Malm
Harold Malm
L. J. Mangione
William McDermott
Alexander McGillvray
J. A. Murdock
Clarence S. Nickerson
M. T. O'Connor
R. Pretty
George N. Rant
W. H. Roberts
B. Shedin
Eric Shedin
Anthony Silva
Joseph Tosto

Scene 4

The Nineteenth of April—1775

Evening

Abigail Brooks	Theo Wilson Lary
Nancy	Teresa A. Charnock
Mercy	Claire M. Ashton
Reverend Edward Brooks	Wilder N. Hopkins
Peter Chardon Brooks	Harold S. Adams
Lieutenant Gould	Burton W. Irish
First Farmer	William P. Mitchell
Second Farmer	Bruce Poehler, Jr.
Third Farmer	Gordon L. Potter
Fourth Farmer	Robert L. Ashton

Scene 5

General Washington Inspects the Troops

At Medford—March 1776

Sarah Bradlee Fulton	Dorothea D. Deignan Mollie G. Ward
Molly Stark	Ellen R. Hayes Marie E. Harvey
Captain Thomas Brooks	Charles F. Odams
General Lee	Dr. Hiland F. Holt
Colonel John Brooks	Fred A. Dexter
General Stark	Earle F. Bacon
General Washington	Rufus H. Bond
Corporal	Marshall P. Newman

GUARD OF HONOR

William I. Edgerly	Herbert G. Wells
Alfred S. Maturo	Newell G. Wilder

THE OUTCOME OF THE REVOLUTION

Tableau—General Washington with the Minutemen and the Thirteen States

THIRTEEN STATES

Emily C. Batchelder
Dorothy Boscho
Elizabeth A. Braun
Ruth Danman
Grace Fleming
Nellie Hoitt
Rachel G. Kingman
Gertrude Lane
Edna Lothrop
Anna T. Martin
Olive T. Mott
Rachel Peaslee
Caroline Robinson
Marian Tolleys
Louise G. Sargent
Alice C. Webster
Cora Weston

INTERLUDE

Song Chorus

EPISODE IV

COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT

Scene 1

The First Adventure in Transportation

The Middlesex Canal—1793

James Sullivan ..... James E. Lavery
Governor Samuel Adams ..... Francis A. Kehoe
Thatcher Magoun ..... Thomas J. Griffen
Sea Captain ..... Carl F. Lynch
Col. Loammi Baldwin ..... Joseph J. Gianino

MEN

Arnold Babcock
William A. Baldwin
Joseph J. Carew
Lawrence J. Connolly
Francis M. Coughlin
Frank R. Coughlin
Charles W. Crowley
Guy S. DeVeer
Francis R. Dittami
John B. Faucette
Patrick J. Faucette
Joseph P. Gemellaro
John Gerrior
John A. Gianino
William A. Gillespie
James P. Good
Edward Griffin
George Hogan
Francis J. Keough
John B. MacFall
Edward J. Magennis
Robert F. Meagher
John D. Messina
Dominic D. Occhipinti
Arthur E. O'Connor
Thomas R. Qualey
Charles J. Ryan
James E. Shea
Archibald Trepaney
John F. Trepaney

WOMEN

Mildred E. Babcock
Anna G. Ballou
Viola A. Ballou
Helen C. Callahan
Dorothy Cevera
Irene Coluci
Anna B. Cronin
Jacqueline DeShea
Ruth Ellsworth
Mary Foster
Helen M. Gillespie
Eilleen A. Good
Maude E. Good
Ruth E. Kennedy
Pauline C. MacFall
Mary MacKale

Agnes Marshall
Mary McGrath
Frances McManus
Rose C. O'Connor
Louise Perodi
Mary B. Price
C. Grace Quinn
Doris R. White

Scene 2

The Second Adventure in Transportation

The Boston & Lowell Railroad

June 24, 1835

Martha ..... Cassie F. Godwin
Susan ..... Dorothy E. White
Lucy ..... Martha E. Lee
Abner ..... Bert Branch
Caleb ..... Stephen G. Nichols
Hosea ..... Edmund A. Stockwell
John ..... Ralph A. Nickerson
Engineer ..... George Watson
Fireman ..... L. C. Gay

PEOPLE

Mildred Bee
Edwin J. Bergstrom
May Branch
Leslie Brown
Blanche M. Earle
George J. Earle
Hazel E. Gay
Bertha Hebard
Warren C. Henneberry
Walter F. Knight
Ruth F. Lovering
Francis P. Mauriella
William B. Morash
May Noonan
Carl D. Parsons
Frederick Perri
Leon W. Rich
Dolly M. Rutledge
Jean Smith
William T. Smith
Burritt M. Terrell
Margaret T. Terrell
Bradford E. Wakefield
Edith C. Wakefield
Mabel Watson
Sarah M. Wilbur
Norman Wild

Scene 3

The Launching of the Ship—1856

Charles Tufts ..... Roy Hurd
Hosea Ballou, 2nd ..... Winslow MacElhiney
Boy ..... John Garvey

WORKMEN

Harold Brewster
Clifton Cavanaugh
George Crosby
Harold Farnum
Robert Kennedy
Milo Monteno
J. A. Murdock
Clarence Osgood
G. C. Reid
George Rendall
C. C. Stengler
Louis J. Stimpson
R. L. Vlass
Charles Wilkes
Thomas Williamson
F. L. Worth

CHILDREN

Charlotte Arne
Wellington Brewster
Elizabeth Brown
Edmund Garvey
Charles Reid
Phyllis Reid
Leroy Roblee
Ralph Roblee
Ruth Snook

Scene 4

The Second Paul Revere

April 18, 1861

Colonel Samuel C. Lawrence ..... Colonel Frank Gibbs
Daniel W. Lawrence ..... Hollis Ellwood Gray
Leroy D. Robbins

THE MEN

Lieut-Colonel ..... John R. Sanborn
Major ..... John J. Carew
Captain ..... Charles A. Kirkpatrick
Captain ..... Clarence H. Hayes
Mr. John A. Mather

EPILOGUE

Mystic ..... Mrs. Doris F. Tower
Flood Tide ..... Miss Rebecca A. Sullivan
Ebb Tide ..... Miss Bernice M. Sullivan
Medford ..... Miss A. Gertrude Sharkey
Goddess of Peace ..... Mrs. Miriam R. O'Hearn

ATTENDANTS TO PEACE

Dorothea V. Mullane
Eleanor Mullane
Carolyn L. Johnson
Elizabeth B. Chaffe
Irene V. Matel

Bird Dance

DANCERS

Thelma R. Cahill
Ruth M. Callahan
Elizabeth C. Carroll
Irene M. Coluci
Katherine F. Friel
Audrey L. Kenney
Isabelle E. Matel
Eleanor Mullane
Elizabeth L. Reardon
Alice M. Romano

IRISH SETTLERS

Randall Corbett
Patrick Duffey
John Greelish
James F. McCarthy
John E. McDermott
James McHale
Michael McKeon
Michael J. Murphy
James J. Phelan
Frank M. Quinn
John Rabbitt
John Scannell
Mrs. Randall Corbett
Annie J. Corbett
Mrs. John Greelish
Mrs. Mary E. McCarthy
Ellen McHale
Mary McHale
Mrs. Michael McKeon
Mrs. James Phelan
Mrs. Frank M. Quinn
Mrs. John Rabbitt

ITALIAN SETTLERS

Anna Abbadessa
F. Abbadessa
Elda Bagnulo
Edith Basile
Florence Basile
Josephine Basile
Mary Bucci
Viola Bucci
Carmela Carvotta
Angela Colella
Geneva Cortina
Marion Danca
Lillian DiMaria
Lena Doria
Anna Francesca
Mary Franchini
Flora Galassi
Grace Gullifa
Nancy Gulino
Vennie Ippolito
Marie Martini
Josephine Novelline
Mary Palumbo
Scantina Perella
Eva Rocci
Theresa Sacco
Rose Sanze
Agatha Scarnico
Mary Spera
Lydia Still

Paul Revere ..... Frank M. Brewster

GENERAL SAMUEL C. LAWRENCE CAMP 30

UNITED SPANISH WAR VETERANS

Rex G. Post, Commander
Horace H. Adams
John P. Ahearn
Luke P. Bresnahan
Joseph A. Brodeur
Fred J. Clifford
William A. Davidson
Fred W. Denish
Roy W. Greenleaf
Fred O. Hoitt
Lester H. Jones
Lewis Johnson
Freeman LeBlanc
James J. Lee
James W. Lowe
William F. Mahoney
John H. Miller
Cornelius Powers
Thomas Rodgers
Walter H. Shea
Samuel O. Spaulding
Marchant H. Stewart
Legrand M. Thompson

MEDFORD POST 45, AMERICAN LEGION
DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

Samuel Farry, Drum Major
Joseph McDonald, Jr., Mascot

Francis Barry
John Borthwick
Herman L. Dillingham
Thomas DiStasio
Augustus J. Fitzgerald
John Halmkin
Herbert Healey
William J. Knight
Walter Lane
Chester Macomber
Stephen Matthews
LeRoy Montague
Harry Paine
Anthony Pignitelli
John Roberts
Clarence Salisbury
Wilfred St. Couer
Chester Sennott
Howard Shedd
Joseph Wellington

MEDFORD POST 45, AMERICAN LEGION

Lawrence A. Barrett
Clement A. Barry
Francis P. Barry
James F. Beatty
John J. Burke
Rufus H. Bond
John J. Carew
Charles M. Doherty
Edward P. Duffy
Myles J. Ferrick
Augustus F. Fitzgerald
Edward G. Foley
Charles Gilligan
Ralph J. Grant
John H. Horan
William F. Lacey, Jr.
Chester A. Macomber
Donald P. Malcolm
Robert M. Magee
Patrick F. McNally
John Messina
Michael Piggott
Antonio Pignatelli
Dr. J. F. Roberts
Chester M. Sinnott
Joseph E. Valway
Chester D. Woodside

MEDFORD POST 1012, VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF THE UNITED STATES

Edward G. Hughes, Commander

Edward A. Anderson
Stephen J. Anderson
Henry E. Babineau, Jr.
James Blakely
Walter L. Bradish
Arthur W. Breault
Albert Cochran
Frank A. Cummiskey
Ray B. Croft
Frank DeLisle
Herbert J. DeLory
David J. Dodge

Thomas F. Doherty
William J. Doyle
Eugene Duplain
Michael J. Fallon
Walter F. Frazier
Denrelle G. Garey
John P. Goodman
Charles S. Gorton
John J. Hayes
Arthur L. Herbert
Raymond H. Hollis
Edward J. James
Harry Jones
William P. Lawler
James Logan
James A. Lunn
Dominic Manganillo
Frank Marchand
J. Clifton Marchant
William L. Morrison
Joseph M. O'Keefe
Harold A. Osgood
William F. Shine
Arthur D. Stokell
Dennis J. Sullivan
John D. Tate
Lewis Weidman
Albert L. White
Harry E. Wilson

ENTIRE PAGEANT CAST

ST. JOSEPH'S BOYS' BAND GROUP

Gerald Bagley
John Barry
Philip Borsvert
Albert Bennarito
John Bresnahan
Arthur Burnham
John Carew
Albert Chisholm
Kenneth Chisholm
Thomas Connor
Frank Daly
Roland Dealy
Francis Doherty
Raymond Dolan
George Duffy
Thomas Early
Roland Egan
John Garrelly
Peter Foley
Albert Hackett
John Hanlon
John Hart
George Haviland
Edward Hogan
George Hogan
John Hughes
James Johnston
Francis Keough
Joseph Keough
Vincent Keough
William Lucia
Robert McCabe
Martin Murphy
William Murray
Ronald Nichols
Thomas O'Connor
John O'Neil
Francis O'Sullivan
Francis Queenan
James Rogers
Edward Shea
James Shea
Philip Sullivan

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To Mrs. Shepherd Brooks, for the use of her estate for the Pageant itself and for the loan of carriages, teams and horses.

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Dr. Charles W. McPherson for his valuable assistance in orchestrating, training and conducting the Pageant Chorus.

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Miss Elizabeth Gahan, Mr. Arnold H. Kuper and Mr. Joseph Costello for donating original posters.

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Mrs. Frederick A. Russell for designing the dances and training the dancing groups in the Pageant.

Mr. Michael E. O'Leary, superintendent of the Brooks Estate for assistance in layout of Pageant Grounds, approaches and many facilities.

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Mr. Harold J. Nicholson for his assistance and cooperation in laying out the seating arrangements at the Pageant Grounds.

Mr. Frank B. Blodgett for his advice on construction work.

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Mr. Alexander A. Lucey for his advice on the making of contracts, and Mr. Joseph L. Fitzpatrick for the purchase of supplies.

The members of the Class of 1930, Medford High School who participated in the Cavalcade, and by so doing advertised the Pageant in various cities and towns.

Mrs. Teresa A. St. Denis, chairman of the Public Welfare Board for the use of office and other assistance.

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Kenneth J. Cuneo for his services as Ye Towne Crier.

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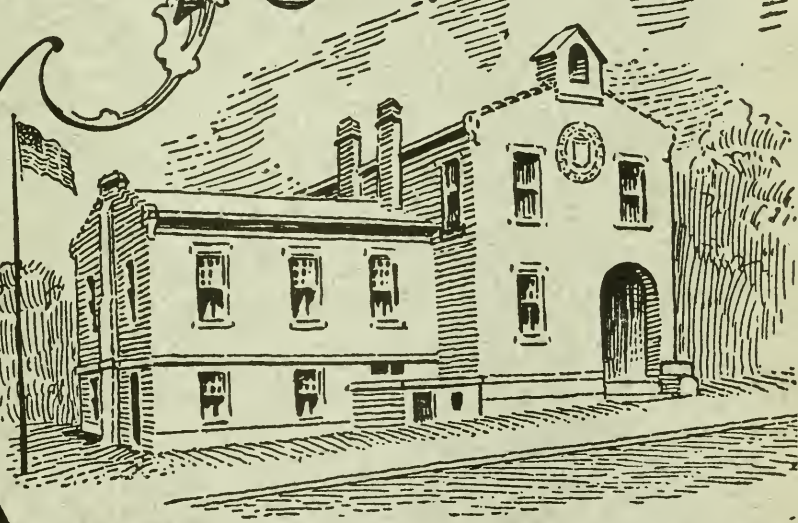
HISTORICAL REGISTER



September, 1930

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MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

1630 Tercentenary Celebration 1930
Pageant of the Mystic, Brooks Estate, West Medford, June 23, 24, 25, 30, July 1, 2, 1930.
~ Pageant Grounds ~

Courtesy of Harry W. Brock, Photographer

The Medford Historical Register.

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THE PAGEANT OF THE MYSTIC.

JUNE, 1930.

BY WILSON FISKE.

THE shadows lengthen out. The summer sun,
Closing his longest visit of the year
To the faire countrie of the Missituks,
Reluctant sinks behind the hills that hedge
The ancient village of Menotomy.
We sit, or stand, or stroll beneath the trees,
Upon an eastward slope, within the bounds
Of that wide realm which even yet remains,
After so many generations gone,
To grace the holdings of the stately line,
Whose gracious act our theatre tonight
In courtesy provides. Before us stretch
Green meadows, scythe-cropped, flanked on either side
By wooded knoll, — proscenium bases fit, —
Behind which, right and left, the entrances
Upon our sylvan stage their hosts deploy.
Across the scene, up stage, a little lake
Extends, its further shore with thickets fringed,
Behind a narrow strand, — back-curtain meet
To finish off the settings of our stage.
Such is the scene whereon this night shall be
Portrayal of our city's history.
From earliest ages on, in mimic pageantry.

The shadows lengthen. In the gloaming grow
The settings of an Indian camp. Small fires
Burn brightly. On the tripods swing the pots.
The squaws in many-colored mantles stir
The evening meal. Across the scene stalk slow
Red warriors, arriving one by one;
The boys, their games afoot, dash yon and here;
Anon, the girls arrange a sunset dance.
Shouts, laughter, every peaceful sound is heard;
The while, upon the water, silent hold
The swift canoes their flight from side to side
Scarce rippling e'en the mirror of the tide.

The shadows deepen. Spot-lights float across
From either wing to wing; the footlights' beam
Shows clear again the fading forms and acts.
A waltz's strains from out the darkness float,
And slow, advancing to the swaying rhythm,
Forth issue from the lower entrance left,
The Spirit of the Mystic, and the Tides,
The Ebb and Flood. Accompanying these,
A corps, interpretative by the dance
Of all the river's windings, and the flood
Of waters and the ebb; and rolling slow,
The tumbling breakers o'er the rocks to show.

Darkness — and when again the stage is seen
A change has stirred the group upon the green.
Commotion reigns; as when poised high above,
The soaring hawk o'ershades the brooding dove.
The frail canoes seek shelter at the shores,
And not the paddle but the white man's oars
The waters fret. A crafty warrior flies
To shoreward, whose unfailing Indian eyes
Appraise the instant peril, and his whoop
Swift warning carries to the waiting group
About the fires. Across the little bay
A laboring shallop makes its cautious way.
With measured stroke and slow it comes to land,
And from it quickly step a little band,
Armored and armed. They come with rapid tread,
The doughty Plymouth Captain at their head,
The faithful Squanto marching at his side,
Their red-skinned friend, interpreter and guide.
They seek the ruler of this region fair
In vain; but barter with the squaws, who share
With them their homely meal; and then depart,
Good Elder Brewster saying as they start
Upon their homeward voyage, he e'en could dare
To wish his people had been seated there.

Darkness, once more. The setting shifts again.
The inspiration of the waltz's strain.
The Tides. The Ebb flows eastward to the sea,
To whom the Flood, swelled high with prophecy,
O'erpowering the feebler outward flow,
Unfolds the page that shall the future show,
Forecasting the events which yet shall be
Presented in our pageant's witchery:

"Soon, soon shall come to thee across the foam,
From England's brave and noble-hearted isle,
A ship of hardy and God-fearing men, —
Like to yon Pilgrims who adventured here —
To found a city on thy winding stream;
Of all these shores to found a Commonwealth."

In rapid sequence now the scenes unfold,
Events portraying as the Tide foretold.
The charter taken from the royal hand
By Matthew Cradock, to the newer land, —
New England, — is by Winthrop safely brought,
And Indian friendship is by friendship bought.

The darkness falls again. The newer scene
Displays the settings of a later day; —
A century has passed. The stalwart arms,
That won from out the wilderness a home
And freedom, folded lie upon the breasts
Whose courage matched their strength. A younger race
The picture fills, enjoying now such peace
And comforts as the age and land afford.
Colonial life, the settlement begun,
Shows forth its quaint activities and arts.

Across the village green, at call of drum,
The habitants upon a sabbath morn,
Sedately to their place of worship plod;
The minister at head, with book in hand,
His family, the teacher, tithing-man,
Precentor and the rest, in solemn line.
Anon, the dame school holds its session dread;
Whence steal the urchins slyly as they may
To cast their gibes — and somewhat more, perchance, —
Upon the wretched culprit in the stocks
Hard by, — perhaps to laugh and clap the hands
In glee, at vision of the ducking stool
Beyond. The women deftly spin and quilt;
The men to mill depart, their grain to grind.
Across the green the Representative
Of Medford, at the Great and General Court,
Rides gaily, not without full many a nod
Of friendly recognition as he goes.
Again the sound of music, and the grace
Of damosels and gallants in the dance, —
The stately minuet, — our looks entrance.

'Tis dark again. Again the decades pass;
Another generation holds the stage.
The spirit of unrest o'erbroods the scene; —
There 's contest, revolution in the air.
The Medford men who helped to brew the tea,
With Boston Harbor for the pot, are back
And sheltered by their faithful wives from harm.
The gloom aye deepens. On an April night
The fateful messenger, in foam-flecked haste
Arrives, th' alarum cries, and clatters west,
His weightier mission thitherward to do.
As when the urchin's wanton pole may stir
The wasp's grey paper house beneath the eaves,
Forthwith the swarm shall dart without, full armed
For combat in defense of home; — so now
From every dwelling forth the people pour,
To aid, to speed, to cheer the three score men, —
Less one, — who march that day to hear the words
Immortal from their leader — "Stand your ground,
Fire not, unless ye first be fired upon;
But if they mean a war, let it start here."
At eve the minutemen return, less gay,
But no less steadfast; and again the wives,
The Medford women, prove their faithfulness,
As when did woman fail in stress to do!
"An equal crown doth history hold, for her
And for the warrior."
The struggle o'er,
The country turns it to the ways of peace.
Of old hath Meadford held an honored place
As builder of the carriers of the sea.
Behold we now the launching of a ship,
"A beautiful and gallant craft," shall bear
To furthest seas her builder's fame — and ours.
And now, the creeping barge, across our town,
Floating the timbers of the vasty woods,
Nor less the riches of the inland farms,
Down to the shipyards and the waiting ships,
Is followed, rivalled, conquered and eclipsed
By the draft steed of iron and his tow;
Whose thews of proof and path of double steel
Fatigue nor storm nor heat nor frost may stay;
Whose labors turn those other wheels as well,
Which by their revolution weave the spell
That puts New England first in industry
Through all the years of her third century.

Our panorama, which in sunset's glow
Began, its scenes of sylvan life to show,
In keeping with the twilight's softening spell,
Closes with every artful aid may tell
Of Medford's glory. What consummate art
So well has somehow blended every part
To make such satisfying whole! Depart
We, musing thus. But 'twas not art alone!
Art made the play, the music, gave the tone
That lifted the performance from the zone
Of commonplace. Ah, yes! But something more
Than merely art is requisite before
So many hundred people may be brought
Untrained, undisciplined, impelled by nought
But neighborly good feeling, and their pride
In Medford, thus most aptly to provide
The picture of her past.
And in that same
Good feeling, in that love of her good name,
Her hopes for all the future lie. Here lives
The Spirit that all value to her history gives.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF MEDFORD.

STRANGE stories of far-distant time do the rocks of the earth's crust tell the geologists, those men who are trying to learn something about old Mother Earth's past, stories of volcanoes, of earthquakes, of strange animals and of ice ages in and near Medford.

The very oldest rocks in Medford were formed by water sorting, that is, ancient rivers carried sand down to the ocean (over six hundred million years ago) and this sand was cemented and pressed together to make what is known as a sandstone. Later this sandstone was cut and invaded by lava which baked and hardened the sandstone into a rock known as quartzite, which can be seen in ledges along the horseback trail to the west of the Lawrence Observatory. These rocks are now well above sea level, although they were once on the sea bottom, and are, therefore, good evidence of the internal

forces of elevation resident within the earth. If it were not for this force tending to elevate the rocks of the earth's crust the continents would long ago have been eroded down to a flat, featureless plain at approximately sea level.

Long after the formation of the quartzite there was an active erupting volcano in West Roxbury. When liquid rock or lava pours out on the surface it flows away in all directions and soon cools and hardens into solid rock. More lava coming over these first layers helps to build up a cone around the vent. Occasionally, instead of liquid welling up, fragmental material is ejected and it falls around the vent, helping also to build up the cone. In such ways a volcano is formed. From a careful study of the rocks in Roxbury, geologists have found a peculiar kind of rock which can be formed only by a volcano, and so they conclude that at one time an active volcano existed in Roxbury. If such a volcano existed now there would be great danger for the people in the vicinity of Boston, for molten lava might pour down on them or they might be burned and buried by volcanic ash, cinders and bombs such as are thrown out of some of the present day volcanoes. Much time has gone since that volcano existed, and it has since been absolutely leveled by the forces of erosion. This gives us some idea of the immensity of geologic time when volcanoes can be formed and worn away.

The Mystic river lies in a filled trough which nearly follows a fault, that is, a joint or crack in the rocks along which there has been movement. It is such movement of sectors of the earth's crust that produces earthquakes. Motion along the so-called San Andeas fault produced the disastrous Californian earthquake in 1904, and motion on this Medford fault may and undoubtedly did shake this region, say two hundred million years ago, as violently as California was shaken in 1904. Although there haven't been any severe earthquakes around Boston for the past hundred years or more — the quake in Boston

in 1925 could hardly be called severe — yet three hundred years ago earthquakes were a real and terrible experience to the people of Boston, for the shocks were frequent and sharp. In 1638 a severe quake terrified the Pilgrims in Plymouth, who thought it was the "hand of God" punishing them for their sins. The damage was small simply because the dwellings were log cabins, which are low and very stable. Between 1727 and 1741, the Rev. Mathias Plant, of Newburyport, recorded one hundred and twenty shocks around Boston, and in 1775 the greatest of all the recorded earthquakes took place.

On the fifteenth of November, 1775, seventeen days after the terrible earthquake at Lisbon, Portugal, which killed thousands of people, there occurred the greatest earthquake of historic times in Boston. The damage was considerable. Many chimneys were levelled, roofs crushed in and many houses disjointed and nearly destroyed. Such an earthquake today would undoubtedly cause great damage and loss of life, because the city is larger and the buildings are higher.

But the activity of the internal forces of the earth did not cease with the movement along the Medford fault, for long after, cracks were formed in the earth's crust, and later these cracks were filled with molten lava which hardened, forming what the geologist calls a dike. The largest and most famous of these is the widely known Medford diabase dike about which so much has been written. This fills a great crack extending from a little south of the Powder House in Somerville, under Tufts College hill and the school house to Governors avenue, and thence west of pine hill to the Fellsway. For a long period of time the Medford diabase dike was exposed to the atmosphere and consequently it was deeply eroded, decayed and weathered, so when the glacier came it was unable to carry away all this weathered rock and so had to leave much of it in place. This weathered diabase forms a red sand or gravel much desired for walks. It penetrates at times as much as sixteen feet along cracks,

between balls of less altered rock. This can all be beautifully seen on Governors avenue, Medford.

And then only the day before yesterday, as far as geologic time goes, the rocks tell us that the whole of New England, and indeed about four million square miles of Northern North America, was covered with an immense continental ice sheet, something like the one over Greenland at the present time. This ice sheet was thousands of feet thick, and it appears that it melted away from New England in the neighborhood of about twenty-five thousand years ago. Now, what is the evidence for the existence of this continental ice cap, many will hasten to ask. In the first place, there are the transported bowlders or rocks, sometimes called erratics, because they are often found in insecure positions, which sometimes allows one to rock them back and forth with a slight pressure of the hand. If we will examine these erratics we will notice an interesting thing, namely, that the erratic is not made of the same material as the rock on which it rests. In other words, it is not in its place of origin, and has been transported to that place by some agency. In many cases these erratics weigh hundreds of tons. Now geologists have asked themselves what agency could have transported these bowlders. Could the wind have done it? Could running water in the form of rivers or brooks? Could the waves, aided by shore currents? To all these the geologists are forced to answer "No," and the only agency which could have transported the bowlders is moving ice. Indeed, we may observe this very thing in living glaciers today; large bowlders are being continually carried from high up in the mountains and dropped low down in the valleys. These erratics are very common in Medford, particularly in the Middlesex Fells.

Secondly, there are the striated rocks. If one has done a lot of hiking and at the same time has kept his eyes open, he may have noticed in many places that the rocks are polished, smoothed, scratched, striated and

grooved, and if one is particularly keen-eyed he may have made the remarkable discovery that in New England the striations run approximately north and south. What could have scratched and polished the rocks? Again the geologist answers only moving ice, and again we observe that at the present time living glaciers are doing this very thing. Striated rocks are very common in Medford.

Among the many features produced by the glacier are the so-called drumlins, hills composed of clay and bowlders, oval in shape, with their long axes running north and south and usually one-half of a mile to a mile long. College hill in Medford, Winter hill in Somerville, Beacon hill in Boston, and most of the islands in Boston Harbor are drumlins, as well as many more around Boston.

There are several theories for the origin of these drumlins. Some geologists believe that they are irregularities built up beneath the ice by irregular deposition, as sand bars are built in an overburdened river.

The clay pits near the Wellington marsh and those near Tufts College were also formed because of the glacier. The continental ice sheet contained great quantities of clay, sand and gravel, and as the ice melted, streams of muddy water poured into lakes in front of the ice and often also into tidal water. In the case of the Wellington clays, the rivers ran from the ice into tidal water. The coarse gravel was deposited close to the shore, the sand was carried out farther by currents and then dropped, and the clay, because fine, remained in suspension for a long time and finally settled out in the quiet, deeper parts of the tidal water. Such was the origin of brick clays in Medford.

Medford is very fortunate in having close to it the Fells, a state reservation with beautiful lakes, walks and trees. Not only are the Fells interesting and beautiful to the layman, but they are also a paradise to the geologist, for within the borders are many geological features.

This brief description of a few of the geological events

is enough to show that vast changes have occurred in Medford during geologic time. Volcanoes have been formed and worn away, great movements of the earth's crust have produced severe earthquakes, and a continental ice cap has come and gone. In this long series of events the present is but one short page. Many changes have occurred in the past and many more will occur in the future.

"The hills are shadows and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands
Like clouds they shape themselves and go."

—ALFRED C. LANE.
—ROBERT L. NICHOLS.

THE MINISTERS AND MEETING-HOUSES OF THE FIRST PARISH IN MEDFORD.

[From an address given before the Women's Alliance, October, 1929, by Mrs. Clara T. Guild.]

1692. In 1692 Rev. John Hancock, grandfather of the patriot whose signature is so familiar to us, was hired to preach. Arrangements were made for his board with Mr. John Bradshaw for a year "If he shall continue his ministry so long with us." The price of board was five shillings a week. After only six months' preaching, Mr. Hancock was called to Lexington, where he was pastor fifty-five years.

The next "supply" was Benjamin Colman, a student at Harvard College who, after six months, returned to college for further study. A call came to him from Brattle Street Church, Boston, and he returned to England and was ordained there, fearing that his known opposition to the strict rules of the Colonists regarding theological tests would prevent his ordination here. Mr. Colman is said to have contributed more than any other man of his day to the elevation of the character of the New England pulpit.

1693. On January 17, 1693, the town voted to have a meeting-house erected on land belonging to Thomas Willis on the north side of Woburn road "on a rock." Trouble in meeting the expense and other difficulties delayed the completion of the building. The house was 30 x 27 x 16, and the walls were plastered with lime and a pulpit and deacons' seats erected. What excitement must have existed over this first meeting-house in Medford! To be sure it was uncomfortable, as the windows, we are told, were openings with shutters, but the men struck their feet and their hands together for warmth and the children hovered as near as possible to their mothers' foot-stoves; but at least they had the convenience of a nearer place of worship. The interest, too, must have been very great when the "seating" took place. One did not enter and take any seat at will. The town appointed a committee of most judicious and popular men to apportion the seats, their rule being that the "quality" of a person determined where he should sit, and his "quality" depended on his age, the amount he subscribed toward building the house and support of the minister, and the "charges" he paid the public. The work of the seating committee caused such "heart-burning" that a new committee was chosen and a re-seating made. Pews were not tolerated at this time, but Major Wade, a rich citizen, was given permission to build a pew and the liberty was granted to a few others.

1698. The people were just settled in their new meeting-house and were unsuccessful in settling a minister when Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge of Charlestown was engaged to preach for them for six months. A horse was hired for the journey from Charlestown and back and for use on Sunday if needed, the expense being two shillings a journey for a "well-shod horse."

For twelve years Mr. Woodbridge was acting minister of the town, he claiming he was a settled minister, the town claiming he was not. Several suits at law were required to settle the differences that arose. In spite of

the unhappy relations that existed, Mr. Woodbridge had a strong hold on some of the people and continued to live in Medford until his death, in 1710. That the town held no ill-feeling toward him is shown by the prompt and generous vote of one hundred pounds to meet the expenses of his funeral.

1711. After Mr. Woodbridge's death Mr. John Tufts, son of Mr. Peter Tufts, supplied the pulpit for about six months. He was one of three candidates when the town, in 1712, chose Rev. Aaron Porter, who was the first settled minister. He was ordained February 11, 1713, and immediately after the ordination a covenant which had been prepared was signed by fifteen members, "thus gathering the First Church in Medford, February 11, 1713." The church was approved by the magistrates, thereby gaining the franchise for its members. This settlement and approval formally instituted the First Parish. Mr. Porter was a wise leader and valued minister. He died after only nine years of preaching. A marble slab in the Salem Street cemetery bears the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Aaron Porter, the first settled minister of Medford."

While the size, site and equipment of a new meeting-house was under discussion, Mr. Porter's successor was selected. Rev. Ebenezer Turell was ordained November 25, 1724. The new meeting-house, in size "fifty-two feet long, thirty-eight feet wide and thirty-three feet posts," with a steeple rising from the center, situated on the south side of High street near Marble brook, was first occupied on September 3, 1727. Mr. Turell's preaching showed courage and force of character. He influenced and helped his fellows by giving the best that was in him. To all good causes he gave sincere help, and he was a fine representative of the highest education of his time. Just as the opening years of Parson Turell's ministry coincided with the building of the second meeting-house, so the closing years were troubled by the erection of the third, built on the spot where the present one

stands, a site which Parson Turell did not approve. The house was seventy-six by forty-eight feet with a tower, a spire and two porches, and with forty-eight seats on the floor and eight in the gallery. The windows had leads and pulleys, and on the inside and outside the structure was most respectable and appropriate.

March 11, 1770. The church was first used March 11, 1770, with no special service of dedication, for that would seem to imitate the English Church. For the same poor reason observance of Easter and Christmas was banished. Mr. Turell died December 5, 1778.

September 14, 1774. Because of their minister's failing health the church and town engaged as his colleague Rev. David Osgood of Andover, who was ordained September 14, 1774. Mr. Osgood preached for more than forty-eight years and died December 12, 1822. In later years his theological opinions slowly but surely changed. Freedom to hold his own opinions caused him to give the same freedom to others. Each one, he maintained, had the right to judge according to his own conscience. He was an honest, fearless, true patriot; learned, brusque, but always reverent. He preached on all subjects with force and conviction, and with an authoritative dignity which surpassed any man of his day. After listening to Dr. Osgood in Brattle Street Church, Daniel Webster said, "It was the most impressive eloquence it was ever my good fortune to hear." His sermons sometimes took two hours to deliver and were often delivered entirely without notes.

1823. After Dr. Osgood's death Rev. Andrew Bigelow was invited to succeed him at a salary of eight hundred dollars. The church, with some dissenting votes, concurred with the town, and Mr. Bigelow accepted and was installed July 9, 1823. After a short time given to the study of law Mr. Bigelow with his whole soul turned to the study of divinity. He came with experience, having worked with great zeal in Eastport, Me., and in Gloucester, Mass.

Ever since the settlement of Dr. Osgood there had existed a disturbed feeling in the church which Mr. Bigelow did all he could to calm. But on August 25, 1823, seventeen members sent a respectful letter to the church asking for a letter of dismissal that they might form a new church. Their request was granted with less controversy than might have been expected. Both parties were acting as their conscience directed. All who did not unite with the new society became the First Parish, which was legally organized in this way: On April 12, 1824, ten male members of the original parish applied to a justice of the peace to issue a warrant directing one of the ten to notify all legal voters of the parish to meet in the meeting-house for the purpose of electing officers, raising money, etc. Thus the First Parish became a legal body under a separate organization.

1826. In April, 1826, the question arose about the right of the town to hold town meetings in the church as was their custom. The selectmen said they had the right; the parish said they had not. A town meeting was called to meet in the church as usual. The doors were locked, but entrance was forced. In the suit which followed the Supreme Court upheld the parish.

1827. Ill health caused Mr. Bigelow to ask to be relieved, and after preaching five Sundays as a candidate, Rev. Caleb Stetson was elected as his successor at an annual salary of one thousand dollars. Near the middle of Mr. Stetson's ministry of twenty-one years the old meeting-house was torn down and a new building erected on the site of the old one. The new house was dedicated December 4, 1839, and served the parish for more than fifty years, until destroyed by fire on January 15, 1893. The present church building, the third on the same site, was dedicated June 1, 1894. Mr. Stetson's ministry coincided with the period of the anti-slavery movement, and he whose heart was warm to every good cause did not refrain from this subject in his preaching. In settling his successor the church voted that it was

"inexpedient and hazardous to preach any political abolition sermons or discourses in our pulpit on the Sabbath." This vote was later rescinded.

1849. Rev. John Pierpont was chosen as Mr. Stetson's successor and was the first to be installed by simple ceremony by the committee of the church instead of by an ecclesiastical council. At sixty-four years of age he felt it his duty to not only denounce sin but to fight it in every possible way. He became noted throughout the state and country as a zealous supporter of the temperance and anti-slavery movements. His course caused considerable feeling in the parish and led to his resignation in 1856. But he did not remain idle. When the Civil War began he obtained a commission from Governor Andrew and marched as chaplain with the 22d Regiment from Boston. Later he performed excellent service in the Treasury Department at Washington. His home was in Medford ever after his ministry, and on a visit he died here suddenly in 1866 at the age of eighty-one years. "Patriot, Preacher, Philanthropist, Poet, Pierpont" are on his head stone at Mount Auburn, and these words attest his qualities.

Rev. Theodore Tebbets, much admired as a man and as a preacher, served the parish until 1861, and Rev. Edwin C. Towne, a man of radical views, which caused complaint, served until 1867.

1869. The pastorate of Rev. Henry C. DeLong began on the first Sunday in March, 1869, and continued forty-five years. Mr. DeLong, while a student of affairs of the time and informed on all questions, unlike some of his predecessors took no stand with any "cause" in his preaching that would make for controversy in the parish. His preaching, while timely, did not present political questions, but it did present principles that underlie all good thought and action. Having strong convictions, gentle and serene in spirit, fine in appreciation of all that is true and noble, seeing the good wherever it existed, Mr. DeLong's spiritual influence was of rare worth. He was minister emeritus two years, and died January 9, 1916.

1914. In September, 1914, Rev. Louis C. Dethlefs came to the First Parish in Medford. He also teaches with strong conviction that "Religion is not learning, not logic, but love; not contact, but co-operation." And so our preaching and teaching of today follows out the highest and best of any time, with the simple, potent rule for spiritual nurture and religious life — "Love and Co-operation."

Ten settled ministers and many "supplies" have preached in the five meeting-houses of this ancient parish in three hundred years. Long pastorates, a continuous stream of scholarly thinking, increasing tolerance of others' views, and a desire to be of greater possible service as ministers of God have marked their lives and immeasurably influenced the First Parish of Medford.

UNDERSTANDING ITALY.

A study of the Italian race is absolutely necessary for any person who desires full and complete knowledge of all that is best in art, in literature, science and in government.

I will quote the ability of historians by Carlo Botta and Pasquale Villari, romancists like Manzoni and D'Annunzio, masters of language like Bartelli and De-Amicis, and not overlook astronomers like Scheaparelli, and electricians like Ferraris and Marconi on the loftiest ranges of applied science.

In the field of railway engineering there are no more extraordinary memories than the three grand passage-ways of the Mount Cenis, St. Gothard, and Simplon tunnels, the enduring monuments of southern Latin engineers and constructors who are said to be unassimilable.

"Shakespeare's most romantic heroines, Juliet and Desdemona," observes Wilfred Scawen Blunt in "The Speaker," "were both borrowed, as we know, and not without the loss of dignity, from Brandello's Italian originals."

Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio and Aristo became English household words through translations and imitations. From the dawn of early English art and literature Italy has been a mecca for her artists and scholars. The lofty imagination of Milton first expanded in Italian air. Here, too, the restless and embittered heart of Byron sought solace. All that is mortal of Shelley and Keats lies under the shadow of Rome. In Florence the genius of Browning reached its zenith, and his memorial tablet in Venice bears the lines of his poem, "Open my heart and you will see graved inside of it Italy."

And can America forget her distinctive indebtedness? The new world owes to Italy the debt of the old and more. May she not well remember that it was the son of a Genoese wool comber whose unflagging spirit revealed her existence to Europe, that the Florentine, Amerigo Vespucci, was her godfather, and that the voyages of the Cabots and Verrazano first traced the North American coast line and cleared the way for pioneer immigration.

Other names in the history of Italy are Tasso, Raphael, Michelangelo, Canava, Verdi, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Ristori, Duse, Salvini, Rossi, Alfieri, Giacometti, Cavour and Mazzini.

The Italian by training and environment is a child of sunshine, and is less responsible for the slum conditions obtaining in our large cities than the owner of the property or makers of laws which allow unsanitary conditions to obtain.

Under the stars and stripes in the last World War the Italian stood second to none in his line of duty, whether it be in the training camp or in the trenches. The percentage is equal to any of the other nationalities that made the supreme sacrifice to make this world free for democracy.

The Italians in United States today stand for obedience to constituted authority, allegiance to the stars and stripes and one hundred percent Americanism.

—MARY LILLIAN NOVELLINE.

SHIPS OF MEDFORD.

Years ago one of the requirements of our school work was the memorizing of some poetical work which we had to recite before our critical fellow-students.

It was a task much dreaded by many. Among the selections was Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship." Truly our beloved New England poet knew his subject. I recommend all to read it, if you have forgotten it. It will have a deeper significance at this time to every true American.

In the official publication of the Medford Historical Society (HISTORICAL REGISTER) there have appeared articles pertaining to the subject of ship-building in which Medford was at one time vitally interested.

What follows (in part) is matter taken from these papers, and I feel confident it will revive interest among many to go into the subject more thoroughly.

Few people realize what an important part this industry played in the life of Medford, and in the building of the commerce of the colonies.

In a single year (1845) thirty vessels were built on the banks of the Mystic, with a tonnage of 9,712 tons, valued at over one-half million dollars. In a period covering seventy years (the life of the industry) 568 vessels were constructed at a cost, it is estimated, of $12,500,000.

The first vessel of record to be built in the colony was the *Blessing of the Bay*. It was a bark of thirty tons and was constructed of locust cut on the farm of Governor Winthrop and launched July 4th (an eventful date), 1631.

The pioneer in the industry in Medford was Thatcher Magoun. His yard was nearly opposite the end of Park street. His first vessel was the *Mt. Ætna*. It is interesting to note that Thatcher Magoun was born June 17, 1775, the day the battle of Bunker hill was fought.

In all there were ten yards on the Mystic extending from what is now known as Foster's Court to a place adjoining the old Boston and Lowell Railroad, now the Boston and Maine. The largest ship ever launched in

Medford was the *Ocean Express*, of 2,000 tons, built by J. O. Curtis, and ships of more than 1,000 tons were built above the Cradock bridge. The last ship to be constructed in Medford was the *Pilgrim*, launched in December, 1873. A view of this ship's launch may be seen in the rooms of the Medford Historical Society.

Truly it is fitting that the official seal of our fair city should carry a replica of this ship on the stocks.

It is interesting to note that after nearly three hundred years an attempt was made to revive ship-building in this locality, and after much adversity and tribulation and loss to the originators of the project, a vessel called the *Tremont* was launched at practically the same spot where the *Blessing of the Bay* was built, near the Wellington bridge in what is now Somerville.

Space does not permit us to tell of the many things relating to this subject, which may be found in archives of our local Historical Society and in the Public Library, which bears the name of the man who generously gave the same to Medford, Thatcher Magoun, the pioneer of Medford's greatest industry of the past.

Gone are the ships that sailed the sea —
Once linked with Medford's history,
The placid Mystic flows serene,
And naught remains of busy scene,
Where children watched while strong men toiled,
With forge and saw, while pitch-pot boiled;
Who played with fragrant chips that flew,
From pine and oak that adze did hew;
Some sailed away in visions fair,
To foreign lands and treasures rare.
Gone are the ships that sailed the seas,
Leaving us only memories.

—EDWARD J. GAFFEY.

INDIANS OF MEDFORD.

Long before Matthew Cradock had conceived the idea of a plantation on the Mystic river, the Indians had made their home beside the Missituk lakes. These Indians in Medford belonged to the tribe of the Massachuset which inhabited practically all the east central part of the state. Early explorers tell us that the country was more or less open, that there were many cleared fields, and that the underbrush in the forests was burnt annually to open the woods for hunting, while Indian trails ran between the various Indian villages and to hunting or fishing grounds. Shortly before the arrival of the Pilgrims the Massachuset Indians had been decimated by a terrible plague and many of the villages were deserted.

The larger part of Middlesex and Essex counties was under the rule of an Indian sachem, Nanepashemit by name, who came to Medford from Lynn about 1615 and had an outpost on Rock hill overlooking the river. He was killed in 1619, perhaps by his hereditary enemies, the Tarratines, who often came down from the north in the autumn, swept up the river in their canoes and destroyed or pillaged the crops of corn. Nanepashemit was succeeded by his wife, the "Squa Sachem" with her second mate, the sorcerer Webcowit, while the sachem's three sons became the sagamores, George of Salem, James of Lynn, and John of Medford.

In Indian days there were doubtless trails between these various villages—a trail, too, from Charlestown to the famous fish weirs where the lakes narrow into the river—substantially along the lines of Main and High streets of today—and another probably along Grove street toward the hunting grounds in Woburn. Our early roads doubtless followed Indian trails. Numerous Indian relics, still found occasionally under the plough, and the graves of Indians near Sagamore avenue in West Medford and on the hillside not far from the old pumping station, mutely attest the presence of large Indian villages. The great run of alewives and smelts in the

spring also brought the surrounding country Indians, who erected temporary fishing camps near the "Rock" beneath Rock hill, and smoked their fish in the open meadows. Their houses were of two types. The more permanent ones were large and oblong, made of closely planted poles bent over like a grape arbor and carefully shingled with pieces of flattened bark. The temporary ones were round, with frameworks of poles covered with removable mats of woven cat tails or grass, but not conical like the teepees of the western Indians which could be rolled up and dragged from one place to another. Inside the houses were long bunk-like platforms and a full equipment of baskets, wooden utensils and clay pots, though the French traders along shore early supplied Indians near the coast with iron or copper kettles.

In September, 1621, a party of Pilgrims from Plymouth explored Massachusetts bay, and Medford historians have always believed that the account of this trip detailed in Mourt's "Relation" pointed clearly to Medford. These explorers found the wigwam of Nanepashemit on Rock hill, a stockaded village some way beyond additionally protected by a moat and bridge, with a house within the stockade "wherein being dead he lay buryd," and beyond, on a gently sloping hill with great oak trees, another wigwam in which he had been killed. The Pilgrims followed the Indians and finally overtook the women of the tribe. With these they made peace and, as their guests, partook of a dinner, probably a porridge of beans, corn and dried alewives. The men were away, and the Squa Sachem too, with whom they had wished to make a treaty, was "not here," as the interpreter said, but they traded skins with the squaws and returned to Plymouth, wishing they had "Been ther seated."

In later days Sagamore John was friendly toward Cradock's settlers, and indeed Matthew Cradock was very explicit in his directions to his men not to molest the Indians and to recompense them for their land. When Sagamore John died he regretted that he had not wor-

shipped the white man's God, and left his son as a ward to the Rev. John Wilson, who owned what is now Wellington, to be brought up as his ward. A deed granting land to Winthrop, but reserving the use of the weirs to the Indians, was signed in 1639 with the crosses of the Squa Sachem and Webcowit. Early maps show the lodges of Sagamore John on the south side of the river where it is joined by Alewife brook. Gradually the Indians withdrew, though remnants of the tribe made their home in Turkey swamp, now Winchester reservoir, and old accounts show that the Indians occasionally worked for the white men. The last Medford Indian was Hannah Shiner, who, under the civilizing influence of Medford rum, was drowned in the early nineteenth century.

The only tangible reminders of the presence of the Indians today are the relics in the collection of the Medford Historical Society and the boulder erected to the memory of Sagamore John.

—RUTH DAME COOLIDGE.

OLD SHIPS AND SHIP-BUILDING DAYS OF MEDFORD.

By Hall Gleason.

(Continued from Medford Historical Register, December, 1929.)

1847. **Joshua Hamblen.** Schooner, 70 tons. Owners, Thomas Hopkins, *et al.*, Chatham. Built by J. O. Curtis.

Helen McGaw of N. Y. Ship, 598 tons. Owner, John A. McGaw of Boston. Built by James O. Curtis. Hailed from N. Y. Sold Norwegian Acct. August, 1863. Name changed to *Roska*. Alive 1900.

Niobe. Ship, 686 tons. Owners, George Pratt of Boston and Briggs Thomas of Duxbury. Sold to William S. Bullard and Henry Lee, Jr., *et al.* Registered December 5, 1851. Registered May 19, 1859, Stephen H. Bullard. Sold to B. S. Allen and others December, 1860. Built by Paul Curtis. Sold to British Acct. July, 1863.

Independence. Ship, 827 tons. Owner, Augustus Hemenway of Boston. Built by Paul Curtis for above. Sold to N. Y. parties. Sold to British Acct. February, 1864. Name changed to *Gylfe*. Last report, 1893.

R. C. Winthrop. Ship, 781 tons. Owners, Benjamin and George P. Bangs, *et al.* Built by Paul Curtis. Boston to S. F., arrived August 13, 1852, 138 days. Sold to Baltimore parties July, 1853. Sold to N. Y. parties July, 1862. N. Y. for Antwerp. Sailed from former port February 21, 1873, and was passed abandoned in lat. 40° 10′ N., long. 50° 45′ W., on March 8, 1873.

Horsburgh. Ship, 542 tons. Owners, Samuel Hooper and Abbott Lawrence of Boston. Registered June 7, 1851, D. G. and W. B. Bacon. Registered June 11, 1857, Edward Oakes & Co. Registered June 19, 1855, Tuckerman, Townsend & Co. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Boston to S. F. 128 days, arrived August 2, 1852. Abandoned August 17, 1860, near the island of Juan Fernandez, while bound for Hampton Roads with guano from Callao.

Anstiss. Ship, 621 tons. Owners, William S. Wetmore of N. Y. and Jos. Steele of Boston. Built by Hayden & Cudworth.

1847. **Amelia.** Ship, 572 tons. Owners, James Wellsman, *et al.*, of Charleston, S. C. Built by Henry Ewell. Last report 1886.

Crusader. Ship, 600 tons. Owners, William W. Goddard of Boston. Built by Henry Ewell for above. Sold to Vernon H. Brown in 1874 and rigged a bark. Hailed from N. Y. in 1879. Was under Brazilian flag when lost. Missing February, 1892.

Georgia. Ship, 665 tons. Owners, James G. Mills, *et al.*, of Savannah, Ga. Built by J. Stetson. Newcastle, England, for Boston with a cargo of coal and chemicals. Abandoned at sea after a heavy gale October 6, 1854, in lat. 42° 50' N., long. 45° 50' W.

Frank. Brig, 159½ tons. Owner, Jotham Stetson of Medford. Built by J. Stetson, N. Y. for St. Mary's, Ga. Went ashore on Amelia Beach November 8, 1851, having parted both chains and become a total wreck.

1848. **Living Age.** Ship, 758 tons. Owners, Edward D. Peters & Co. of Boston. Sold to William Appleton & Co. Built by J. Stetson. Wrecked on Pratas Shoal, China Sea, December 31, 1854, while bound for N. Y. from Shanghai with teas and silks.

Harriet Irving. Ship, 616 tons. Owner, William W. Goddard of Boston. Built by Henry Ewell for above. Boston for Valparaiso. Went ashore May 9, 1872, at Laguna de los Padres, Cape San Antonio. Captain and one man drowned. While saving cargo ship was burned through carelessness of workmen.

T. Taylor of Yarmouth, Mass. Schooner, 75 tons. Owners, Howes & Taylor of Yarmouth. Built by Hayden & Cudworth.

Marcellus. Ship, 660 tons. Owners, Henry P. Oxnard and Jno. I. Bowditch of Boston. Registered May 14, 1857, C. H. and William Dillaway, *et al.* Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Name changed to *Theodore Knoop*. Sold Norwegian Acct. Name changed to *Helene*. Lost August, 1877.

Cromwell. Ship, 949 tons. Owners, William Perkins and Francis G. Shaw, *et al.*, of Boston. D. D. Kelley and others in 1877. Built by Paul Curtis. Sold foreign in 1883, Norway. Last report 1889.

Cochituate. Bark, 347 tons. Owners, Elkanah Bangs and William H. Bangs, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Paul Curtis for above. Wrecked June 14, 1861, on the west coast of Australia while bound for Singapore from Melbourne. Wrecked south of Hostmans Abrollios.

Townsend of Boston. Ship, 719½ tons. Owners, Andrew T. Hall of Boston and Josiah Richardson of Shrewsbury. Built by Paul Curtis. Boston to S. F. Destroyed by fire May 15, 1854, in the Pacific Ocean, lat 35° south. Twelve lives lost. The twelve survivors sailed 660 miles in open boats and finally landed at the island of Juan Fernandez.

Circassian. Schooner, 72 tons. Owner, T. L. Mayo of Yarmouth, Mass. Built by James O. Curtis.

Herbert. Ship, 619 tons. Owners, Isaac Thacher of Boston, James O. Curtis of Medford and Elisha Bangs of Brewster, *et al.* Built by James O. Curtis. Schiedam for Sunderland. Ran ashore on the south side of Flamborough Head October 28, 1864, and became a total wreck. In ballast.

Chasca. Ship, 658 tons. Owners, David Snow and Isaac Rich, *et al.*, of Boston. Registered August 25, 1855, Charles O. Whittemore and Benjamin Sewell. Sold to Lombard & Whitmore, March, 1854. Built by James O. Curtis. Sold to German Acct. Name changed to *Antoinette*.

Abaellino of Boston. Ship, 606 tons. Owners, J. & A. Tirrell & Co. of Boston, 1848. Built by J. T. Foster.

Velocity of Chatham. Bark, 246 tons. Owner, J. Atkins of Chatham, Mass. Built by Joshua T. Foster. Sold to N. Y. April, 1856. Santiago to N. Y. Wrecked March 8, 1858, on Castle Island in the Crooked Island Passage. Crew saved.

Crescent City. Schooner, 113 tons. Owners, Joshua T. Foster, *et al.*, of Medford. Built by Joshua T. Foster.

Vesta of Boston. Bark, 196 tons. Owner, John Flynn of Boston. Built by John Taylor. Philadelphia to Boston. Wrecked September 21, 1851, in thick and stormy weather east of Gull Ledge.

Robert. Bark, 778 tons. Owners, William Bramhall and Thomas Howe and Washington Williams of Boston. Thomas Howe and others successors. Sold to Daniel Draper & Son July, 1864. Built by John Taylor. Sold August, 1868, to Tokatea. Last report 1880.

Home. Bark, 338 tons. Owners, Nathaniel Francis, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by John Taylor. Sold to N. Y. parties before 1860. Sold to German Acct. October, 1863. Name changed to *Jupiter*. Renamed *Pedlar*. Last report 1881.

1849. **Josiah Bradlee.** Ship, 648 tons. Owners, George K. Minot and Nathaniel Hooper, *et al.*, 1849. Registered April 19, 1859, William and William L. Thwing. Sold to Sprague & Soule, September, 1860. Built by John Taylor. Sold to —— June, 1862. Sold to British Acct. June, 1864.

1849. **Clara Wheeler.** Ship, 995 tons. Owners, William Bramhall and Thomas Howes of Boston. Built by John Taylor for above. Sold to N. Y. parties December, 1852. Sold to British Acct. November, 1863.

Ella. Bark, 195 tons. Owners, William W. Flynn, John H. Pearson, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by John Taylor. Name changed to *W. H. Kendall.* Name changed to *Dona Margarida.* Alive 1900.

Squantum. Ship, 646 tons. Owners, Thomas B. Wales & Co. of Boston. Built by J. T. Foster. Wrecked at Coorla Boula, India, June 14, 1860, while bound for Bombay from Boston. Three lives lost.

Tirrell of Boston. Ship, 943½ tons. Owners, J. & A. Tirrell & Co. of Boston. Sold to Edward C Bates & Co. of Boston December, 1852. Registered Boston October 4, 1854, William H. Boardman and William F. Whitney of Boston. Built by Joshua T. Foster.

Fenelon. Bark, 393 tons. Owners, William F. Weld & Co. of Boston, 1849. Sold to N. P. Mann & Co. August, 1856. Built by J. O. Curtis. Sold to Chilian Acct. January, 1863. Name changed to *Jack Pilcher.*

Sarah H. Snow of Boston. Bark, 226 tons. Owners, David Snow and Isaac Rich, *et al.*, of Boston. Registered Boston December 19, 1850, Elisha T. Loring of Boston. Sold to John E. Lodge & Co. of Boston March, 1855. Built by James O. Curtis. Sold foreign and renamed (1st) *Anna Moore*, (2d) *Julie*, (3d) *Lizzie Dalgliesh.* Last report 1886.

Anna Rich. Ship, 670 tons. Owners, David Snow, Isaac Rich, *et al.* Built by J. O. Curtis for above. Sold to British Acct. June, 1853.

William Sturgis of Boston, Ship, 649½ tons. Owners, William F. Weld & Co. of Boston. Built by James O. Curtis. Cardiff to Iloilo, cargo coal. Struck Magicienne Bank off the coast of Guimeras on September 19, 1863; beat over and sunk on Ottorg Bank.

Humboldt. Ship, 716 tons. Owners, William F. Weld & Co. of Boston. Built by Paul Curtis for above. Put into Batavia, Jarva, in distress and was condemned and sold April 21, 1871.

Western Star of Boston. Ship, 842 tons. Owners, Benjamin and George P. Bangs of Boston. Sold to Elijah Williams & Co. of Boston. Built by Paul Curtis. Sold British Acct. January 7, 1865, owing to severe injuries sustained in a cyclone at Calcutta October 5, 1864. Totally wrecked during a gale at East London, C. G. H., December 16, 1874.

Samuel Appleton. Ship, 808 tons. Owners, D. P. Parker, Boston. Built by P. Curtis.

Fillmore of Machias, Me. Schooner, 70 tons. Owners, J. D. Crocker of Yarmouth, Mass, and others. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Hailed from Machias, Me., when lost. Sailed from Boston November 16, 1905, for Bangor during a stiff north-wester and was never heard from.

Australia. Ship, 632 tons. Owners, Silsbee, Stone & Pickman of Salem, Mass. Purchased from Salem parties September, 1863, by J. W. Sears and others. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Abandoned on Goodwin Sands near Amherst about August 20, 1864. She was under pilot's charge, proceeding to sea from Maulmain, Burmali.

Manlius. Ship, 670 tons. Owners, Thatcher Magoun & Son. Sold to Howes & Crowell. Registered February 1, 1859. Built by Hayden and Cudworth German Acct. April, 1863, and then Norwegian. Name changed to *Nor.* Sunk off St. Catherine's Point November 10, 1888, after being in collision with a steamer while bound for Stettin from New York.

Revere. Ship, 734 tons. Owners, Howes & Crowell, *et al.*, of Boston. Sold to Baker and Morrill July, 1862. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Sold to San Francisco July, 1865. Rig changed to bark. Last reported 1883.

Beatrice. Ship, 877 tons. Owner, William H. Boardman of Boston. Built by Samuel Lapham. Sailed from Cardiff, Wales, July 10, 1861, for Hong Kong and was never heard from.

Argonaut of Boston. Ship, 575 tons. Owners, John E. Lodge, Samuel Lapham and William Nott, *et al.*, Boston. Built by Samuel Lapham for above. Boston to S. F. 133 days, arrived March 13, 1850: Boston to S. F. 134 days, arrived July 4, 1852. Continued in trade with the Far East, making fast passages under Captain Norton of West Medford. Owned in Christiana by P. Stranger in 1866.

Magellan. Ship, 589 tons. Owner, Augustus Hemmenway of Boston. Built by J. Stetson. Put under the Chilian flag. Name changed to *Quintero*, afterwards hailed from Gautimala, Pisagna, for Boston. Sunk off Cape St, Roque December 3, 1877, by Br. cable steamer *Norseman.*

George Green. Ship, 866 tons. Owners, Charles R. Green, *et al.*, of New Orleans. Built by Jotham Stetson. Stranded near Dartmouth, England, January 22, 1877. Twenty-four lost.

1850. **Prospero.** Ship, 645 tons. Owner, Augustus Hemenway of Boston. Built by Jotham Stetson. Wrecked at Chanarel, Chili, June, 1864, while loading copper ore for Boston.

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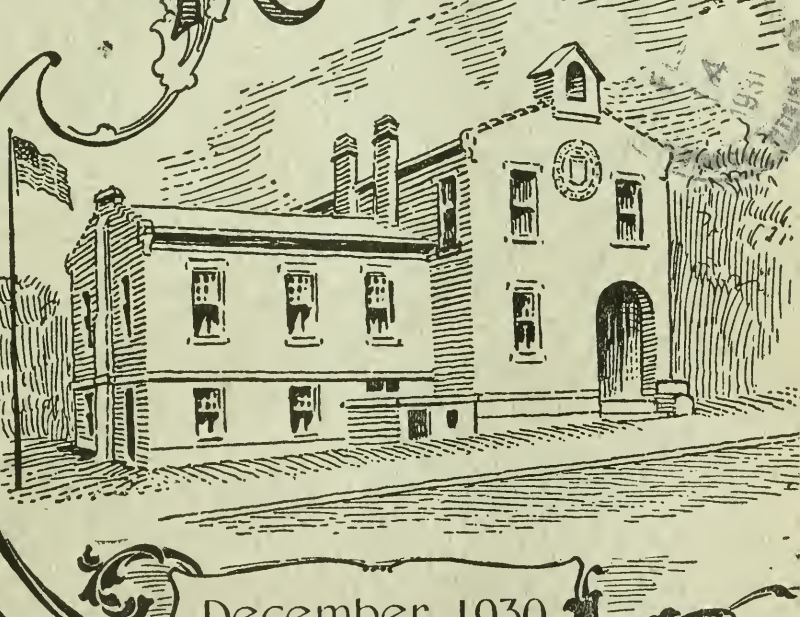

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of_____Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed)_____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

RESIDENCE OF GOV BROOKS

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MATTHEW CRADOCK AND THE CHARTER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY COMPANY.

[From a paper read before the Society in November, 1929, by Harry E. Walker.]

THE seventeenth century witnessed the coming to maturity of the national state. The national states of that century were either autocratic or aristocratic, none were democratic as we now understand the term. In France, where autocracy had been firmly established by Cardinal Richelieu, the last Estates General to meet for one hundred and seventy-five years was held in 1614. From that date until 1789 a king of France could say, "I am the state." Spain, too, had an autocratic government. The purposes and control of the colonies of these two countries reflected the power of their kings. The colonies were not commercial ventures of their subjects, nor did the colonists possess any political or religious rights. Holland and England were aristocratic. The rise of the Dutch Republic taught many a lesson to our forbears, and its story has a curious parallelism with our own. Germany and Italy were then, as they remained until after the middle of the nineteenth century, what Metternich called them, — "geographical expressions." In England, James I, from the time of his accession in 1603, sought to establish his full control of state and church. He was not equal to the task. In 1625 his son, Charles, brought new enthusiasm to the fight for the establishment of his divine right. And it was in the period of these first struggles of Charles that the charter was granted.

From the middle of the sixteenth century commercial companies had been formed in England for trade with various parts of Europe and the Near East. In 1600

the Great East India Company was chartered to exploit the wealth of those far regions. Raleigh's adventures at settlements had been at his own expense, and Hakluyt's "Discourse on Western Planting" had called attention to the advantages which England might hope to derive, but it was not until 1606 that the first companies were chartered for the "planting" of America. One of these was the company for Northern Virginia, commonly known as the Plymouth Company, which attempted a settlement near the mouth of the Kennebec river and after one year abandoned the attempt, "their former hopes frozen to death." Meanwhile, the settlement fostered by the London Company at Jamestown became the first permanent English settlement in the New World. In 1620, the London Company granted a tract of land to the "major parte" of the Pilgrims in Leyden, who had decided to seek a new home in America. London merchants agreed to finance the undertaking, and King James agreed not to molest them, "provided they carried themselves peaceably." The pilot brought them to Cape Cod and they decided to settle at Plymouth. They had no charter from the king and so were without the legal right to establish a government; and they were not within the limits of their grant of land. Undisturbed by these things, in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, before landing, they drew up and signed a compact in which they combined themselves into a civil body politic and pledged obedience to "such just and equal laws as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony." This is the first instance of complete "self-determination" in our history.

In this same year, and almost at the time the Pilgrims were agreeing to the Mayflower Compact, King James made a grant to "the Council established at Plymouth, in the county of Devon, for the planting, ruling, ordering, and governing of New England in America." There were forty patentees, among whom Sir Ferdinando Gorges, "a friend of the king and of the prerogative," was the mov-

ing spirit. The grant was a vast one, — from sea to sea, from forty degrees to forty-eight degrees north latitude, that is, the whole stretch of the continent with an Atlantic coast line from Philadelphia to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The powers bestowed, too, were vast; they could "settle and govern," and "all British subjects were prohibited from visiting and trafficking into or from the said territories, unless with the license and consent of the Council, first obtained under seal." The purpose was purely commercial. As early as 1618 or 1619, fisheries were begun in Massachusetts Bay, but wars broke up this business, and by 1626 the loss of capital was complete. In the summer of 1622, Thomas Weston, a London merchant, sent out men to establish a trading post, which was located, unfavorably as it proved, at Wessagusett, in part of what is now Weymouth.

In December, 1622, Gorges obtained from the council for his son, Robert, a grant with a coast line from Point Allerton (East Boston) north to Nahant and inland for thirty miles, and with such powers, both secular and ecclesiastical, that, had the enterprise been successful, a feudal principality would have been established in what are now Middlesex and Essex counties.

The adventurers of the council, discouraged by the failure to get profits, in December, 1623, apportioned their grant among the surviving patentees, twenty in number, and from one of these, Lord Sheffield, Edward Winslow of the colony at New Plymouth secured a grant at Cape Ann, which in 1624 he sold to the Dorchester Adventurers, an unincorporated joint stock association, established through the endeavors of Rev. John White, rector of Trinity Church in Dorchester. It was this company that maintained very precariously the group in Massachusetts known as the "old planters," and it was the foremost of the "old planters," Roger Conant, who, removing from near Gloucester to Naumkeag, became the founder of Salem in 1626. And it was John White's concern for their welfare that won the interest of the six

men in London, who secured from the council in 1628 the grant of land which in the following year became the basis territorially for the Company of Massachusetts Bay. In securing this grant the Earl of Warwick, who was at that time the president of the council for New England, and who is said to have been an ardent promoter of the Puritan movement, played an important part. Gorges, still a member of the council, gave his approval of the grant, "so far forth as it might not be prejudicial to his son Robert Gorges' interests, whereof he had a patent under the seal of the Council." He seems to have assumed that the control of this grant would remain with the council, as was the case with the earlier grants.

Mr. White's account of the inception of the Company of Massachusetts Bay, an account prepared in 1630, does not mention the council's grant, doubtless because after the royal charter had been secured, the earlier grant was considered of little consequence. Gorges, writing in 1635, when the great charter for New England, under which the council for New England operated, was surrendered, gives his version of the transaction. He writes: the council were in a state of "such disheartened weakness as there only remained a carcass in a manner breathless, when there were certain that desired a patent of some lands in Massachusetts Bay to plant upon, who presenting the names of honest and religious men easily obtained their first desires; but, these being once gotten, they used other means to advance themselves a step from beyond their first proportions to a second grant surreptitiously gotten of other lands also justly passed unto some of us, who were all thrust out by these intruders that had exorbitantly bounded their grant from east to west through all that mainland from sea to sea. . . . But herewith not yet being content, they obtained unknown to us, a confirmation of all this His Majesty, by which means they did not only enlarge their first extents . . . but wholly excluded themselves from the public government of the Council authorized for those affairs, and made

themselves a free people." After a fruitless struggle to secure the revocation of the Massachusetts charter, the unwieldy Great Council for New England surrendered its own in 1635.

We have mentioned that Roger Conant moved from Cape Ann to Naumkeag in 1626. He had with him three other "honest and prudent men." At about this time the Dorchester Adventurers, having expended their capital to no profit, dissolved their company and sold their shipping, but John White, who has justly, I think, been called "the Father of New England colonization" and who had primarily in mind, not financial gain, but to make the services of religion accessible to fishermen in New England waters, promised Conant and his companions a patent and men, provisions and goods for trade with the Indians. It was in seeking to make good this promise that Mr. White interested John Endicott and five others in securing the council grant. This group of six men has been called the Dorchester Company, and it had preparations under way to send out Endicott even before the council had granted them a patent. Endicott sailed in June, 1628, and reached Naumkeag in early September. At first the "old planters" were disposed to question the claims of Endicott and his company. The new name, Salem, commemorates the amicable settlement of the dispute. Later that same fall preparations were made for a settlement at Mishawum, now Charlestown. The following summer, that of 1629, the settlement of Salem was reinforced by the arrival of the Higginson party, making a group of about three hundred, one-third of whom were at Charlestown.

In July and August of 1629, an ecclesiastical organization was affected, the tercentenary of which was commemorated in Salem in 1928. The procedure is interesting and, because it is apparently the same as was followed in later local settlements in Massachusetts and shows the basis of the churches of today of the congregational polity, I quote from Palfrey's "History of New

England": "A day (July 20) was appointed for the choice of a pastor and a teacher, and after prayer, fasting, and a sermon, Mr. Skelton was chosen to the former office, and Mr. Higginson to the latter. Having accepted the trust, they were set apart to it with simple solemnity. Mr. Higginson and three or four of the gravest men laid their hands on Mr. Skelton's head and prayed, and then for the consecration of Mr. Higginson the same service was repeated by his colleague. The next step was to gather a church, or society of communicants. Mr. Higginson drew up a confession of faith and church covenant according to scripture, of which copies were delivered to thirty persons. . . . The day appointed for it having arrived (August 6), the two ministers prayed and preached. Thirty persons assented to the covenant and associated themselves as a church, and the ministers, whose dedication to the sacred office had appeared incomplete till it was made by a church constituted by mutual covenant, were ordained to their respective offices by the imposition of hands of some of the brethren appointed by the church."

In the very months of July and August of 1629 when these measures for a church organization—self-constituted and self-governing — were being put into effect, steps were being taken in England which were to result in a state organization which, if not self-constituted, was in practice from the first self-governing. The charter to the governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England passed the seals on March 4, 1629. Powerful influences had secured the charter; purposes broader than appeared on the surface were entertained; and the England of that year, in conditions economic, political, and religious, was favorable to the realization of these purposes. In England there was much unemployment and wide-spread poverty. About one hundred and eighty out of the three hundred who went with Endicott in 1628 were bondmen. The parliament which had forced the Petition of Rights upon an unwilling king had just

been prorogued. No parliament was to be called for eleven years, the longest period without a parliament in England since parliaments were established. The hard-won rights of Englishmen seemed lost. The leaders of the Puritans could find no legal remedy. It was the period of ship money and forced loans. All publications were under the king's control. Civil liberty was threatened through the court of the Star Chamber, and religious conformity sought in the power of the court of the High Commission. What wonder, then, that to the minds of some of the leading Puritans the idea came to leave the land where freedom was being denied and to seek it in a new land? When this purpose was first concerted is uncertain. The Company of Massachusetts Bay was formed primarily for purposes of trade, but all of its leaders were Puritans.

Let me mention important powers granted by the charter. It gave power to the freemen of the company to elect annually from their own number a governor, deputy-governor, and eighteen assistants, and to make laws and ordinances, not repugnant to the laws of England, for their own benefit and for the government of persons inhabiting their territory. Authority was granted to admit new associates and to fix the terms of their admission. As all earlier English charters had done, it provided that all subjects should enjoy all liberties of free and natural subjects, as if they were within the realm. No mention was made of religious liberty. No authority was given to establish courts, to constitute a house of deputies, to impose taxes on the inhabitants, to incorporate towns, colleges or schools. These things were done and were justified under a general provision authorizing them "to ordain and establish all manner of wholesome and reasonable orders, laws, statutes, and ordinances, not contrary to the laws of this our realm of England."

As has been said, the charter became effective March 4, 1629. Near the last of April a form of organization was adopted and a government for Endicott's colony at Salem

prepared. On May 13 Matthew Cradock was re-elected governor; the first officers had been named by the charter itself. From its inception Cradock seems to have been interested in the company. The men and goods sent to Endicott in the spring of 1629 were financed by the company and Cradock, either equally, or at least one-third borne by Cradock alone.

On the 28th of July, 1629, Matthew Cradock initiated a momentous movement, a movement which was destined to effect the transition of the company from a trading co-partnership, engaged primarily in the business of fishing, to the beginnings of a political and religious commonwealth. At a meeting of the general court of the company, held at the house of the deputy governor, Thomas Goffe, in London, Cradock, the record runs, "read certain propositions, conceived by himself; viz., that for the advancement of the plantation, the inducing and encouraging persons of worth and quality to transport themselves and families thither, and for other weighty reasons therein contained, to transfer the government of the plantation to those that shall inhabit there, and not to continue the same in subordination to the company here as it now is." As to the "other weighty reasons," we can only guess. Perhaps they are of a nature that to record them would have been unwise. No record, so far as I know, has been found. This we do know: that the Puritan cause was in sore straits. Six days after the grant of the charter, Charles dissolved parliament, announced that princes were not bound to give account of their actions but to God alone, and proclaimed his intention of reigning without a parliament. Did the Puritans see in New England an asylum, where courts of the Star Chamber and of High Commission would find it difficult to cause them trouble? Did these leaders already, from practical experiences in promoting emigration, appreciate the advantages of a government on the spot and remote from royal control?

The company record continues: "By reason of the

many great and considerable consequences thereon depending, it was not now resolved upon; but those present are desired privately and seriously to consider thereof, and to set down their particular reasons in writing *pro et contra*, and to produce the same at the next General Court; where they being reduced to heads, and maturely considered of the Company may then proceed to a final resolution thereon; and in the meantime they are desired to carry this business secretly that the same be not divulged." These measures for "private and serious consideration," for reasons in writing, and for secrecy, prove the importance and boldness of Cradock's proposal. They were to do more than colonize; they were to enter upon the high enterprise, as Robert C. Winthrop puts it, "of self-government, of virtual independence."

Doubtless there were many hours of serious deliberation and consultation during the month of August. For, two days before the August meeting of the general court, the so-called Cambridge Agreement was drawn up and signed by twelve of those who proposed to migrate, among whom we find John Winthrop. This famous agreement is chiefly a mutual pledge "to pass the seas (under God's protection) and to inhabit and continue in New England," with the important proviso "that the last of September next, the whole government, together with the patent for the said plantation, be first, by an order of court legally transferred and established to remain with us and others which shall inhabit upon the said plantation."

At the regular monthly meeting of the general court of the company on August 28, two days after the Cambridge Agreement was signed, the deputy-governor, in the absence of Governor Cradock, stated to the court "that the especial cause of their meeting was to give answer to divers gentlemen, intending to go into New England, whether or no the chief government of the Plantation, together with the patent, should be settled in New England, or here." Two committees were chosen to present the arguments, one "for" and the other "against"

the proposition. These two committees were to confer together the next morning and later report. They met, debated, and after a long discussion in the presence of the company, the deputy put the question in these words: "As many of you as desire to have the patent and the government of the Plantation to be transferred to New England, so it may be done legally, hold up your hands; so many as will not, hold up your hands." Then the record continues: "When, by erection of hands it appeared by the general consent of the Company that the government and patent should be settled in New England, and accordingly an order be drawn up."

Was this action portentous? Is this act the planting of the seed of independence even before the mother country has been left behind? The spirit of the founders of Massachusetts is closely akin to the spirit of the revolutionary fathers. Cradock's act, "conceived by himself," may well be considered the very first step in the long series of events which produced the United States of America.

The meetings of the company during September and October were devoted to the many necessary arrangements in effecting the transfer. On the 20th of October, 1629, Governor Cradock presided for the last time. The records read thus: "And now the court, proceeding to the election of the new Governor Deputy, and Assistants, — which, upon serious deliberation, hath been and is conceived to be for the special good and advancement of the affairs; and having received extraordinary and great commendations of Mr. John Winthrop, both for his integrity and sufficiency, as being one every way fitted and accomplished for the place of Governor, did put in nomination for that place the said Mr. John Winthrop, Sir Richard Saltonstall, Mr. Isaac Johnson and Mr. John Humphrey; and the said Mr. Winthrop was, with a general vote, and full consent of the court, by erection of hands, chosen to be Governor for the ensuing year, to begin on the present day; who was pleased to accept

thereof, and thereupon took the oath to that place appertaining."

Cradock remained in the company as one of the assistants, and after the transfer of the charter to Massachusetts, became one of the group associated in its support and known as the Board of Undertakers. These men hoped, through appropriation of land and some advantages of trade, to leave some opportunity of compensation for the money expended. In this they were disappointed. Cradock himself, in 1640, disclosed his true spirit and that of his associates in England when he wrote to the general court: "I am beholden to the Court and I heartily thank them for easing me in the country rates this last year. Truly as I once delivered to a full board at counsel table, so I have great cause to acknowledge God's goodness and mercy to me in enabling me to undergo what I have and do suffer by New England . . . and, if my heart deceive me not, I joy more in the expectation that good will come to others there, when I shall be dead and gone, than I grieve for my own losses, though they have been very heavy and great."

After four or five months of busy preparation, all was ready for the great emigration. In eleven ships the governor and company were to cross the sea with the ark of the covenant, the palladium of their liberties, their charter. The ship upon which Winthrop and most of the leading men were had been named the *Lady Arbella*, but may we not hope that traces of its former name, the *Eagle*, still survived? It were indeed fitting that an eagle, our national emblem, bring to our shores the earliest germs of political independence.

On June 12, old style — June 22, as we reckon now — the charter in the hands "of men of substance and position, experienced in affairs, financed by their own means, numerous, well-equipped and self-supporting," reached these shores. It is the foremost date in this year of 1630. And the successful transfer of the charter ought, in my opinion, to be the outstanding feature commemorated in this tercentenary year.

The summer of 1630 thus marks the establishment of a colony which differed from any that had preceded it in the new world "in its inception, in its character, management, and personnel, as well as in its chartered rights and privileges." The colony soon outnumbered all the other English settlements combined. It expanded almost at once into a full-fledged political community, conscious of its own strength. As Woodrow Wilson said, "almost unobserved by the powers in London, it erected something very like a separate state on the new continent." There were dangers in this course, both from England and from within. We find Cradock in England called upon to produce the charter. The authorities were amazed to learn of its transfer to America. Cradock transmitted the demands of the Privy Council to Winthrop and Winthrop then inaugurated his policy, which was to prove effective, a policy found in his statement that he proposed "to avoid and delay." But Cradock in England was summoned into court on *quo warranto* proceedings, made default, and judgment was given that he should be convicted of the usurpation charged, and that the franchise should be taken and seized into the king's hands, "the said Matthew not to intermeddle with, and be excluded the use thereof, and to answer to the king for said usurpation." A theocracy was created by the adoption in general court, on May 18, 1631, of a religious test for the franchise, "to the end the body of commons may be preserved of honest and good men, ordered and agreed, that, for the time to come, no man shall be admitted to the freedom of this body politic, but such as are members of some of the churches within the limits of the same." This was a bold if necessary measure. Its purpose was, I think, primarily political, in that it was thought to afford the surest means to retain control of the colony in the hands of those who were in sympathy with the original pantentees.

In the first quarterly general court held in Boston on October 19, 1630, it was determined that the freemen

should choose eighteen assistants, and that the assistants in turn should choose the governor and the deputy-governor. But a year and a half later, on the 9th of May, 1632, the election of governor and deputy was also opened to the freemen.

The population increased so rapidly that it became impossible to have a primary assembly of all the freemen, and in 1634 a representative assembly was devised after the model of the old English county court. The representatives sat for townships and were called deputies, At first they sat in the same chamber with the assistants. but in 1644 the legislative body was divided into two chambers. It would be interesting to tell in detail of the contest between these two legislative bodies on the question of what was called "the negative voice," which had its beginning in the disputed ownership of a stray pig, and which ended in the establishment of the principle that each body possessed a negative on the legislative acts of the other, a principle now nearly overthrown in England, but still a vital part of our bicameral system in both state and nation.

I have tried to tell the story of the events of three hundred years ago, in which Matthew Cradock had a leading part. It is the story of the transformation of a king's grant into a constitution, without the change of a single word. But the government under that constitution was not at first democratic, it was not even republican, since hardly more than one in five of the male inhabitants possessed the suffrage. A House of Commons in 1630, had there been one, would not have been democratic, and this would have been true of a House of Commons in 1880. But in Massachusetts the suffrage widened continuously under the original charter, under the province charter, and under the only constitution this state has ever had. The chain is unbroken. And if it be shown, as I think it could be, that the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts influenced the framers of the Federal Constitution more than that of any other

state, we may truly say that out of the tiny seed planted by Matthew Cradock when he presented certain propositions "conceived by himself," has come the constitutional government of the United States, a government whose powers are adapted to the interests of its people and to the maintenance of individual liberty in

> "A land of settled government,
> A land of just and old renown,
> Where Freedom broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent."

REMINISCENCES FROM UPPER MEDFORD.

Thomas Symmes, sixth generation, second son of Captain John and Elizabeth (Wright) Symmes, born at Symmes corner March 30, 1783, married Sarah Lloyd Wait, daughter of Nathan Wait of Medford.

He was killed in the woods in December, 1811, by a sled load of logs slewing against a large tree and crushing him. When searching parties found him, about eight o'clock in the evening, the yoke of oxen were standing quietly chewing their cuds. They had apparently stopped at his word of command just as the heavy load crashed against the tree and ended his life.

This happened at Christmas, on the old wood road which led down from Turkey swamp through the valley which is now flooded by the waters of the south reservoir, and followed Meeting-house brook as nearly as the rugged nature of the land would allow to Winthrop square. Mr. Symmes was hauling the wood to his home in Medford.

Turkey swamp was a heavily wooded section, noted in the earliest days of the settlements for the great white-pine forests which covered most of its area. It is now the middle reservoir of Winchester's water system, a lake of fifty-eight acres surface measurement.

The spot where the tragedy took place was very near the hut where Hannah Shiner, the last Medford Indian,

lived. This is near the easterly end of the causeway, or dam, and road which separates the middle and south reservoirs, and quite near the overflow or spillway of the middle reservoir.

So far as I know there is no exact record of the years when Hannah Shiner lived near Turkey swamp, but while living there she occasionally came to the blacksmith shop at Symmes corner to have her axe sharpened, and once, at least, my grandfather, Marshall Symmes, Senior, welded a new cutting edge to the head of the axe, tempered and sharpened it with his best skill. The Indian woman had nothing with which to pay him, nor did he expect pay, but a few weeks later she brought to him, at the shop, three fat puppies.

The story of the death of this lonely and last Indian of the Nipmuc tribe as handed down is, that on the night of the great September storm, in the year 1815, she was blown or fell into the Aberjona River, near the Converse bridge, at what is now Winchester center.

It may interest older residents of Medford to know that the second daughter of Thomas Symmes, Eliza Ann, married Henry Withington, the famous baker who supplied for years all the surrounding country with Medford crackers.

Up to the year 1870 a large area near the south dam of the Winchester reservoir was covered with a heavy growth of white pine, one stand of several acres was so dense that sunlight could not reach the ground. That winter my grandfather sold at auction the standing timber on a twenty-five acre lot. This was an old-fashioned wood auction. At noon Medford crackers, cheese and hot coffee were served free to all. The memory of that luncheon has staid with me for sixty years. I was twelve years old that fall and carried a red flag all day at the auction, shifting from the corner of one lot to the next as the sale progressed.

Sometime during the year 1867 a man was discovered living as a hermit in a dugout on the eastern slope of the

hill facing Meeting-house brook not far south of the present dam. He lived there till 1870, when most of the wood was cut off and the owners of the land destroyed his hut and drove him away. It was in the old garden of the hermit, in 1872, that a great Texas long-horn steer was shot. For several years these great cattle were driven over the roads to slaughter houses. Ten of them broke away from a drove near the Oak Grove Cemetery and were later killed in the woods. When running wild they were dangerous, so much so that the legislature passed a bill forbidding any one turning them loose on any highway. They often had a spread of horns from six to eight feet. I pulled the one that was shot in the hermit's garden out through the woods to an old road with a horse. The animal's horns were so long that they caught on tree trunks and we couldn't go on till the horn was lifted around the obstruction.

—SAMUEL S. SYMMES.

TERCENTENARY YEAR.

The Tercentenary year has passed. From Provincetown to Plymouth where the Pilgrims landed, where the breaking waves dashed high (or were said to), from Salem to Charlestown and Boston, where Puritan Wentworth came with the charter, thence through the state, following the Bay path, then westward by the Mohawk trail to the Berkshires and through the Connecticut valley, have been enacted scenes of historic interest worthy of the event celebrated — the beginning of a *new* England in a wilderness hitherto unknown. Many educative lessons have been taught, historic events portrayed, and pageants given. Medford has not been backward in this work, and these words of a Medford speaker of twenty-five years ago, "When in 1930 the bright June days shall come Medford will fittingly observe its three hundredth birthday," have proven true. Also these words: "some girl

whose talent, musical or literary, shall bring her fame." Let the pageant tell the story, and later let *this* tell — the great four-mile, four-hour parade of cosmopolitan Medford that closed by the streets' lights and the crescent moon. Then in November, in the hall of the First Parish, was reproduced the "Old Medford Town Meeting," and the women's indignation meeting thereabout, both carried out by the young people of the Parish. The old Puritan costumes, "body of seats," the town clerk with his ink-horn and quills, ballots of corn and beans, true to life as in the records, were portrayed. Fame to the "girl." There were no beans cast, for the men had "humble pie."

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

It might well have been called in the 1820s the Executive Mansion, for in it resided the governor of Massachusetts, John Brooks. Of what occupied its site prior to its erection we cannot say, nor yet can we say just what time it was built. It stood on the site of the present Medford Savings Bank.

In various views of Medford square it may be seen, but in none so clearly as in this illustration, which is reproduced from that in the Usher History, made from an authentic photograph then taken. We know of no other reproduction. In it the governor must have resided at the time of his first election, and there a great company gathered to escort him, riding on horseback, to his inauguration in Boston. (See REGISTER, Vol. XVII, p. 9.)

Just prior to the erection of the bank this house was sold to Walter Bates, who intended removing it over the river, down Main street to the old branch canal basin, but found that impracticable and the house was demolished. After this, the Medford Savings Bank erected "the last word in construction," which was its home until in recent years it gave place to the present larger structure.

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OLD SHIPS AND SHIP-BUILDING DAYS OF MEDFORD.

By Hall Gleason.

(Continued from Medford Historical Register, September, 1930.)

1850. **Sachem** of Boston. Ship, 772 tons. Owners, Benjamin C. White and Henry H. Jones, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Jotham Stetson. Boston to New Orleans. Wrecked on the Gingerbread Ground March 27, 1854.

Gentoo. Ship, 747½ tons. Owners, John E. Lodge & Co., 1850. Registered June 9, 1854, William W. Goddard. Built by Samuel Lapham. Lost December, 1876.

Union of Boston. Ship, 688 tons. Owners, Mackay & Coolidge, *et al.*, of Boston. Registered Boston, May 12, 1853, Robert C. Mackay of Boston. Built by Samuel Lapham. Sold British Acct. October, 1863.

Hemisphere of N. Y. Ship, 940 tons. Owner, Jotham Parsons of N. Y. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Hailed from N. Y. Foundered November 22, 1867, in lat. 2° N., long. 17° W., while bound for Liverpool from Bassein.

Isabella. Bark, 354 tons. Owners, Lombard & Hall. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Smyrna for Boston. Stranded near Cape Spartel and went to pieces in a gale November 11, 1855.

Sumter. Bark, 383 tons. Owners, Lombard & Hall and Ryder & Hardy, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Hayden & Cudworth.

G. E. Webster. Bark, 354 tons. Owners, Reed & Wade. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. N. Y. to S. F. 112 days, arrived January 26, 1851. Boston to S. F. 218 days, arrived July 3, 1852. Boston to S. F. 142 days, arrived August 2, 1853.

1850. **Kremlin.** Bark, 470 tons. Owners, Craft & Co., 1850. Registered July 6, 1853, James Hunnewell and Charles Brewer. Registered May 8, 1854, Thompson & Davidson. Sold to John E. Lodge & Co. December, 1855. Sold to John S. Emery & Co. October, 1862. Sold to E. P. Emerson May, 1869. Built by Paul Curtis. Wrecked on Saranac Keys, W. I., March 22, 1870, while bound for Cienfuegos, Cuba, in ballast from Aspinwall.

Shirley. Ship, 910 tons. Owners, George Pratt of Boston and Ebenezer A. Shaw of Quincy. Registered October 4, 1852, Stone, Silsbee, and sold Salem Pickman of Salem. Built by Paul Curtis. Sold S. F. in 1872. Towed to Alaska in 1897 and converted into a hotel.

Mohawk. Bark, 420 tons. Owner, J. P. Macy, Nantucket, Mass. Purchased from New Bedford parties November, 1863, by M. Bartlett. Built by James O. Curtis. Name changed to *Minna*. Nidaros. Last report 1879.

J. H. Jarvis. Ship, 680 tons. Owners, Snow & Rich, Boston. Built by James O. Curtis.

Shooting Star.* Extreme clipper ship, 903 tons. Owners, Reed & Wade of Boston. Built by James O. Curtis. San Francisco to Shanghai 35 days. Canton to Boston 86 days in 1852. N. Y. to S. F. 142 days, arrived August 14, 1851. Boston to S. F. 105 days, arrived August 17, 1852. N. Y. to S. F. 121 days, arrived August 16, 1853. N. Y. to S. F. 115 days, arrived July 15, 1855. Circumnavigated the globe in 264 sailing days. Sold to a merchant of Siam in 1862. Wrecked on coast of Formosa in 1867.

* First California clipper ship built in Medford.

Paragon. Bark, 350 tons. Owners, David Train, *et al.*, of Nantucket. Built by James O. Curtis. Wrecked on Strong's Island March 20, 1853, while whaling.

Beerings. Bark, 380 tons. Owner, W. H. Boardman, Boston. Built by J. T. Foster.

Trimountain of Boston. Ship, 1031½ tons. Owner, John H. Pearson of Boston. Built by Joshua T. Foster. Sold to N. Y. Sold October, 1864. Tonnage new law (1301.04). For loss see newspaper, February 22, 1880. Abandoned, sinking, February 13, 1880, voyage N. Y. to Bremen.

President. Ship, 1021½ tons. Owners, William Bramhall and Thomas Howe of Boston. Built by John Taylor. While lying at anchor at St. John, N. B., with a cargo of deals for Liverpool, she dragged ashore during a gale October 25, 1853, and became a total wreck.

1851. **Rajah Walla.** Steamer, 562 tons. Built by Samuel Lapham. Owner, Cassius Darling of Boston.

Georgianna. Bark, 230 tons. Owners, W. B. Reynolds, *et al.* Built by Samuel Lapham.

Coringa. Ship, 737 tons. Owners, N. and B. Goddard of Boston. Registered April 22, 1858, Benjamin A. Gould and John A. Blanchard. Built by J. Stetson. Owned by Charles Brewer & Co. when lost. Boston to S. F. 132, 150 and 158 days. Collided with a schooner forty miles off Cape Ann, sinking her and losing her own cutwater and headgear, in 1852. Chartered by the Tudors for ice trade to China after being rigged as a bark. Singapore for Bangkok. Wrecked on Patani November 15, 1880. Three lives lost.

Samuel Lawrence of Boston. Ship, 1053 tons. Owners, Andrew T. Hall, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Paul Curtis. Sold Brittish Acct. April, 1862, and renamed *Vanguard*.

Syren. Medium clipper ship, 1064 tons. Owners, Silsbee & Pickman, Salem. Sold Boston, 1856, and registered May 17, 1858, James Hunnewell and Charles Brewer. Built by John Taylor, Boston to S. F. 141 days, arrived November 18, 1851. N. Y. to S. F. 118 days, arrived December 23, 1852. N. Y. to S. F. 130 days, arrived March 30, 1854. In 1861 she was 103 days from S. F. to Boston. Boston to S. F. 132 days, arrived June 4, 1855. Condemned at Rio Janeiro. She was repaired and as the bark *Margarida* of Buenos Aires is listed in Lloyds of 1928.

John Taylor. Screw steamer, 244½ tons. Owner, J. Torsiff. Built by John Taylor.

Telegraph. Extreme clipper ship, 1078 tons. Owners, Phineas Sprague & Co., Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis. Arrived S. F. November 15, 1851, from N. Y. in 125 days. Again March 10, 1853, again April 16, 1854, and again April 19, 1855, from Boston in 114, 135 and 109 days respectively. Valparaiso to Golden Gate in 34 days, fastest time on record. Sold to Savannah October, 1855, and renamed *Henry Brigham*. Burned at sea in 1868.

Susan Hinks. Ship, 700 tons. Owners, Snow & Rich, Boston. David Snow & Co., successors. Sold to Nickerson & Co. about 1860. Sold to Captain Arey and others March, 1870. Built by J. O. Curtis. Put into Carthagena, Spain, in distress while bound for Boston from Leghorn and was condemned June, 1871.

Antelope. Medium clipper ship, 507 tons. Owners, William Lincoln & Co., 1851. Built by J. O. Curtis. Sold to N. Y. parties June, 1855. Bangkok for Hong Kong. Wrecked on Discovery Shoal, Paracels Reef, China Sea, August 6, 1858. "Captain Clarke, with four passengers and thirteen seamen left the ship in one boat, while

1851. the mate, one seaman and ten Chinese passengers took the other. Four days later Captain Clarke fell in with a Chinese fishing boat and offered its inmates $20 to tow him to a place where he could refill his water casks. They agreed, but it was soon evident that they were not keeping faith. So Captain Clarke cut the tow rope and endeavored to escape, but the Chinese pursued and attacked the boat with stones, compelling surrender, as the ship-wrecked crew were without means of resistance. The boat was robbed of everything of value, two of the Chinese, armed with spears, standing guard: but the attention of the pirates being distracted while dividing the plunder, two of the American seamen sprang aboard the Chinese craft and succeeded in dispatching all her crew. Captain Clarke, who attempted to follow his men, fell between the boats but was rescued. The junk was well provided with rice and water, and a course was steered for Hong Kong, and that port was reached on August 14th."

City of Boston. Screw steamer, 600 tons. Owners, P. Sprague & Co. of Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis for above.

Napoleon. Ship, 675 tons. Owners, Thomas Lamb, *et al.* Built by J. T. Foster. Sold to Norwegian Acct. May, 1863. Last report 1893.

Caroline. Ship, 740 tons. Owner, James Wellsman of Charleston, S. C. Built by J. T. Foster.

Polar Star. Ship, 667 tons. Owner, John H. Pearson of Boston. Built by J. T. Foster. Sold to N. Y. parties March, 1865.

Chester. Bark, 242 tons. Owners, J. H. Pearson, *et al.* Built by J. T. Foster for above.

Hamlet. Ship, 1099 tons. Owners, Howes & Crowell. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Sold to Salem parties. Put under the British flag. Wrecked on Nauset Beach, Cape Cod, February 13, 1866, during a fog while bound for Boston from Calcutta with East India goods.

John Wade. Medium clipper ship, 678 tons. Owners, Reed & Wade. Sold to J. J. Dixwell, of the "Augustine Heard Line," in the China trade, June, 1854. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Sold to a China House. Boston to S. F. 131 days, arrived January 14, 1852. N. Y. to S. F. 117 days, arrived January 8, 1853. Boston to S. F. 119 days, arrived December 22, 1853. Bangkok for Hong Kong. Struck a rock March 29, 1859, lat. 10° 40' N., long. 101° 48' E., Gulf of Siam, and was abandoned.

Ocean Eagle. Ship, 597 tons. Owners, E. and William H. Bangs. Registered November 30, 1855, Jacob C. and William C. Rogers, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Sold May, 1867.

Edisto. Bark, 365 tons. Owners, Lombard & Hall of Boston, *et al.* O. K. 1859, B. F. Flinn, *et al.* Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Abandoned December 12, 1863, lat. 36° 15' N., long. 63° 20' W., in a sinking condition while bound for Cette from N. Y.

Olive Branch. Schooner, 85 tons. Owners, J. P. Crocker, *et al.*, of Yarmouth. Built by Hayden & Cudworth.

Dauntless. Extreme clipper ship, 791 tons. Owner, William W. Goddard of Boston, who also designed her. Built by B. F. Delano for above. Boston to S. F. 116 days, arrived February 11, 1853. Sailed from Boston October 23, 1853, for Valparaiso, Chili, and was never heard from.

Rocket. Bark, 396 tons. Owners, William W. Goddard, Boston, William F. Weld & Co., 1869. Built by B. F. Delano. Boston to S. F. 150 days, arrived January 10, 1853. Sold to Baltimore January, 1853. Rio de Janeiro to S. F. 127 days, arrived June 19, 1855. Sold to N. Y. parties October, 1854. Last report 1887.

Courser. Medium clipper ship, 1,000 tons. Owner, A. Richardson, Boston. Built by P. Curtis. Boston to S. F. 108 days, arrived April 28, 1852. From 50° S. in the Pacific to the Equator 19 days. (Best time 16 days.) N. Y. to S. F. 137, 136 and 145 days. Cape of Good Hope to Sandy Hook 38 days, the record to that time. Foo Chow for N. Y. April 4, 1858, wrecked on Pratas Shoal. Crew escaped in three boats, after being fired upon by some junks which they mistook for fishermen, and their boat upset. After being stripped of everything they managed to right their boat, bale her out and find their way to Hong Kong. Captain Cole was in command, and anxiety and vexation brought on a fever from which he died.

1852. **Phantom.** Medium clipper ship, 1174 tons. Owners, Crocker & Sturgis of Boston and Crocker & Warren of N. Y. Owned later by D. G. & W. B. Bacon of Boston. Built by S. Lapham. Boston to S. F. 105 days. N. Y. to London 20 days, return 30 days. N. Y. to S. F. 121 days, arrived February 23, 1855. N. Y. to S. F. 102 days, arrived April 29, 1856, after being within 800 miles of destination for eight days with light winds. N. Y. to S. F. 125 days, arrived June 21, 1858. Hong Kong to S. F. 33 days, 22 hours, pilot to pilot within two days of the record, arrived May 6, 1862. Wrecked on Pilot Reef off Pratas Shoal. Crew and passengers left in five boats. Captain Sargent, with those in his boat and $50,576 in gold, arrived at Shanghai. Two boats were captured by pirates and their crews were ransomed by Chinese merchants for $25 each. Captain Peterson, who commanded her for five voyages, claimed she had never been beaten on a wind by any vessel.

THE

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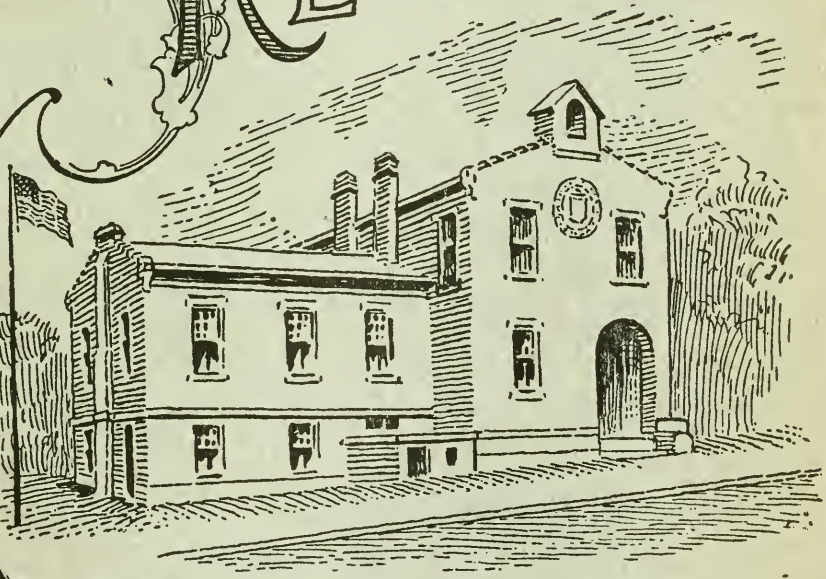

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

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RETROSPECTION.

THE deep lush grass o'er spreading marshland grows,
Salt-tanged by season's over-flowing tides;
The river runs its placid course to sea.

The cocks of hay, which thrifty folk did reap,
Against the time of Winter's hungry need,
No more make silhouettes on Autumn sky.

The ring of metal 'neath the hammer's stroke,
The fragrant smell of pitch and pine and oak,
The busy hum of industry are gone.

The ships, staunch built, long since have sailed
To port which has no registry on earth;
Their serving purpose has enriched our store.

The forests felled, from which the timber came,
Have grown anew, with restful leafy shade,
Where one may seek a quiet glade to rest.

The trails, where deer-shod feet in silence trod,
Are highways, wide and winding, smooth and broad;
That follow river's way unto its source.

The City, which three hundred years ago,
The Fathers came with steadfast faith to found,
Reveres their graves, as Nation's holy shrines.

The spires, that rise o'er temples of the Lord,
Show Faith unshaken, as in days of old;
While bright the torch of Liberty still burns.

Here in the valley, where the Mystic tides
Have ebbed and flowed, through many changing scenes,
Prosperity and full contentment reign.

The magnet of the hearthstone fire has drawn
The best within our gates from ev'ry land;
To dwell in unity with fellow men.

On Nation's scroll the name of Medford stands,
As one who, with her peers, her heritage
Esteems and shall uphold forevermore.

—THOMAS M. CONNELL.

This poem was awarded first prize by the Judges out of a large number submitted during the Tercentenary Poem Contest in the *Medford Mercury* conducted under the supervision of the Medford Tercentenary Executive Committee.

THE MEDFORD OF CRADOCK AND WINTHROP.

By Hon. Richard B. Coolidge, former Mayor of Medford.

[Delivered at the Riverside Theatre, September 28, 1930, on the occasion of the literary exercises held by the city of Medford in celebration of the Tercentenary of its settlement.]

THREE hundred years ago, on September 28, 1630, the Court of Assistants of the Massachusetts Bay Company assembled at Charlestown. The Court met in the Governor's house, the "Great House," for which the gentle Margaret Winthrop had not yet left the manor house and the primrose hedges of Groton across the Atlantic in Suffolk. The Governor sat at the head of the council table, the burden of responsibility for the new colony showing in his keen, thoughtful face saddened by the recent loss of his son by drowning at Salem. Near him was the grim and choleric Thomas Dudley, Deputy Governor, John Endicott of Salem, courageous and practical, and six other assistants less known by name. Hovering in attendance also was the Beadle, James Penn, awaiting the orders of the Court. A quorum was present without Sir Richard Saltonstall, the founder of Watertown, whose title did not save him from a fine of "four bushells of malte for his absence from the Court."[1] The Magistrates met at eight o'clock in the morning for there were weighty matters requiring their attention.

For our present purpose, the most significant business, well down the calendar, was the adoption of an order which read as follows: — "That there shall be collected and levied by distresse out of the seuall plantacons for the maintenance of Mr. Patricke and Mr. Underhill the some of £50, vz; out of Charlton £7, Boston £11, Dorchestr £7, Rocsbury £5, Waterton £11, Meadford £3, Salem £3, Wessaguscus £2, Nantascett £1."[2]

This is the first mention of Medford in the colony records and for the reason that the order was made on September 28, 1630, it is formal proof that Medford then existed as a settlement.

We meet today to observe the Tercentenary of the

1, Colony Records, Vol. I, page 76; 2, The symbol "£" was not used in the original.

founding of that settlement. In so doing we observe also the Tercentenary of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, for the events are so related that they cannot be kept apart.

The planting of Medford, a part of a larger undertaking, grew out of a great unrest that stirred the English people in the early years of the seventeenth century. The adventurous voyages of Drake, Raleigh and Smith, following the discovery of the new world, stirred the imagination of the peoples, and roused the English to seize upon the resources and opportunities that waited on these virgin shores. This was the unrest that was the spur to new colonies and new ventures

There was an unrest of another kind. The very week that Charles the First granted the charter to the Massachusetts Bay Company saw the dissolution of Parliament, and heard with alarm the royal proclamation whereby the King alone would henceforth govern and inhibit "all men so much as to speak of a Parliament." Upon the strong party of English Puritans this royal edict fell with a chilling pall, for in it they marked the oncoming of an unequal struggle with the King. Apprehensive of their outcome, they conceived the plan to establish a place of refuge beyond the sea and found a new England of their own. The spiritual adventurers of that day made ready to embark upon a voyage into a new world of thought.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony grew out of these two forces.

"Of the trading company that grew into a colony and the colony into a state,"[1] the story has lately been told. Of the granite of the Puritan character and the seams that marked it, of their high purpose and its sometimes narrow application, of their vision and their short-sightedness, of their grim conscience and joyless life, but withal of their great accomplishment, the story has likewise been repeated.

I shall confine myself to some account of the earliest

1, Bryce, American Commonwealth.

days of Medford and the life of the times. In any such account two persons of that distant day loom through the fog of years,—Winthrop who came to New England, and Cradock who remained in London. Both were identified with Medford,—Winthrop because he trod this very ground, and as Governor of the colony ruled its destiny; Cradock because Medford was Cradock's plantation and he its proprietor. Let us then go back to early Medford upon which the Court of Assistants laid a tax on September 28, 1630.

The plantation which they taxed, in fact existed before that day.

Stand with Winthrop on the high deck of the *Arbella* as the flagship of the Puritan Armada neared its haven. An ocean voyage of more than nine weeks lay between their departure from their anchorage off Yarmouth Castle and their arrival. It was in the early dawn of June 12, 1630, that the *Arbella* headed into Salem Harbor. As the ship skirted the coastline the Governor, calm but expectant in the ship's cabin, penned in his Journal "we have now fair, sunshine weather, and so pleasant a sweet air as did much refresh us, and there came a smell off the shore like the smell of a garden." Such was the welcome that the land breeze of that June morning wafted from the wild strawberries of Cape Ann to the throng at the ship's rail. To none was the prospect fairer than to the Lady Arbella Johnson, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, as she stood by Winthrop's side. At Salem, however, there was disillusionment, for the settlement under Endicott had bread and corn for only a fortnight and sickness had taken its heavy toll. Within the first few weeks Lady Arbella herself succumbed and, as Dudley later wrote to the Countess of Lincoln, "We began to consult of our place of sitting down, for Salem where we landed pleased us not."

So it was on Thursday, June 17, that Winthrop wrote, "We went to Massachusetts to find out a place for our sitting down. We went up the Mystick about six miles."

His heart lightened as he saw the sparkling new world, the wooded slopes, the green meadows, the winding river and the restful hills beyond. "We found a good place up Mystick," he wrote. What place on the Mystick this was we know not, — perhaps it was the head of navigation. But in any event it was at Charlestown and not Mystick that Winthrop took up his abode in the "Great House" where sat the Court of Assistants. Dudley, in his letter to the Countess, completes the record. "We were forced," he wrote, "to plant dispersedly at Charlestown, Boston, Watertown, Roxbury, Dorchester, upon the River Saugus, and some of us upon Mystick, which we named Meadford."

Thus some time between June 12th and September 28 there was established a settlement at Meadford in the summer of that year.

There is, however, ground to believe that a settlement existed within the present boundaries of Medford prior to the summer of 1630. In September, 1628, sixty colonists sent out by the New England Company under John Endicott as local Governor, established themselves at Salem.

From Salem, according to the Charlestown records, three brothers by the name of Sprague, in the summer of 1629 undertook a journey, and with a small band travelled the woods about twelve miles to the westward to a place lying on the northerly side of the Charles River. "This they found to be a neck of land generally full of stately timber as was the main and the land lying on the easterly side of the Mystick River from the farm Mr. Cradock's servants had planted called Mystick which the River led up into . . ." From this record, written within the memory of then living men, it appears that in 1629 Matthew Cradock had already planted a farm at Mystick.

Here the name of Cradock first appears in connection with early Medford. This merchant adventurer of London, whose ships had made him rich in the East India trade, was naturally drawn by the prospect of trade with

New England. At the time of his birth the very air of England was a-thrill with the adventure of voyages to the new land across the seas. As a boy along the Thames he saw ships from America discharge their rich cargoes of fur, and spurred by this fascination of his boyhood he became a ship owner and traded in distant lands. In May, 1628, he invested fifty pounds in stock of the New England Company. In 1629, with Saltonstall and others he reorganized that company, secured the royal charter of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England, became the first Governor, and pledged two hundred and fifty pounds to the undertaking. On the eve of sailing he boarded the *Arbella* at Yarmouth, bid Winthrop godspeed and was saluted with a salvo from the ship's battery. He remained in England, but his influence and interest were great in New England.

That interest existed as early as September, 1628. Then Endicott in Salem wrote to Cradock in London of the affairs of the settlement. On May 28, 1629, in a letter which exists, he directed that Endicott "send our barke that is already built in the colony to bring back our fishermen and such provision of salt, if any remainder there bee and also hooks and lynes & . . ."[1] Some years ago there was current a tradition of early ship building on the north side of the Mystic. If this tradition is linked to the bark that, by the slow passage of letters, Cradock knew in May was already built in the colony, there is a strong lure to believe Cradock's men were settled in Medford in 1628. In the present state of the record, however, this bark remains a phantom ship, sliding into unidentified waters and hailing from an unknown port.

We have it, then, that when in 1629 the Sprague party emerged from the woods upon the farm which Cradock's servants had planted called Mystick on the east side of the river, they came upon a settlement already existing. How long before the summer of 1629 that farm stood is speculation. Perhaps in 1628 it housed the shipwrights

1, Colony Records, Vol. I, page 404.

whose hammers broke the silence of the surrounding forests as they fashioned the first vessel that dipped into the Mystick and was lost in the fog of uncertainty in which three centuries of time have enveloped it.

Between Cradock's town house in St. Swithin's Lane, London, and his farmhouse of logs in Medford was the difference between the settled Old World and the New. Stretching away from the farm was the wilderness. Through the clearing it had a glimpse of the Mystic, across the pond where the ground was marshy near the square of today. Pasture Hill of later years, near the point where stands the Center School, then formed the bank of the river. From that point a gravel beach extended down toward the present square. Farther down the river lay the marshes. Following the course of our Salem Street came the Salem Path by the great barn of the plantation opposite the site of the present Mystic Church, along the edge of the pond and skirting the slope of the hill to the landing place of the ford, where the tides of the Mystic rose and fell a full ten feet. From the landing place the path continued to the west, later to become the Way to the Weirs. On the opposite side of the river, but veering away from the marshy land, ran the path from Charlestown to the ford. To the north of this farm were the rocks, and beyond them again the forests which were still the haunt of the Indian and the wolf.

Meager as it was, by 1633 Cradock's farmhouse was so well known as to be designated in court proceedings as "Meadford House." Nevertheless as Wood, the English traveler, wrote of the settlement in the same year, "Though it is situated very pleasantly by the water side, ther be not many houses as yet."

In this settlement were but a handful of inhabitants,—Cradock's men who came prior to 1630 and those of Winthrop's expedition who joined them in that summer. Captain John Smith may have been responsible for the coming of the earlier settlers. In 1614 Cradock doubtless

read his description of the new country in which he observed, "the main Staple from hence to be extracted is fish." Dried and salted fish was in those days a staple food product of the Old World, and Cradock sensed a new and profitable trade. It is this that he had in mind when he wrote Endicott at Salem of the "Three ships equiped to fish at the banck with 29 waigh of salt . . . together with lynes, hookes, knives, boots and barvels necessary for ffishinge."[1] Moreover at the head of the river, as the same observant Wood wrote, were great and spacious ponds "whither the alewives presse to spawn. This being a noted place for that kind of fish, the English resort there to take them."

It was in part fishermen who dwelt in Cradock's farmhouse. Others were shipwrights. In the spring of 1629 the company sent over in the *Two Sisters*, for the joint account of the company and Cradock, six shipwrights and a cargo of pitch and tar, cordage, sailcloth and nails. Wood visited Cradock's plantation in 1633 and the cargo just referred to confirms his statement of Cradock that "here likewise he is at charges of building ships." In 1632 he had a ship of one hundred tons on the stocks and here the year following he built the *Rebecca* of sixty tons. All these vessels, it is believed, were built on the later site of Foster's shipyard, and without ballast floated over the oyster bank which crossed the channel farther downstream.

Timber both for ship building and export was at hand for the felling. Of this, Cradock wrote before the Winthrop men came, "There hath not been a better tyme for sale of tymber these seven years than at present; and therefore pittye shipps should come back emptye."[2]

It was in fish, ships and timber that Cradock, the world trader, sought to turn to profit the resources of the new land, and these largely occupied the early settlers at his plantation at Mystic.

Cradock's plantation it remained until his death. In

1, Colony Records, Vol. I, page 404; 2, page 384.

this first decade and, indeed up to 1684, it never attained the status of a town but was, in the language of the day, a Peculiar, a parish or district having authority to act on most local legislation, but not to choose a representative to the General Court. To the north of the river, Cradock owned all of the land. To the south stretched Winthrop's Ten Hills Farm. The Weirs at the Mystic they owned in common. Here in 1637 or 1638 he built at his own expense the bridge that bears his name, to facilitate the increasing traffic to and from his plantation. From Medford House his agent, Mayhew, managed the business of the plantation, but not to the profit of its absentee proprietor. The year 1637 marked the straining of his patience. In January he wrote Winthrop of the grief he was put to by "the most vyle bade dealings" of Mayhew. In February he calculated that about eleven hundred and fifty pounds should be to his credit but for Mayhew's extravagances. We sense his indignation in his words. "My servants write," his letter ran, "they drink nothing but water, & I have in an account lately sent me Red Wyne, sack and aquavitae in one year above 300 gallons, beside many other intollerable abuses, 10 L for tobacco, etc." In March he sought Winthrop's aid to end Mayhew's authority and observed that he is much out of pocket by the venture. In 1641 he died, and the days of Cradock's plantation were over.

Of this early Medford the accounts are scant. Of its public records there are none, for the settlers were making history, not writing it. For the public concerns of the pioneer community struggling to establish itself in a new land we turn to the records of the Great and General Court and of the Court of Assistants, both of which enacted laws and ordinances for the welfare of the company, the government of the plantation and the people inhabiting it. What, then, were matters to which they gave attention in those earliest days?

The first meeting of the Court of Assistants in New England was held at Charlestown, August 23, 1630, and

the first meeting of the freemen in General Court at Boston on October 19 of the same year. At this meeting only ten had the right to vote. To each voter there were ten others who, without voice in the government, desired to be made freemen out of about eight hundred persons settled in the colony.

The settlements were scattered in a region where the friendliness of the Indians was uncertain, and in the settlements themselves were hardy adventurers prone to overstep the conventions of a settled community. Was it civil government, or Indians or law-breakers to which the Court gave first heed?

To none of these temporal concerns did the law-makers, alert to dangers both from within and from without, give their first attention. The item of business that stood at the head of the calendar at the Court held on August 23d was the maintenance of the ministers, Mr. Philips and Mr. Wilson. For them, it was ordered that houses should be built with convenient speed at the public charge. For Mr. Wilson, whose parish included Medford, and who later owned a large part of Wellington, the Governor undertook to see that this was done. For him, too, the Court provided twenty pounds a year "till his wife come over." To Mr. Philips, whose wife came with him, the Court, among other items, provided three hogsheads of meal, one of malt, four bushels of Indian corn and half a hundred salt fish with twenty pounds for apparel and other provisions. Thus was the maintenance of the ministers provided.[1]

In so doing the law-makers carried out the policy of the parent company. In April, 1629, Governor Cradock had sent over to New England an official letter which contained this declaration: —

"For that theppagating of the gospel is the thing (wee) doe pfess aboue all to bee or ayme in setling this plantacon, wee haue bin carefull to make plentyfull pvision of godly ministers, by whose faithfull preachings, godly conversacon, and exemplary lyfe, wee trust, not onlt those of or owne nation wil be builtvp in the knowledge of God, but also the Indians."[2]

1, Colony Records, Vol. I, page 73; 2, page 386.

It was at the second meeting of the Court, on September 7th, that the Assistants gave more temporal attention to the Indians. Here, again, they bore in mind the company's policy. "Yow haue form caution giuen yow," the same letter proceeds, "to take heede of beeing too secure in trusting the Indians . . . and that yow may bee the better able to resist both forraigne enemies and the natives, if ether should assaile yow, wee pray yow lett all such as liue under or gounment . . . bee exercised in the use of aarmes, and certaine tymes appointed to muster them."[1] Accordingly Captain Patrick and Captain Underhill were allowed at the public charge for half a year's provision, two hogsheads of meal, four bushels of malt, ten pounds of powder and lead to make shot, also houseroom and fifteen pounds, twelve shillings in money.[2] By comparison, the ministers had the advantage in meal, malt and money, and the military men in powder and lead.

It was for the maintenance of these Captains that the Medford plantation was first taxed. The men from Mystic, Charlestown, and Newtown held training on the first Friday of the month at a convenient place about the Indian wigwams,[3] but some were delinquent, for Cradock, himself, was fined three pounds because at divers times his men were absent.[4]

In Medford, the Company was not put to early use against the Indians. Sagamore John was friendly. Moreover, it was the policy of the Company, as Cradock wrote, "that no settler be permitted to do any injury of the least kind to these heathen people." To this neighboring Sagamore, Saltonstall, upon order of the Court, paid seven yards of cloth for damage to the Chieftain's wigwam, and again a hogshead of corn for damage done by his cattle.[5] So scrupulous, in fact, were the colonists that Winthrop declared there was not one foot of land but was farily obtained by honest purchase from the Indian proprietors. Nevertheless, the colonists were on guard, and in Medford, as elsewhere, were forbidden to allow the Indians

1, Colony Records, Vol. I, page 392; 2, page 75; 3, page 90; 4, page 102; 5, pages 84, 102.

the use of firearms on any occasion whatever;[1] to employ them as servants without license to the Court,[2] and to furnish them strong water.[3] On the other hand, in each plantation, there was provided a trucking house where the Indians might resort to trade.[4] It was not until 1637 that war with the Indians broke out. The General Court, out of a levy of one hundred and sixty men to prosecute the Pequot War, called upon Medford to furnish its proportion of three, and to each common soldier going to the war granted twenty shillings a month and his "dyot."[5]

It was not, however, altogether against dangers from without that the early Court sought to protect the plantation. There were from within dangers that lurk in human nature itself. Chief among these was the thirst for strong water. The Company in England had considered this before Winthrop sailed, when Cradock wrote, "Though there be much strong water sent for sale, we pray you, to so order it that the savages may not for our lucre sake be induced to its excessive use, and at any hand take care our people give no bad example and if any become drunk, we hope you will take care that his punishment be made example for all men."[6] At an early date the Court anticipated the eighteenth amendment by seizing the liquid stock in trade of one Richard Cloughes for his selling great quantities with ill effect to sobriety.[7] In 1633 it enacted a license law which forbade the sale of any strong water without leave of the Governor.[8] Thereafter, the Court constantly infringed upon the personal liberty of the bibulous by setting them in the bilboes. Among these, however, can be identified no resident of our plantation.

Indeed, not until May, 1638, does any resident of Medford appear of record as guilty of misconduct. Then John Smith for swearing, being penitent, was set in the bilboes.[9] This is to the credit of the plantation, for those were days when men must tiptoe through life to avoid

1, Colony Records, Vol. I, page 76; 2, page 83; 3, page 106; 4, page 96; 5, page 192; 6, page 406; 7, page 76; 8, page 106; 9, page 233.

over-stepping some rule of conduct. For instance, for shooting at fowl on the Sabbath Day, one was publicly whipped.[1] The paternal law-makers went farther. They denounced long hair on men[2] and forbade them "to wear immoderately great breeches."[3] They limited to a narrow binding the lace that women might wear,[4] and under pain of punishment prohibited all persons from publicly taking tobacco,[5] which was consistent with Cradock's early recommendation that "the same bee taken privately by auntient men and none other."[6] We sometimes say that the Legislatures of today enact a multitude of laws. They have their precedents in the sixteen thirties.

Among other offences against good conduct was idleness. Indeed, the London Council of the Company, while Cradock's men had hardly built their log houses on the Mystic, had urged that the government in New England in the infancy of the plantation settle some good orders whereby all persons there resident apply themselves to one calling or another and no idle drone be permitted to live among them. Accordingly, an early Court decreed that no person should spend his time idle under penalty of punishment.[7] Under the spur of this enactment, it appears that workmen were not only diligent, but set a premium on their virtue by demanding a high wage. This, in the first year, the Court took steps to curb, limiting carpenters, joiners, and bricklayers to two shillings a day, or sixteen pence if meat and drink were furnished them.[8] In 1631, such wages were left free as men might reasonably agree,[9] but two years later the Court again adopted a schedule for these and other craftsmen, under which, for instance, the best laborers had eight pence a day if their diet was found, and "taylors" twelve pence.[10] But if labor was curbed, so were profiteers. The Court turned its attention to the price of commodities in these words, "Lest the honest and conscientious workmen should be wronged or discouraged by excessive price of those com-

1, Colony Records, Vol. I, page 82; 2, page 126, and Commonwealth History, Vol. I, page 272; 3, Colony Records, page 274; 4, page 183; 5, page 101; 6, page 403; 7, page 405; 8, page 74; 9, page 84; 10, page 109.

modities which are necessary for their life and comfort, we therefore, order that no person shall sell any of the inhabitants any provisions, clothing, tools or other commodities above the rare of 4 pence in a shilling, more than the same cost or might be bought for ready money in England."[1] In regard to commodities of small bulk and hazard in shipment, the Court concluded with the admonition, "that all men be a rule to themselves in good conscience, assuring them that if any man exceed the bounds of moderation, he shall be severely punished."[2] To corn, the local food staple, the Court gave special care, fixing the price at six shillings a bushel.[3] Without leave of the Governor of Assistants, the inhabitants were forbidden both to send it out of the plantation [4] or buy it from any ship that came into the Bay.[5] These were war measures in their battle for existence.

I have cited a few sidelights upon the laws under which the men of this plantation lived in the sixteen thirtys. There were those who were critical of the Court. One, Thomas Dexter, was bold enough to say that the captious government would bring them all to naught. For this he was "set in the bilbowes, disfranchised & fined 40 pounds."[6] Another, John Lee, taxed the Court with making laws to pick men's purses. For this he was whipped and fined.[7] There is no record of such dissent in Medford.

At the end of the first decade, the Massachusetts Bay Company, the trading corporation, had in fact become a colony. In that time, fully four thousand persons, bringing with them commodities valued at two hundred thousand pounds, left England for the new land. Of these, the greater part came to the settlements of Massachusetts Bay. How many made their homes in Cradock's plantation cannot be determined. There is no clue in the taxes levied by the General Court, for in 1630 taxes were levied in a lump sum apportioned according to the estimated wealth of the towns or plantations. Of the

1, Colony Records, Vol. I, page 111; 2, page 111; 3, page 110; 4, page 77; 5, page 88; 6, page 103; 7, page 132.

first tax of fifty pounds in September, 1630, Medford bore three pounds, as for instance did Salem.[1] In 1633, out of the total of four hundred and twelve pounds, Medford bore twelve and Salem twenty-eight.[2] In 1637, Medford's share of a levy of one thousand pounds was twenty-five, while Salem's had increased to one hundred and twenty.[3] It is apparent that the settlement at the Mystic was not keeping pace with the other settlement on the seaboard. In 1638, Medford's tax was the smallest of all, six pounds, sixteen shillings, eight pence, out of the total of four hundred pounds.[4] In the year following, we read that Mr. Matthew Cradock is freed from rates for the year ensuing out of consideration for his charges in building the bridge.[5] In 1641, the new decade opens with the order that Mr. Cradock's rates should be forborne until the next ship comes.[6] Thus we may say that early Medford was Cradock's plantation, and its prosperity largely that of his venture here.

Let us leave Medford of the sixteen thirties and gap the three hundred years in which it has grown and justified the faith of its founder. Of the Medford that saw Cradock's domain broken up among individual owners, and of the later years and of the later comers, both from within and without the nation who built its history upon the early foundation, I must let Medford today speak for itself.

Today, then, upon this Tercentenary, we look back from the end of three centuries to the beginning, and from our own life to theirs of which Medford was a part. Of the undertakings of the Puritans, Winthrop wrote in his Journal of those days, "After God had carried us in safety to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessities for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's Worship, and settled the civil government, one of the next things we looked after was to advance learning."

To what development have come these purposes of the founders?

1, Colony Records, Vol. I, page 77; 2, page 110; 3, page 209; 4, page 247; 5, page 257; 6, page 330.

Civil government has been settled. By virtue of, and in times in spite of, the charter which Winthrop brought over, there evolved the Town Meeting "for the ordering of the town's affairs,"[1] and the Great and General Court of today, for the ordering "of the publick affayres of the commonwealth." Through the Senate succeeding the Court of Assistants and the House of Representatives succeeding the deputies formerly elected by the Towns, the freemen of today exercise the right to make laws granted by Charles the First to the Freemen of 1630 in Court assembled. In that year, not a dozen out of the eight hundred or more possessed that right. Moreover, for the first decade and longer, only freemen who were members of the church were granted admission to the General Court. In fact, the great body of colonists were without the privilege of the vote. Least of all, was it the thought of Winthrop that suffrage, however liberal, should include the Puritan women. He cites the case of a young matron, "who had lost her witts by giving herself to the reading and writing of many books," and observed more in sorrow than in anger "if she had attended to her household and to such things as belonged to women and had not gone out of her way . . . to meddle in such things as are proper for men, she had kept her witts." Civil government has been settled, but it would be a surprised and apprehensive Winthrop, who today would find in place of the theocratic and undemocratic government of his time, the representative democracy of our generation. To this fullness has the civil government of the Puritans developed.

Places of worship had been set up. At the last General Court held in England, in February, 1630, the Massachusetts Bay Company provided a fund, out of which as a public charge, should be defrayed the building of churches. At the first meeting of the Court in New England in August of that year, provision was first of all made for the maintenance of the ministers, "for,"

1, Colony Records, Vol. I, page 172.

wrote Winthrop, "we came to abide here and to plant the gospel." The school boy who was asked, "Why did the Puritans come to this country?" was a historian when he replied, "To worship in their own way and make other people do the same." Religious toleration was not a feature of the Bay Colony in 1630, but if intolerant, the founders were not inconsistent, for in the words of John Fiske, "They came to found a state which was to consist of a united body of believers." Their rigid theory necessarily succumbed to a more liberal spirit; and it would be an incredulous, but farther-seeing Winthrop, who today would find in religious liberty one of the corner stones of the strength of his Commonwealth.

Learning has been advanced.

Out of their English background, the early colonists brought with them a traditional regard for education. Among them were graduates of the schools and universities of the homeland. So strong was the appeal of their inheritance and environment that after the passing of only six years the pioneer colony through its General Court agreed to give four hundred pounds toward a school or college at Newtown which has become the great University at Cambridge in our day. A few years later was adopted a law requiring each town having fifty households to appoint a person to teach children to read and write and every town of one hundred households to establish Latin schools.[1] Upon these early enactments rests the public school system of Massachusetts and the free schooling which is now so generously offered to the younger generation of Medford plantation of today. Once more, it would be a proud and grateful Winthrop should he view today the extent to which, from his early beginnings, the advancement of learning, as a function of government, has progressed.

But even preceding these — civil government, places of worship and learning — there was the elemental concern of shelter and livelihood which occupied the found-

1, Commonwealth History, Vol. I, page 284.

ers. From their village homes in the English counties of Suffolk, Essex, and Norfolk, came to the early log cabins of Massachusetts Bay this Company, representing in the country gentry, the ministers, tradesmen, yeomen and craftsmen "a cross section of the English people." And here for the first five years, never free from the fear of famine during the winter months, they went about their undertaking to establish the Commonwealth. Theirs was the life of the times but in pioneer surroundings. They knew hardship, discomfort, inconvenience and isolation. The pace of their life was measured by their means of communication, transportation and the hand processes of production. The tradesmen, the yeomen and the artisan, save as the details of their calling were regulated by government, provided the necessities of their livelihood by pursuing their independent way. Doubtless it was the cost of waste, duplication of effort, and inefficiency outlawed by modern standards, but under the corporation which brought them over, developed the individual proprietor. In his economic effort, energy, self-reliance, resourcefulness and persistence found their stimulus in the life of their time.

We are the successors to their generation, but not to their manner of life. For us is comfort, convenience and sanitation, communication that is as instant as electric energy, transportation that is swifter than the eagle's flight. To us has been born the modern machine, which grown to amazing uses now gears the pace of our life to our machine-made world. To the machine we owe mass production. For mass production, high-pressure salesmanship provides a market, and when the resources of the consumer are drained, he pledges his future earnings to extend that market. Distribution on the same vast scale accompanies mass production. In economic effort we live in a state of intensive efficiency. We eliminate waste, duplication of effort, and even the individual when he reaches a lower standard of efficiency. Ours is the day of the machine and the merger. The individual proprietor is threatened.

In this Tercentenary year, we are passing through a recurring cycle of economic depression, all the more poignant because of our recent careless prosperity. Today, the nation, state and municipality are repeating what the London Company did in May, 1629, when they urged out of zeal for the public good that there be settled "some good orders whereby all persons resident upon our plantation, may apply themselves to one calling or another." Then, when there was much to do, it was of public concern to keep men from idleness; now when there is less for the individual man to do, it is of public concern to keep him busy. Let others discuss the causes of this economic depression arising in the aftermath of a world war. Let us remember one fact, — that here is but one problem against the many that confronted the founders. They had but the genius of their own kind and with that alone laid the foundations of the Commonwealth and the institutions of today. Since their day, there has been blended into our people the genius of other races. Together we form one people, divided neither by inheritance of race or religion. To the blended genius of such a people, intent upon providing for the common good, the problems of today are as nothing compared to those of the distant yesterday which we commemorate.

In that yesterday the earliest comers were ever mindful of posterity. They built not for themselves alone but for the generations to follow. So, too, may we in the tolerant spirit of our democracy raise to greater height, the common good both of ourselves and those who follow us. In that undertaking, like Matthew Cradock of early Medford, we "shall joye in the expectation of the good that shall come to others."

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Since the last issue of the HISTORICAL REGISTER the demolition of the old wooden building on High street known as Grand Army Hall has been completed, and in its place a fine new structure which will house the Medford Co-operative Bank is being erected.

The old building, which to our best knowledge was built previous to 1857, housed the old Hook and Ladder Company and the Mystic Hose Company. The roster of the members of the Hook and Ladder Company read like a blue book of Medford. In the year 1866, Daniel W. Lawrence was foreman and treasurer. The company consisted of twenty-four members. The Hose Company had twenty-one members; Gordon Hayden was foreman and Joseph C. Miller, clerk and treasurer.

The lower part of the building was used as a lock-up and Heman Allen was chief police. It is a matter of record that Mr. Allen suggested that new quarters be found for a lock-up, as the health of the prisoners was endangered because of dampness and he feared the town would be liable for damages from those who suffered

therefrom. The total cost yearly of the police force to the town was thirty-seven dollars and twenty-five cents, and five dollars of that amount was paid for gas to the Hose Company.

The building stood at that time on the spot which is now the driveway of the Armory. It was purchased by General S. C. Lawrence and given to the Grand Army, moved to the site next to Andrew F. Curtin & Sons' store, and remodeled suitable for occupancy. In addition to being used by the G. A. R. it was the home of several fraternal orders, among them being the Red Men.

The passing of the old hall was the cause of regret by many who had enjoyed festive hours within its walls.

Changes in transportation between Medford and Woburn will go into effect as soon as the buses are secured, the city of Woburn having granted permission to the Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway Company to operate same over their streets. The city of Medford granted a permit some months ago.

Relative to this modern manner of travel, we note that on January 18, 1888, the North Woburn Street Railway Company petitioned for a location of tracks between Winchester and Medford via Purchase (now Winthrop) street; and the same was granted March 5, 1888, after a discussion relative to the schedule. The Railway Company wished to limit the service to six months, viz., from May to October inclusive, but it was not acceptable to Medford. Upon agreement, the road was completed and opened June 19, 1888. The fare was six cents, five tickets for twenty-five cents. The running time between the square and Oak Grove Cemetery was fifteen minutes; from Oak Grove Cemetery to Winchester, fifteen minutes; and forty-five minutes from Winchester to North Woburn; total distance, eight miles.

West Medford is now using bus service, which seems to meet with general approval, and the tracks are being removed from High street as rapidly as practicable.

—T. M. C.

OLD SHIPS AND SHIP-BUILDING DAYS OF MEDFORD.

By Hall Gleason.

(Continued from Medford Historical Register, December, 1930.)

1852. **Champion.** Ship, 1061 tons. Owners, William Perkins and Isaac Schofield of Boston. Built by J. Stetson for above. Sold British Acct. October, 1864.

Beverly. Medium clipper ship, 676 tons. Owners, Israel Whitney and William Perkins of Boston. Built by P. Curtis. Boston to S. F. 144 days, arrived October 1, 1852. Calcutta to Boston 83 days, arrived January 4, 1856, the second fastest passage on record. Boston to Sands Head, off Calcutta, in 86 days, arrived November 23, 1857. Believed to be a record. Calcutta to S. F. 80 days, arrived September 4, 1858, within one day of record. In 1862 she was chased by the Confederate privateer *Florida* but escaped. Name changed to *Alexander*, of Batavia. Coolidge & Slater of Boston reputed owners. Owned in 1867 by A. A. Reed. Later her name changed to *Argonaut*, of Port Louis of Mauritius. Owned by Wm. F. Weld & Co., Boston. Owned in 1872 by L. E. Baker, Yarmouth, N. S. Last report 1873.

Sir John Harvey. Screw steamer, 700 tons. Owners, Thomas J. Jones, William R. Clarke and H. E. Woodward, Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis.

Onward. Medium clipper ship, 874 tons. Owners, Reed & Wade of Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis. Boston to S. F. 125 days, arrived December 1, 1852. N. Y. to S. F. 150 days, arrived January 25, 1854. N. Y. to S. F. 158 days, arrived October 15, 1856. Owned in 1857 by John Ogden. Sold to U. S. Government in 1861, and became a cruiser of the fourth class. In January, 1863, she captured the British brig *Magiciene*, but the capture was not justified and the brig restored to her owners. Sent out in search of the Confederate privateers *Florida*, *Alabama* and *Shenandoah* on different occasions. After the war she was used as a store-ship for the navy. Sold November 1, 1884, for $1,850.

Star of the Union. Extreme clipper ship, 1079 tons. Owners, Reed & Wade, Boston. Sold to Samuel G. Reed & Co. May, 1860. Built by J. O. Curtis. N. Y. to S. F. 122 days, arrived June 3, 1853. N. Y. to S. F. 124 days, arrived October 14, 1854. Sold to New Bedford parties March, 1854. In collision with British bark *Simon Halley* off Cape Horn. Reported condemned and sold, 1866.

Whirlwind. Extreme clipper ship, 960½ tons. Owners, W. and F. H. Whittemore and Charles B. Newell of Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis. Sold to N. Y. Arrived at S. F. March 11, 1855, in 119 days from Boston, and again, January 13, 1854, in 129 days. From N. Y. to Melbourne in 72 days, second best time on record, in March, 1858.

Competitor. Clipper ship, 871 tons. Owners, William F. Weld & Co. Built by J. O. Curtis for above. Sold to German Acct. December, 1863. Name changed to *Lorelei*. Purchased by William F. Weld & Co. April, 1868. Name changed to *Competitor*. British Acct. Boston to S. F. 115 days, arrived July 20, 1853. N. Y. to S. F. in 122 days, arrived September 23, 1854. Boston to S. F. 138 days, arrived October 15, 1855. Last report 1900.

National Eagle. Medium clipper ship, 1095 tons. Owners, Fisher & Co. Sold to Bates, Holbrook & Candage, October, 1865. Sold to D. G. & W. B. Bacon. Sold to J. H. Sears, *et al.* Built by J. T. Foster. Sold to N. Y. parties. Boston to S. F. 134 days, arrived May 20, 1854. Wrecked in Mendolin's Gulf, Adriatic Sea, March 22, 1884, while bound for Fiume, Austria, from N. Y.

Ellen Foster. Medium clipper ship, 996 tons. Owners, J. and A. Tirrell & Co. Registered November 9, 1853, Lombard & Whitmore. Sold to Howes & Crowell January, 1857. Built by J. T. Foster. Boston to S. F. in 152 days, arrived October 31, 1852. Sold to Peruvian Acct. July, 1867. Wrecked on Puget Sound, December 22, 1867.

Gem of the Ocean. Medium clipper ship, 702 tons. Owners, William F Lincoln & Co. Built by Hayden & Cudworth for above. Boston to S. F. 120 days, arrived December 2, 1852. Sold to Newburyport parties October, 1854. Sold to S. F. parties August, 1867. Seattle for S. F. Wrecked August, 1879, on Vancouver Island.

Alexander. Ship, 596 tons. Owners, Baxter Brothers, Yarmouth, Mass. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Liverpool for Singapore with coal. Struck Frederick Rock in the Straits of Rhio on February 5, 1864, was beached and became a total wreck on East Island.

Golden Eagle. Extreme clipper ship, 1121 tons. Owners, William Lincoln & Co. Built by Hayden and Cudworth. Sold to New Bedford parties. Boston to S. F. 156 days, arrived May 9, 1853. N. Y. to S. F. 128 days, arrived July 23, 1854 N. Y. to S. F. 105 days, arrived August 25, 1855. Captured and burned February 21, 1863, near lat. 29° 18' N., long. 45° 15' W., while bound for Cork with guano from Howlands Island, by the *Alabama*.

1853. **Sea Flower** of Boston. Ship, 1024 tons. Owners, Benjamin C. White and Henry H. Jones, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Jotham Stetson. Sold foreign. Last report 1885.

1853. **Wild Ranger.** Clipper ship, 1044 tons. Owners, Thatcher & Sears, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by James O. Curtis. Arrived at S. F., October 25, 1853, in 125 days from Boston, and again January 26, 1855, in 125 days from N. Y. Sold British Acct. 1862 and renamed *Ocean Chief*.

Eagle Wing. Medium clipper ship, 1174 tons. Owners, Theodore Chase & Co. of Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis. London to Hongkong 84 days. Boston to S. F. 105 days, arrived April 5, 1854. Sailed from Boston February 11, 1865, for Bombay and was never heard from.

George Peabody. Ship, 1400 tons. Owners, William F. Weld & Co. Built by J. O. Curtis. N. Y. for S. F. Arrived at Valparaiso May 28, 1881, in a leaky condition and was condemned. See newspaper, March 9, 1884.

West Wind. Medium clipper ship, 1071½ tons. Owners, J. and A. Tirrell & Co. of Boston. Built by J. T. Foster. Arrived at S. F. from Boston September 26, 1853, and November 22, 1855, in 135 and 129 days respectively. In 1861-62, 133 days. In 1856-57, 122 days. Sold British Acct. 1863. Renamed *Lord Clyde*.

Morning Star. Clipper ship, 1105 tons. Owners, Thomas B. Wales & Co. of Boston. Built by J. T. Foster. Boston to S. F. 148 days, arrived November 27, 1854. She thereafter made five similar runs in 138 days, 102 days, 125 days, 105 days and 115 days. On the 102 days' run she was off the California coast several days in light winds and calms. In 1860, had it not been for light winds and calms for the final ten days of the run she would have made the passage in two figures. While at Callao, in 1857, the mate was stabbed by one of the crew, the remainder of them drawing knives and pistols. The mutiny was finally quelled by an armed force from H. B. M. ship *Monarch*. In 1863 she was captured by the Confederate privateer *Alabama*, but the cargo being owned by neutrals she was allowed to proceed. Sold to British Acct. June, 1863, for £6,500 sterling and name changed to *Landsborough*. Reported lost in 1890.

Hortensia. Ship, 701 tons. Owners, Perritt & Co. of New Orleans. Built by J. T. Foster. Sold Norwegian Acct. Rig changed to bark. Last report 1889.

Edward Everett. Bark, 245 tons. Owners, John H. Pearson, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by J. T. Foster for above. Sold to New Bedford parties April, 1867. Whaler. Foundered October, 1875.

Climax. Clipper ship, 1051 tons. Owners, Howes and Crowell. Built by Hayden & Cudworth for above. Put into Callao, Peru, from the Chincha Islands, guano laden, March 31, 1855, leaky. Was condemned and sold to parties in Peru who repaired her. Renamed *Antonia Terry*. First vessel to use the double topsail rig.

Ringleader. Clipper ship, 1154 tons. Owners, Howes & Crowell of Boston. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. She was a very fast sailer, but encountered light winds on all of her trips to San Francisco. On the first trip, 110 days, she was within 400 miles of destination when 100 days out. On the fourth trip, 114 days, she was 700 miles from the Golden Gate when 98 days out. Her passage of 78 days, Boston to Melbourne, was also very fast. Left Hongkong May 3, 1363, for S. F. with a load of coolies. On May 9th she struck on the Formosa Banks. One account says that as soon as she struck she was surrounded by piratical Chinese fishing boats, the crews of which drove the coolies ashore and began pillaging the ship. The captain reached S. F. on the *Emily Banning*, while some 200 of the coolies reached there September 15 on the *Don Quixote*.

Don Quixote. Medium clipper ship, 1429 tons. Owners, John E. Lodge & Co. Built by Samuel Lapham. Boston to S. F. 126, 107, 109 and 111 days. N. Y. to S. F. 139, 119 and 139 days. Sold to F. Couisinary, Havre, France, and renamed *St. Aubin*. Classed A1 in Lloyd's in 1874.

White Swallow. Extreme clipper ship, 1192 tons. Owners, William Lincoln & Co., Boston. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. She made three runs from Boston to S. F. and six from N. Y. to S. F. The fastest was 110 days and the slowest 150; average of the fastest four, 122 days. She sailed from Boston April 18, 1860, and made land 40 miles south of the Golden Gate in 104 days. In 1865 her passage was a momentous one. She left N. Y. with her rigging in poor condition, and according to the story of the crew they were put to unnecessarily hard and dangerous work, forced by brutal beatings with brass knuckles, belaying pins and the like. One grievance was that they were put over the side on stagings while the ship was going ten knots and rolling and pitching heavily. Two men were lost overboard. The crew finally mutinied, seized the captain and mates and put them in irons, although the captain was allowed on deck to take observations and direct affairs, all his orders being fully obeyed. A written agreement was then drawn up absolving the crew of all blame and promised good treatment. On arrival at S. F, however, six of the ringleaders were tried but were acquitted by the testimony of the passengers and admissions of the officers. For many years the *White Swallow* case was famous in legal circles. Boston to Hongkong, cargo ice. Foundered at sea 180 miles S. W. of Fayal, which the crew reached in boats.

MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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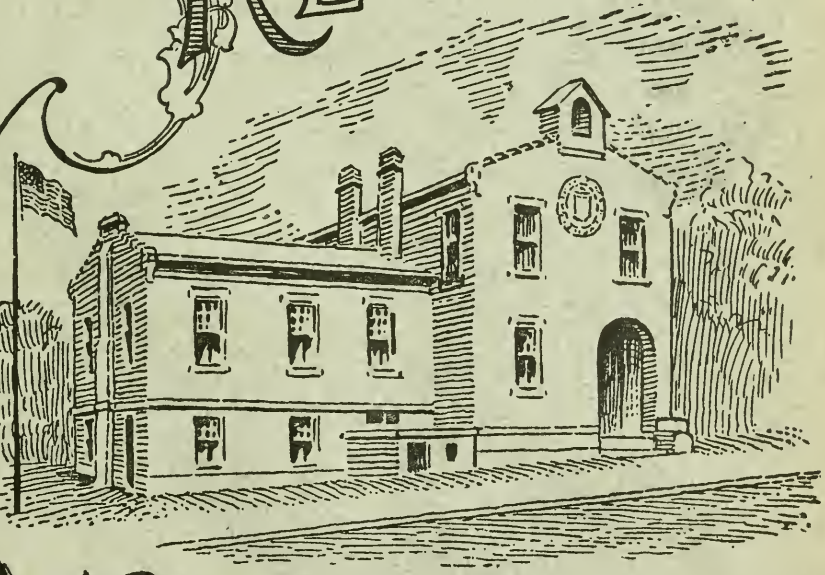
Vol. XXXIV.] [No. 2.

HISTORICAL REGISTER



June, 1931

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MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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Editor, MOSES W. MANN.

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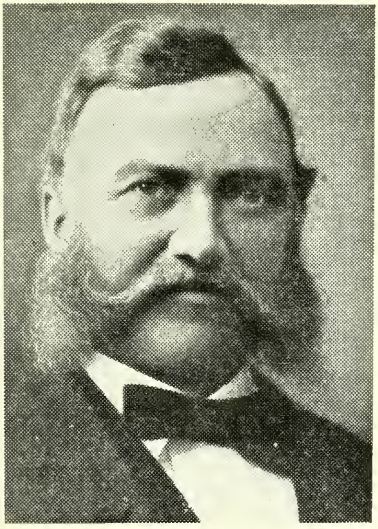
FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of_____Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

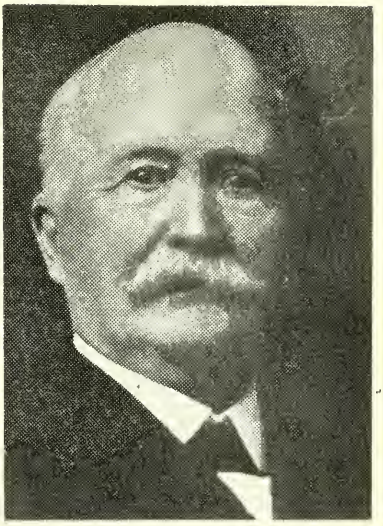
(Signed)_____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

Early Officers of Medford Co-operative Bank

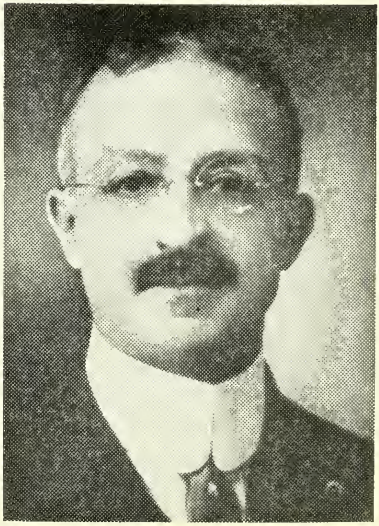


DANA I. McINTIRE
First President, 1886 to 1907

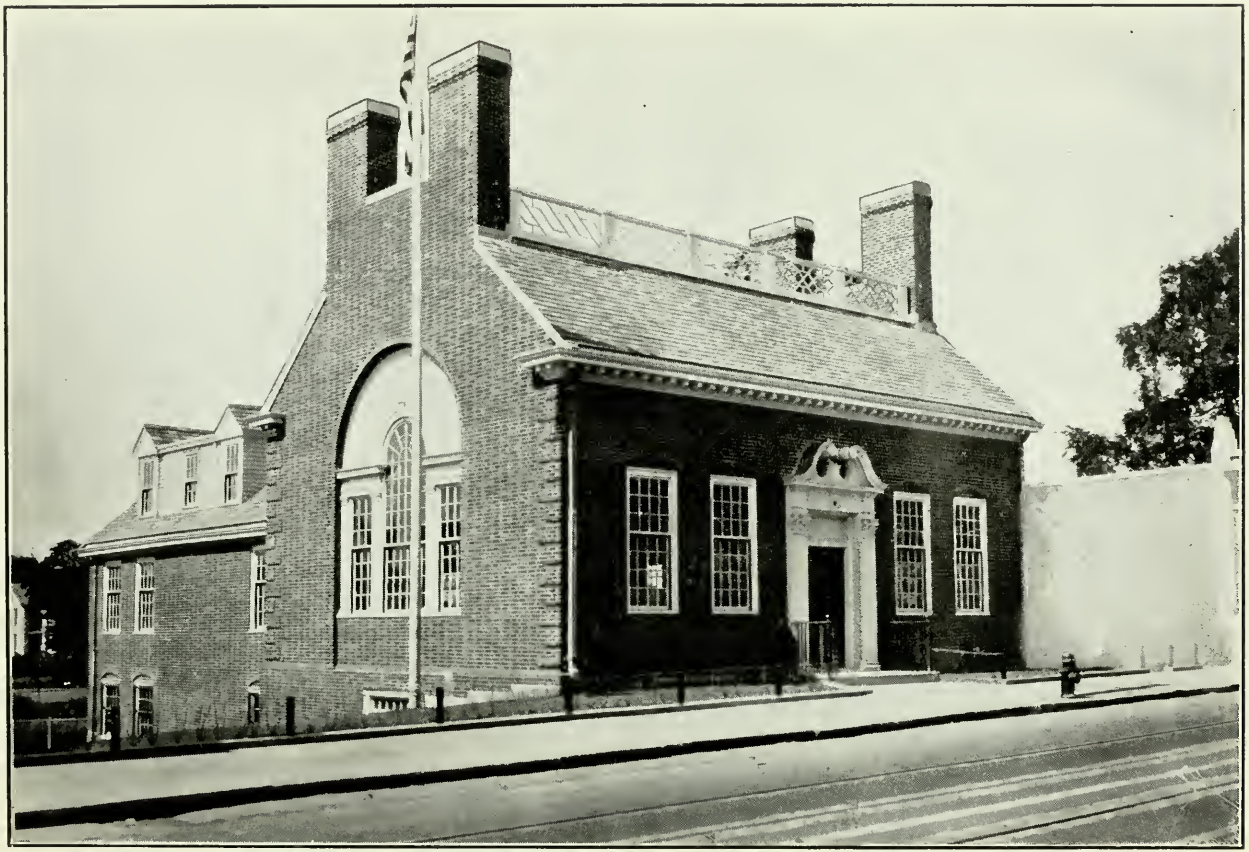


J. HENRY NORCROSS
Second President, 1907 to 1912

J. S. STURTEVANT
First Treasurer, 1886 to 1911



ELISHA G. PIERCE
Second Treasurer, 1911 to 1928



NEW HOME OF MEDFORD CO-OPERATIVE BANK AT NUMBER SIXTY HIGH STREET, MEDFORD

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXXIV. JUNE, 1931. NO. 2.

THE MEDFORD CO-OPERATIVE BANK.*

MARCHING along with a growing Medford through the changes and developments that have marked almost a half a century in this city of today's sixty thousand population, the Medford Co-operative Bank, typical of thousands of similar institutions in the United States which are operated by and for the people with the objective of homes owned and money saved little by little, reached on July 7th, 1931, its forty-fifth birthday.

The attainment of this notable milestone brings to Medford in visible evidence a monument to the unceasing labors of the men who have toiled so faithfully down the years to make true the familiar advertising motto of the co-operative form of banking, "Own Your Own Home."

Wisdom in the usury of money entrusted to its care, and the businesslike use of the profits thus accrued by the bank, whose statement of conditions puts it closely into the six million dollar class, have enabled the Medford Co-operative Bank to erect for its own headquarters the finely proportioned brick building, in architectural design that of a New England colonial home, on High street at the foot of Governors avenue, where for years the Grand Army hall had stood.

The informal opening of this new banking house, tentatively set for Tuesday evening, July 7th, 1931, marked then at one and the same time the forty-fifth anniversary of the institution's founding as well as complete realiza-

* This article, written by Frank W. Lovering, a Director of the Bank, a member of the Building Committee, and for years on the staff of the *Medford Mercury*, includes material furnished by Forrest E. Thompson, Treasurer of the Bank; Thomas E Connell, Treasurer of the Medford Historical Society and a staff writer for the *Mercury;* and Howard A. Goodspeed, architect, to all of whom the author is greatly indebted.

tion of the ideal which has been its second preachment, "Save and Have."

It having been deemed fitting that the facts about this bank should be set forth on this occasion in the MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER, the writers have searched the dimming, hand-written records of the formative days when the late James S. Sturtevant, that indefatigable little man who began the institution, was secretary; have followed on in studied parallel with the old copies of the *Medford Mercury*, wherein the late George W. Stetson, its editor, set down his painstaking reports, and so to the present time, making excerpts from the manifold typewritten pages of the latter years; completing this with a description in authoritative detail of the bank's new home as prepared by Howard A. Goodspeed of Medford, the architect; and closing with the names of those who carry on today.

The Medford Co-operative Bank was the thirty-ninth of its kind to be established in Massachusetts.

Humbly, in that common meeting place, the selectmen's room of the now vanished old town hall, which stood close to Main street and fronted on High street, where today is the building containing the Medford city offices, "there was quite a gathering of citizens," the *Mercury* of Friday, April 16th, 1886, records, "on Tuesday evening [April 13th]. The meeting was called for the purpose of discussing the advisability of establishing a co-operative bank in Medford."

And continues the story of its birth: "Howard D. Nash, Esquire, presided, and J. S. Sturtevant officiated as secretary. After a full and spirited discussion of the needs of the town and the benefits derived in other towns and cities from such banks, it was voted as the sense of the meeting that a co-operative bank should be established in Medford.

"Committees were then appointed to take the necessary steps at once and to report at a future meeting. There is every indication that on or before May 1st the bank will be established."

The *Mercury* for Friday, April 30th, 1886, records that "An adjourned meeting of the projectors of a co-operative bank in Medford was held in Governor Brooks hall* Tuesday evening. [April 27th, 1886.] There were some fifty gentlemen present, who were enlightened on the workings of co-operative banks by D. Eldridge, secretary of three of these institutions in Boston. At the close of this meeting, VOTED: 'That Messrs. J. S. Sturtevant, H. D. Nash, J. A. Sullivan, W. H. Warren, J. H. Hooper, I. W. Hamlin, B. C. Leonard, J. R. Teel, C. P. Lauriat and C. Currier constitute a committee with full power to perfect the organization of a bank.'"

The first act was to file an agreement with the Commissioner of Corporations of the State of Massachusetts for the formation of a bank with a capital stock accumulation of one million dollars. This agreement is among the framed records of the Medford Co-operative Bank. The following men attested to it and showed their faith in the proposition by subscribing to many "shares" of the "current series" stock:

John H. Hooper
P. R. Litchfield
J. Henry Norcross
Charles Currier
Joseph E. Ober
W. H. Warren
D. I. McIntire
Fred H. Kidder
Thomas B. Dill
B. C. Leonard
Charles N. Jones
E. S. Randall
J. H. Archibald
Eli Ayers
Pearl Martin
Asa Law
John W. Bragdon, Jr.
G. H. Sampson
Ira W. Hamlin
Josiah R. Teel
Charles P. Lauriat
Howard D. Nash
John A. Sullivan
James S. Sturtevant
J. H. Whitney
R. Gibson
B. E. Perry
William C. Craig
Geo. W. W. Saville
Frank E. Chandler
Charles F. Paige
Charles W. Murphy
Charles L. Hutchins
Morris W. Child
John A. Gaffey
George W. Stetson
J. E. Potter
Geo E. Davenport
William P. Martin
James W. Tufts
Edward W. Hayes
Josiah E. Woods
Lewis H. Lovering
Henry Withington
Michael F. Dwyer
F. C. Williams

May 12th, 1886, there was mailed to each of the subscribers named a usual notice of the first meeting of a corporation to be held on Saturday, June 5th, 1886, in Legion of Honor hall,† High street.

*"Governor Brooks hall" was the meeting place of Governor Brooks Council, Legion of Honor, in the second floor of the present Masonic building, originally known as "Small's block."
† Then also called "Governor Brooks hall." See footnote above.

At this meeting there was a tremendous amount of business transacted under the careful guidance of D. Eldridge, spokesman of the occasion, and the "father" of the first co-operative bank to be established in Massachusetts. James S. Sturtevant presided, and Howard D. Nash was appointed temporary clerk.

June 10th, 1886, the bank actually got under way. That evening twenty-five of the subscribers assembled, and under the proper authorities and form adopted the necessary regulations and by-laws containing eighteen articles and numerous sections covering the entire scope of co-operative bank business as it was conducted at that time.

The following officers and directors were then elected:

President, Dana I. McIntire
Vice-President, J. Henry Norcross
Secretary and Treasurer, James S. Sturtevant

Directors:

James W. Tufts	Ira W. Hamlin	Charles P. Lauriat
James H. Hooper	Charles N. Jones	Eli Ayers
William C. Craig	Henry Withington	Joseph E. Ober
Charles Currier	Fred C. Williams	Howard D. Nash
Geo. W. W. Saville	Thomas B. Dill	W. H. Warren
	John A. Sullivan	

Auditors:

William P. Martin	Fred H. Kidder	Edward W. Hayes

The officers thus elected were duly sworn to the performance of their duties before D. Eldridge, justice of the peace. So the Medford Co-operative Bank was formed and organized in proper manner under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and was now ready to commence business.

June 23rd, 1886, the first authorized meeting of the Directors was held in the assessors' room* at the town hall. At this meeting President McIntire appointed as Security Committee, John H. Hooper, chairman; J. E.

* For a while business was carried on with the assessors' room as headquarters. (Mr. Sturtevant had previously devoted a desk in his home on Riverside avenue to this purpose.) The records of the bank are hazy as to the length of time the assessors' office was used, but November 3, 1886, a safe was "placed in the assessors' room of the town building" for the use of Mr. Sturtevant. He was an assessor for about one year following a political upset in town meeting. Later, quarters were occupied in the ground floor of Small's block (upstairs was the town's armory). This long, narrow "banking house" was the right-hand half of the present flower shop of Mrs. Green. Richards' plumbing shop occupied the left half of the present flower store. Bank and tin-knocker were separated by a stout partition. The new home of the Medford Trust Company at 25 High street was occupied in 1913, and the Medford Co-operative Bank took lease of quarters in the second story. The first shareholders' meeting held there was April 2, 1913, and the first directors' meeting on the evening of April 9, 1913.

Ober, Charles P. Lauriat, John A. Sullivan, Heny Withington; and as Finance Committee, Thomas B. Dill, Chairman; Ira W. Hamlin, Charles N. Jones.

With the organization completed, the date for the first receipt of moneys and the sale of funds was set for the evening of July 7th, 1886, at which time the first dollar was left on deposit and the first share of stock was sold and issued.

The whole sum deposited that evening was sold at public auction — three loans totalling $1800.00 — at an interest rate of 6% per annum and a premium of $.05 to $.10.

All this happened forty-five years ago, and therefore it is only fitting that on this, the Medford Co-operative Bank's anniversary, the public and many present shareholders of the institution be informed of the conditions surrounding the establishment of this bank which has grown continuously till in 1931, with assets of nearly $6,000,000.00, it is the nineteenth largest co-operative bank in the commonwealth, and there are two hundred and twenty-seven of them.

During these forty-five years the nation has passed through many periods of stress, of depression, of war, which have severely affected the financial standing of the United States as well as of the world. Great industries have ceased business; others have been born; science has scrapped old ways and discovered new ones; large banks and financial houses have risen and toppled to their fall; enterprises without number have found it needful to close out rather than continue at a loss.

The co-operative banking system, born in Philadelphia more than one hundred years ago under another name, has in every instance weathered the storm; and the Medford Co-operative Bank has passed through the turmoil and upon reaching smoother seas and fairer sailing has found itself sounder-built, more substantial than before.

The institution has experienced conditions that demanded the wisest judgments of its captains and the sin-

cere advice of its Directorates. These have been secured from the services of officials whose keen interest in the affairs of the bank and in the community it serves have redounded to the generous credit of all concerned.

The record of the Medford Co-operative Bank has made it one of the strongest in the state, and as the assets increased year by year the management began to realize the time was fast approaching when the institution would need its own quarters, must "own its own home." For nearly seventeen years it has occupied the upper story of the Medford Trust Company building at No. 25 High street, in the center of the city.

When it was decided to buy a site the so-called Grand Army hall property opposite the foot of Governors avenue was decided upon and was purchased in 1926. The old building there proved to bring sufficient revenue to carry the property through the several years of ownership at little or no expense to the bank. In 1930 the Directors felt the cost of building construction was about to drop quite appreciably, and in consequence an architect was chosen from several other Medford men in the profession, each of whom had been commissioned to submit a design he believed to be in full keeping with the historical lore of the city and the best traditions of New England.

Howard A. Goodspeed of 55 Wolcott street, West Medford, was awarded the contract for the plans, and from them has been erected the fine colonial building, a residence in exterior appearance, which over coming years will be the Medford Co-operative Bank's first real "home." The general contractors, Frankini Brothers Company of Medford, were in charge of the work.

The Building Committee consisted of the President, former Mayor Lewis H. Lovering, William P. Hart, Walter F. Cushing, Leroy H. Robbins and Frank W. Lovering. These men comprise, also, the present Security Committee. Mr. Thompson, the Treasurer, was chosen clerk by the Building Committee, and aided it materially with suggestions as construction progressed.

The new banking house embodies several features of Medford's well-known examples of the architecture of the Colonies. It has the double chimneys and the deck railing found on the Hall house nearly opposite; and the Dutch gambrel perfected in the roof of the Cradock house on lower Riverside avenue.

Windows are typical of the period and like those in the old Seccomb house which stood on the site now partially occupied by the building of the Medford Trust Company. The entrance doorway and circular windows, although not found in local precedents, are typical of the period. Admittance to the building is directly into the banking room through revolving doors. This room extends the entire length of the High street front and is panelled in gumwood to a height of twelve feet. The room has a barrelled ceiling of antique hand-moulded plaster with an ivory tint, which blends with the brown of the woodwork and the brown and black rubber tiled floor. A ceiling sash pierces the center of the spacious room and admits overhead light from a large skylight, concealed from exterior view by the deck railing extending between the twin chimneys.

A Flemish chandelier drops from the center of the ceiling sash for artificial illumination.

The counter screen, directly ahead as one enters the banking rooms, is of polished wrought iron and brass with a frieze of pierced cast ornament. To the right, beneath the large triple west window is the officers' space, separated from the public with wrought iron and brass railing; and leading from this area is a conference room with glass panels set in a screen similar to the counter screen.

The vault at the rear of the counter work space is equipped with a heavy Mosler door with wide, polished, steel architrave. A money safe and a nest of private safe deposit boxes for the officials and employees of the bank occupy one portion of the heavily re-inforced concrete vault.

At the rear of the building in an ell overlooking the Mystic River Basin is the machine room, with a ceiling of acoustic plaster, retiring facilities for women, a special room for the Investment Committee, and toilet accommodations.

A side entrance gives access to the building for meetings of the Board of Directors, the Security Committee, or on other occasions when the main banking rooms are closed.

From the hallway into which the side entrance admits, a colonial flight of stairs leads to the Directors' Room on the second floor. On the east side of this is a coat room and storage space. Adjacent to the hallway are toilet accommodations. The room is perfectly proportioned and, like the main banking rooms, has a barrelled ceiling, ivory-tinted, gumwood panelling and cornice, and a floor of rubber tiling.

There is a spacious fireplace at the front and triple doors let to an iron balcony of colonial type over the river.

The Directors' Room is furnished with chairs and table of the Windsor period, the whole blending delightfully into such a meeting place as tradition asserts the early Medfordites were wont to gather in on occasions of moment.

In the basement of the building besides the storage vault are the heater room containing the latest in oil burning boiler and equipment, service room, fan room and janitor's room. At the rear are recreation room with toilet, and a complete kitchen.

The building is heated by the vapor system, and thorough ventilation is secured with methods carefully designed by ventilating engineers. The plumbing, modern in all respects, has chromium-plated fittings.

The electrical system is designed to meet the special and exacting requirements of a building of this nature. All intercommunicating telephones are of the dial type, used in connection with the regular telephone system. The bank is forty-two feet on High street, and sixty-eight feet deep, with the entire first floor of reinforced concrete.

The cost complete approximated $80,000.00.

As a matter of record it may be set forth that the first President of the Medford Co-operative Bank was Dana I. McIntire, 1886–1907. He was succeeded by J. Henry Norcross, 1907–1912. Former Mayor Lewis H. Lovering became President in 1912, and continues in that office.

James S. Sturtevant was Secretary-Treasurer from 1886 to 1907. In 1907 the dual office was divided. Mr. Sturtevant remained as Treasurer through 1911, and Elisha G. Pierce, chosen as Secretary in 1907, became Treasurer in 1911, continuing until his death in July, 1928. At the time Mr. Pierce was made Treasurer the office of Secretary was discontinued as to title, and that of Clerk of the Corporation was established. Upon Mr. Pierce's death, Forrest E. Thompson, who has been for several years connected with the bank, was chosen Treasurer and Clerk of the Corporation (1928) and serves in those positions now (1931).

The officers of the Medford Co-operative Bank as of 1931 are as follows:

Lewis H. Lovering, President
Walter F. Cushing, Charles S. Taylor, John W. Rockwell, Vice-Presidents
Forrest E. Thompson, Treasurer and Clerk
Willard T. Crossman, Assistant Treasurer

Directors:

Lewis H. Lovering	Alden W. Teel	Edgar H. Savage
Charles S. Taylor	Frank W. Lovering	Frank G. Grady
Walter F. Cushing	John J. Mulkerin	William N. Curtis
David G. Melville	Alwyne E. Ritchie	Winthrop I. Nottage
John W. Rockwell	Leroy H. Robbins	Charles L. Oxnard
William P. Hart	Henry P. Van de Bogert	John C. G. DeWolfe

Security Committee:

Lewis H. Lovering	William P. Hart	Frank W. Lovering
Walter F. Cushing	Leroy H. Robbins	

Finance Committee:

John W. Rockwell, Chairman; John J. Mulkerin, David G. Melville.

Attorneys:

Edward N. Carpenter, George M. Nay, Carpenter, Nay and Caiger, 73 Cornhill, Boston.

Actively engaged in the handling of the bank's clerical duties are:

Carolyn E. Weeks, Margaret M. Gowans, Evelyn B. Ramsell, J. Olive Crooker.

A TERCENTENARY POEM.

Written by MARION NOTTAGE and awarded the second prize, a silver cup, in the Tercentenary Poem Contest conducted by the *Medford Mercury*.

Three hundred years since that intrepid man
Flung Medford's banner to the sky,
Yet those long days from wilderness to now
Are but a breath in Time's slow sigh;
Forests of mighty oak, golden and green,
Long crowned this vale without a name,
The land grew rich, the spilling stream more wide,
Before the tawny Indian came.

An early morn, washed by the rising sun,
Knee-deep in summer's fragrant sedge,
Immovable and bronze, rider and horse
Mirror as one in the tide's edge;
The Indian with arms stretched wide and high
Greets dawn with thanks for peace new found:
"Grant to the Missituks zeal here to make
A valiant happy hunting ground."

Though circles of their campfires glow no more
In the clear starriness of night,
Still through the valley flows the stream they named
The Mystic, marking in its flight
The ebb and flow of years, of rain and drought,
Of smiling sky and iron-bound clouds;
Its memories compass lives of fairer men
Who sought inevitable shrouds.

No more slim schooners glide upon its breast,
Or lighter craft the red men steer,
The early settlers with the Indian blend
In memory of yesteryear.
But now the river has regained young life,
And bears again a youthful freight,
The Mystic lakes resound to swimmer's splash,
To scud of sail and ring of skate.

And Medford speaks through laughing children's voice
Of pride in its fast growing youth,
A city old in years yet young at heart
In strict adherence to the truth;
And as to sea the peaceful Mystic flows,
Whose banks with dwellings fair abound,
Great Spirit, grant Thy lenience once again,
To bless our happy hunting ground.

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Mr. George S. Delano, in his article, "Men Whom We Have Known," published in the volume "Medford, Past and Present," printed in 1905, writes thus of a man whose name has lately come again to the notice of the people of Medford: "Elizur Wright we knew well, — a man of genius in many ways, a generous citizen, the father of Middlesex Fells. No man can have a more beautiful, expressive, or lasting monument than the Fells lands; yet, as a reminder that we appreciate the man who, by gift of time, energy, genius, and money, caused public action to define itself in the preservation of our grand forests, a monument built by public subscription on Pine hill would be in keeping with our appreciation of him."

It is interesting that this proposal of a monument to the memory of Mr. Wright should be renewed more than twenty-five years later, and this time to honor him, not as the father of Middlesex Fells, but as the "father of life insurance." The National Association of Life Insurance is sponsoring a plan to raise a fund of one million dollars for a memorial.

In Volume IV, No. 3, of the Historical Register may be found an extract from a paper read before the Historical Society by Mr. Wright's daughter, Miss Ellen M. Wright, in which the pioneer services in the cause of forest preservation in general and of the Middlesex Fells in particular, rendered by Elizur Wright, are well set forth. He planted the seed and the splendid Metropolitan Park System of Massachusetts is the fruit of that seed.

Mr. Wright died in December, 1885. The following are excerpts from the *Medford Mercury* of that month: "For the last half century Mr. Wright has been a prominent figure among the public men of this state, and both in public and private was honored and respected by all. He was born in South Canaan, Litchfield County, Connecticut, February 12, 1804. His father moved to Tal-

mage, Ohio, in 1810, and here young Wright lived on a farm until he was eighteen years old, when he entered Yale College. He graduated in 1826, and during the next two years was a teacher in the Lawrence Academy, Concord, Massachusetts. From 1829 to 1833 he was a professor in Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio. Having warmly embraced the principles of the Abolitionists, he removed to New York in 1833 and became secretary to the American Anti-Slavery Society, in which he continued for five years. During this time he was also editor of the *Quarterly Anti-Slavery Magazine.* He removed to Boston in April, 1839, and became editor of the *Massachusetts Abolitionist*, a paper which dealt effective blows at slavery.

"For several years he remained connected with the newspaper press, and in 1845 established the *Chronotype*, on which he continued to do yeoman's service for the hated cause. The *Chronotype* was merged with the *Commonwealth* in 1850, and he remained editor for some time after. In 1858 he was appointed to the office of insurance commissioner, holding it until 1866. He was recognized as the best informed man on insurance and kindred subjects in New England, and he published several books relative to these matters. In 1841 he published a translation in two volumes of 'La Fontaine's Fables,' a work which became known universally. He also published 'The Lesson of Santo Domingo, or How to Make War,' in 1861; 'Eye-Opener for Wide-Awakes,' in 1860; and 'A Curiosity of Law,' in 1866. In 1843 he was allied with the Liberty party, and published a popular song, dedicated to the presidential candidate, entitled 'An Ode to James G. Birney.' Mr. Wright was an occasional contributor to the *Mercury*, and his letters were always read with much interest."

HISTORIC MARKERS.

As part of the Medford celebration of the 19th of April for 1931, the Medford Historical Society replaced two of the original markers on the sites of the first and second meeting houses. So well had the original signs been made that with a little repair and repainting, they were ready again for service. The Medford Boy and Girl Scouts sent a delegation, with a Boy Scout Bugle and Drum Corps, to meet on the site of the first meeting house at the corner of High street and High street place. There they formed at attention while workmen generously loaned by Mr. Blodgett, Building Commissioner of the City of Medford, securely screwed the sign in place. This now reads

HERE STOOD
THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE IN MEDFORD
1696—1726
DIMENSIONS 27 x 30 ft. COST 80£
REV. BENJAMIN WOODBRIDGE
FIRST MINISTER

Then the President, Mrs. Richard B. Coolidge, gave a short talk to the scouts on the first meeting house and the historic landmarks in that part of the city. Present also were James W. Norton, President of the Board of Aldermen, Mr. Thomas M. Connell, Treasurer of the Historical Society and Scout Executive Harry T. French.

The little cavalcade then marched, bearing the sign of the second meeting house, to a position near the brook. Investigation proved that the second meeting house stood on the land now occupied by two houses near the brook, but as permission was not granted on the original site of the sign, the Historical Society placed the sign with similar exercises on the land of Mr. Lund, the second house from Meeting House Brook. This sign reads in the original wording

HERE STOOD
THE SECOND MEETING HOUSE IN MEDFORD
1726—1770
REV. EBENEZER TURRELL

It is to be hoped that we can keep alive the original interest of the society in the marking of all important historic sites.

A TIMELY EXCERPT.

From Robert C. Winthrop's "Life and Letters of John Winthrop" we make the following quotations, because they describe an interesting first event in the history of Medford, which occurred just three hundred years ago:

We soon afterwards find him (Winthrop) making note of a most interesting occurrence in the progress of the little plantation, and in the history of New England navigation and commerce: —

"July 4. The governor built a bark at Mistick, which was launched this day, and called the *Blessing of the Bay*."

The attentive reader can hardly have omitted to observe the beautiful coincidence which exists between the dates of some of the most memorable occurrences in our early colonial history and those of some of the great events of our more recent national career. Thus the governor and company of Massachusetts set out from Salem for the bay on the 17th of June, and probably encamped that night not far from what was afterwards known as Bunker hill. Thus, too, the first Thanksgiving Day of the colony was on the 22d of February, and the *Blessing of the Bay* was launched on the 4th of July. The change of old style into new would, indeed, destroy these coincidences; but as long as the dates shall stand, as they still do, on the printed page, the associations which they suggest cannot fail to be cherished with an almost superstitious fondness.

Mistick, where the *Blessing of the Bay* was built, and launched on the 4th of July, 1631, was the summer residence of Governor Winthrop for some years.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Since the last issue of the REGISTER the old Floyd house, located on High street between the Christian Science Church and the new St. Joseph's Parochial School, has been torn down. The old house was over one hundred years old, and occupied by the Floyd family for many years. It is being replaced by an apartment house of large size.

The Medford Historical Society acted as host to the Bay State League at the League's spring meeting, held Saturday, April 25. Seventy delegates present, representing twenty-two societies, were greeted by Mrs. Ruth

Dame Coolidge of the local Society, and the Hospitality Committee functioned during the social period.

The completion of the new Daniel A. Gleason School on Playstead road, West Medford, adds another to a list of Medford's modern school buildings.

It is of colonial design, two stories high over a ground floor. It has ten class rooms, five on each floor. The plan provides for additions to the building without making extensive alterations. It is 165 feet long by 54 feet wide, with a playground 250 feet by 160. The ground floor has a playroom for boys and one for girls, and toilets for both sexes on all three floors.

It has rooms which may be used for additional classes if necessary. The heating plant is of the latest type, and the cupola and the two chimneys make for suitable ventilation. The first story has a principal's office and waiting room, also a medical room, fitted with plumbing, etc., which may be used as a dental clinic.

It has an electric clock system, with a master clock, and program regulator, fire-alarm system and intercommunicating telephone service. As a whole the building is not surpassed by any like structure in suburban Boston.

OLD SHIPS AND SHIP-BUILDING DAYS OF MEDFORD.

By Hall Gleason.

(Continued from Medford Historical Register, March, 1931.)

1853. **Kingfisher.** Extreme clipper ship, 1286 tons. Owners, William Lincoln & Co. Sold to P. Sprague & Co. October, 1858. In later years Samuel G. Reed & Co., also of Boston. Built by Hayden and Cudworth. She made four passages Boston to S. F. and two from N. Y. Average for the six, 126½ days: fastest, 114 days; slowest, 135 days. Sold to Uruguay and renamed *Jaime Cibils*. Broken up in 1890.

Edith Rose. Ship, 510 tons. Owners, Crowell, Brooks & Co. of Boston, 1853. Sold to Howes & Crowell, October, 1857. Sold to William Appleton & Co., November, 1857. Sold to S. Hooper & Co. 1861. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Sold June, 1863, to ——. Sold March, 1866, to ——. Last report 1886.

Fleetwing. Medium clipper ship, 896 tons. Owners, Crowell, Brooks & Co. Sold to Howes & Crowell, 1857. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. She made fourteen passages from Boston or N. Y. to S. F.; two of 113 days; one each of 114, 121 and 122 days, and two of 128 days. S. F. to N. Y. 103 days, two to Boston in 112 and 119 days. Last American owner, Vernon H. Brown of N. Y. Changed to a bark and sold to British Account.

Herald of the Morning. Medium clipper ship, 1294 tons. Designed by Samuel H. Pook. Owners, Thatcher Magoun & Co. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. On her maiden voyage, Boston to S. F. in 106 days, when 100 days out she was within 180 miles of the Golden Gate. N. Y. to S. F. Arrived at S. F. 100 days, 6 hours, anchor to anchor; 99 days, 12 hours, pilot to pilot; best day's run, 340 miles. The only

1853. Medford-built vessel to make the passage in less than 100 days. Arrived May 16, 1855. Boston to S. F. in 116 days. Arrived March 18, 1859. Boston to S. F. 108 days. Arrived May 25, 1860. Sold to Norwegian Account, her rig changed to a bark. In 1890 she appears under the British flag, W. J. Smith, owner. In 1859, while off Cape Horn, she was struck by an immense sperm whale which appeared to be badly injured. The ship lost part of her stem and her pumps had to be kept going until her arrival at destination.

Robin Hood. Extreme clipper ship, 1181 tons. Owners, Howes & Crowell. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Her maiden passage Boston to S. F. in 127 days. Thereafter she made eleven runs from N. Y. to S. F., two of which were made in 107 days. From S. F. she made five direct runs to N. Y., the fastest being 88 days in 1862. Her time on the others was 107, 108, 117 and 117 days. Destroyed by fire at Baker's Island, Pacific Ocean, August 30, 1869, while loading guano for Queenstown, Ireland.

Lamplighter. Bark, 365 tons. Owners, Lombard, *et al.* Built by Hayden & Cudworth. N. Y. for Gibraltar. Captured and burned October 15, 1862, by the *Alabama* in lat. 41° 10' N., long. 59° 17' W.

Osborn Howes. Medium clipper ship, 1050 tons. Owners, Crowell Brooks & Co. Sold to Howes & Crowell. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Boston to S. F. 153 days, arrived January 20, 1855. N. Y. to S. F. 124 days, arrived April 30, 1856. Sold to British Acct. August, 1864. Last report 1870.

Rambler. Ship, 1119 tons. Owners, Baxter Brothers of Yarmouth, Mass., and Israel Nash of Boston. Sold to Carleton 1860 (O. K. 1864). Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Name changed to *Fanny*.

Elmwood. Bark, 339 tons. Owners, Edward Bartlett and Augustus Hemenway, *et al.*, Boston Built by Melzar P. Delano.

Wm. H. Starkey of Boston. Pilot schooner, 78 tons. Owners, Matthew and Reuben S. Hunt of Boston. Built by John Wade, Jr.

Ocean Telegraph. Extreme clipper ship, 1495 tons. Owners, Reed, Wade & Co. of Boston. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. "No expense was spared to make her one of the most perfect and beautiful ships ever built. The bow raked boldly forward, flaring gracefully, and was ornamented with a beautiful carved female figure with forks of lightning playing around She was very sharp, with a long, clean run tapering like that of a pilot boat. Her light and graceful stern was ornamented with carved work surrounding a figure of Neptune. She had a fine sheer, and every line and moulding harmonized her whole length." She made eight passages to S. F. from N. Y. The average of seven of these is under 117 days, and of the eight is 121 days. She made five passages from S. F. to N. Y., of which four were under 100 days. The average of the five is 96.8 days. Portions of a number of these runs were very close to record. Fastest outward passage to S. F. 105 days, 20 hours. Fastest return passage 90 days. In 1855 she made the run from Callao to N. Y. in 58 days, believed to be the fastest on record. Sold to Jas. Baines & Co. of London for £7060 and renamed *Light Brigade*. Changed to a bark in 1875. Condemned and converted into a coal hulk at Gibraltar in 1883. Last report 1891.

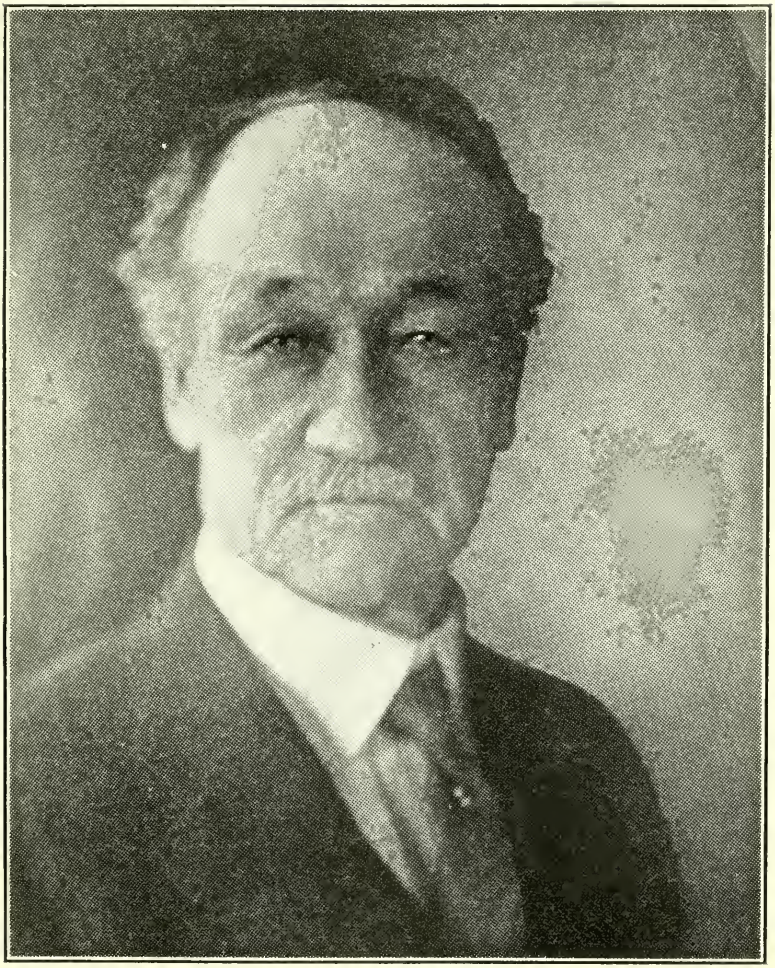
Ocean Express. Medium clipper ship, 1697 tons. Owners, Reed, Wade & Co. of Boston Sam'l G. Reed & Co., successors. Built by J. O. Curtis. A gilded eagle was her figurehead. Her rig was changed from single topsails to Howes double topsails after her first voyage. She had hard luck with head winds and calms on all her California passages. Her runs from N. Y. to S. F. were 135, 125, 136, 139, 148 and 143 days. From Boston to S. F. 137 days. In 1857 she made 364 miles in 24 hours. In 1861-62 she was engaged as a U. S. army transport. Sold to Peruvian Acct. in 1872. Reported having made the run from Callao to California coast in 31 days, which is close to the record. Under Costa Rica colors for a time. Sold to German Acct. and name changed to *Friedrich* in 1876. Sold subsequently to Norwegians. Reported abandoned in the North Atlantic Ocean in 1890. Largest ship built in Medford.

Enoch Train. Steam tug, 384½ tons. Owners, Boston Steam Tow-Boat Co. Built by J. O. Curtis.

Good Hope. Ship, 1295 tons. Owners, James Burritt, *et al.*, of N. Y. Built by James O. Curtis. Name changed to *Frederick Hasselman*. N. Y. to S. F. 143 days, arrived November 11, 1855. Lost near Quebec in 1881.

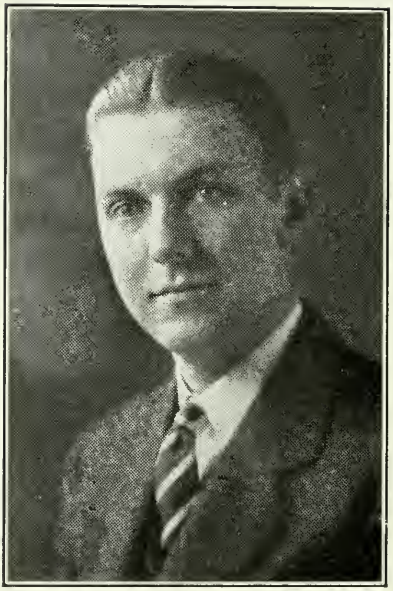
Norwester. Clipper ship, 1267 tons. Owners, J. T. Coolidge & Co. of Boston. Sold to R. F. C. Hartley, *et al.*, of Boston in 1864. Built by S. Lapham. N. Y. to S. F. in 122, and 195 days. Boston to S. F. 132, 131 and 139 days. Boston to Calcutta in 91 days, claimed to be second best on record. Return voyage in 95 days. New Orleans for Liverpool with cargo of cotton, burned at Key West, November 23, 1873.

Emma. Ship, 857 tons. Owners, James Wellman, *et al.*, of Charleston, S. C. Built by Joshua T. Foster. Last report 1885.



Hon. LEWIS H. LOVERING

President of the Medford Co-operative Bank Since 1912



FORREST E. THOMPSON
Present Treasurer and Clerk Since 1928

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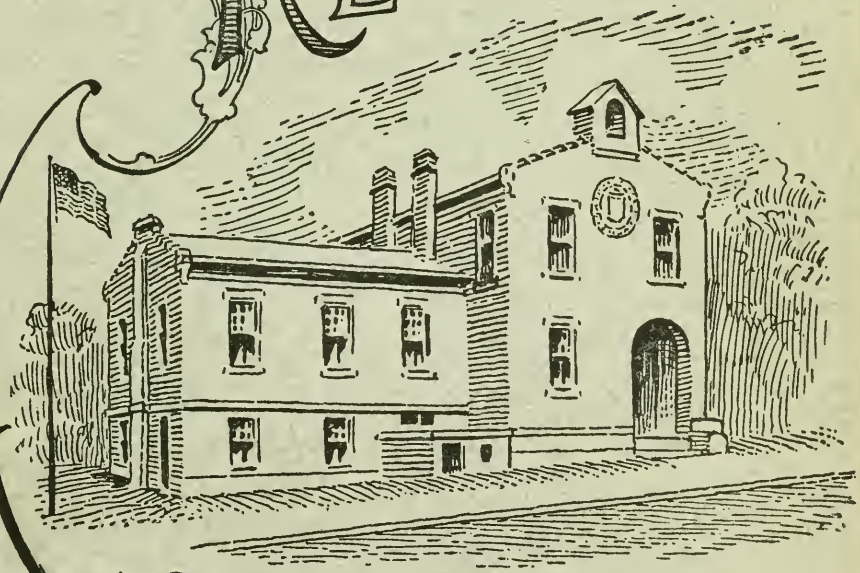

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

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THE OLD TIME MEDFORD TOWN MEETING.

A PLAY.

Copyrighted by Wilson Fiske and Ruth Dame Coolidge.

THE PROLOGUE AND THE FIRST, SECOND AND FOURTH SCENES BY WILSON FISKE, THE THIRD SCENE BY RUTH DAME COOLIDGE.

FOREWORD.

THE composition of "The Old Time Medford Town Meeting" was first suggested by Rev. Mr. Dethlefs, Minister of the First Parish in Medford.

The series of representations celebrating Medford's tercentenary year had been inaugurated by "A Seventeenth Century Church Service" in the auditorium of the First Parish Church on Sunday, February 23, 1930, under Mr. Dethlefs' direction. This met with so much favor as to draw forth many requests for its repetition, both from people who had attended the service and from some of those who were unable to gain admission for lack even of standing room.

But the church meeting was strictly a religious service in form, and singularly dignified and reverent in character, and Mr. Dethlefs hesitated to take any action which might tend to make it appear dramatic or show-like. However, he was willing to arrange for some other form of memorial by which the First Parish might close the tercentenary season it had so happily opened. It occurred to him that, having begun with a church meeting, it might be fitting to finish with the one other absorbing function of Puritan New England, a town meeting, and during the presentation in June of Mrs. Coolidge's "Pageant of the Mystic" he asked me if I would undertake to write something appropriate to that purpose.

I was by no means confident of my ability to produce anything satisfactory in the line of pageant or play, but

expressed my interest and agreed to do what I could. Much diligent and very interesting research among the ancient town records suggested the idea of setting forth the doings of some one actual meeting, adding to the records only such procedure as must necessarily be presumed to have had place in carrying out the business of that meeting. This told a story truly, and made a picture — which was very much black-and-white until Mrs. Coolidge's fancy and her brush added the color and perspective by portraying the women and the home.

The "Town Meeting" was presented by members of the First Parish at their Parish House, under the direction of Mr. Dethlefs, December 3, 1930, for the benefit of the Parish, the cast being as follows: —

STEPHEN WILLIS, Town Clerk	MR. EVERETT W. STONE
JOHN BRADSHAW, Constable	MR. PAUL S. FISKE
JOHN HALL	MR. PHILIP W. JOHNSON
PETER TUFTS, Selectman and Representative,	MR. LOUIS C. DETHLEFS
CALEB BROOKS	MR. WILSON FISKE
THOMAS WILLIS	MR. LAWRENCE B. MOORE
STEPHEN FRANCIS	MR. WALTER R. MAGOUN
JOHN WHITMORE	MR. EDWARD M. PETERS
MARY BRADSHAW	MRS. GEORGE F. WESTON, JR.
MOLLY BRADSHAW	MISS REBECCA NICHOLS
HANNAH FRANCIS	MRS. ARTHUR L. FINNEY
JEMIMA HALL	MRS. CLARA W. JACKSON
ANNA TUFTS	MISS DOROTHEA DEIGNAN
JOHN BROCUS	MR. SIDNEY T. GUILD
MERCY TUFTS	MRS. EDWARD W. HAYES
MADAM WADE	MRS. WILSON FISKE
ABIGAIL	MISS RUTH ALDEN COOLIDGE
WILLIAM PATTIN	DR. EVERETT A. TISDALE
NATHAN WADE	MR. PERCY S. BRAYTON
JOHN FRANCIS	MR. WILLIAM P. CLARK
EBENEEZER BROOKS,	MR. WILLIAM BRADFORD COOLIDGE

And on April 15, 1931, it was repeated at the same place, through the courtesy and with the co-operation of the First Parish members, by, and for the benefit of, the Medford Historical Society, the cast being the same as before, with these exceptions:

Miss Katherin Howe appeared as Anna Tufts.

Mr. Donald Fiske appeared as John Francis.

At the first presentation the prologue was read by Mr. Fiske; at the second by Hon. Frederick W. Fosdick, who was introduced by Mrs. Coolidge.

—WILSON FISKE.

THE PROLOGUE.

A Medford Town Meeting of the Seventeenth Century may be known to us by date and by its results, because the town records of the last quarter of that century are still with us, and bear evidence of painstaking efforts at precision and completeness. Some of them, by the way, are remarkable for their admirable chirography, as they are for their peculiar orthography and sometimes construction.

But the reports of the meetings are for the most part mere records of the enactments of that most puissant legislative body, the town. They do not give us insight into the processes, by debate or otherwise, through which these results were had, nor note the many touches of homely quaintness which must have characterized their progress, and which we should so much enjoy to read. Motions lost were not recorded.

Therefore a representation of such a scene must be, as to these details, wholly imaginative. But usually the place, the personnel and the costuming we know somewhat in detail, and we know something of the form of procedure. Members of the First Parish, familiar with the forms and requirements of its present-day meetings, will readily recognize these parish meetings as the direct descendants of the town meetings of the days when town and parish were one.

The particular meeting which we have chosen for presentation in full was the first meeting after the completion of the first meeting-house in Medford, and it seems to have been interested almost wholly with business concerning that edifice, which we must remember was built to serve the purposes of both church and town hall.

The "covenant" with its builders called for a building thirty feet by twenty-seven feet, and sixteen feet high. To get an idea by comparison we may consider that this auditorium in front of the stage would almost exactly contain two such buildings. The house had but one room at that time, no gallery and no pews. It had real glass in the windows. The roof was shingled and the walls clapboarded and brick-filled. The floor was of native pine. Of course, when used for town meetings the space covered by the pulpit and by the deacons' seat in front of that, was unused. But the

table in front of the deacons' seat might well be useful to the clerk and moderator. The pews were built later, one by one, and always at the expense of the occupants. The right to build each pew was granted specifically by the town as a special mark of consideration. The building of the pews necessarily restricted the floor space for the seats, and led to the building of the gallery as the church population increased. When the meeting-house was built the "ratable" heads and estates were twenty-seven. This might give a total population of perhaps one hundred and fifty and a church attendance which might easily overfill the little meeting-house.

We do not know that there were any prescriptive rights to special seats within its one room at the town meetings, but the seating of the congregation at public worship on Sunday was a solemn and momentous question, not easy of handling, probably seldom adjusted to universal satisfaction, usually productive of heartburnings and differences of opinion not quite in keeping with that injunction of St. Paul's "In honor to prefer one another."

Our forbears were but scantily democratic in their inherited ideas of social rank and station, to which they clung tenaciously, however boldly they repudiated the political principles of their mother country. We know that the first placing of this congregation was not wholly acceptable, and required revising a few years later.

The time of which we treat was some seventeen years before the town had any settled minister, and before what was known as the "gathering" of the church. But the "church" at that time meant always the religious organization, and never a building. The building was in no sense sacred, and was subject to the customs and control of the church only when it was used for religious services; which, however, might very well be its most frequent and important use.

In those particulars on which information is obtainable, we have tried to present the picture with accuracy on all significant points. Peter Tufts *was* moderator at this meeting. Stephen Willis *was* town clerk (which title he pronounced "clark" and usually spelled with two c's — clerck).

The selectmen were Peter Tufts, John Francis and Nathan Wade; the tithing man was Jonathan Tufts; Nathaniel Hall was surveyor of highways; and John Francis and Ebeneezer Brooks were fence-viewers.

Thomas Willis was in fact the newly elected constable. But Thomas Willis appears before us rather as the donor to the town of the meeting-house lot. For this reason, and to avoid confusion of his name with that of his brother Stephen, we have taken the liberty to extend the term of office of John Bradshaw (or Bradshur, or Bradshoe, as it was variously written), who had been town constable until within a few weeks previously.

We may even know fairly well who else were present. The town meetings were called by the selectmen, in the name of the Crown, and the summons thereto was served by the town constable. All the "ratable" males were included, and absentees from the meeting were fined for non-performance of public duty. Incidentally, any refusal to accept office was also punished by a handsome fine. Here in matters political was democracy indeed, beside which our own attempts thereat decidedly pale. Under this system the town "rates" or tax lists would give us very nearly the personnel of the meetings of corresponding dates. For instance, we have the "rate" authorized by the identical meeting represented, and we have the list of original subscribers to the building fund of the meeting-house, with the amount of each contribution. It may not be amiss to explain that "town rates" meant taxes levied by the town, while "country rates" were imposed by the General Court.

The transactions of the meeting presented have been followed with equal faithfulness. With the exception of one clause borrowed from the record of a subsequent meeting and used to illustrate a characteristic trait, the resolutions passed are taken from the town record of that meeting and so far as possible are verbatim — even literatim — copies thereof. No business but the business of the day has been presented, and none omitted. The methods of voting are authentic.

The same care to keep within the record applies to that portion of a second town meeting which is presented for your acceptance. And the episodes set forth between the two will sufficiently justify themselves without apology, even though their details are necessarily based on tradition rather than the town records. The locale, the characters, their relationships, and apparently their views, if not their action, are historical. The locale of the meeting of the committee men will be obvious if we recall that a considerable portion of the ancient highway northwestward from the bottle-neck at Cradock Bridge is still called Woburn street.

The Bradshaw house still stands, albeit more modern buildings have destroyed its view of the meeting-house site. The two other dwelling houses named in the text complete the trio of Medford residences then and now functioning as such, and have now nearly completed the fulfillment of Madam Wade's prophecy.

And now, having shown our hand, we 'll play it, and hope for yours.

SCENE I.

THE TOWN MEETING IN THE NEW MEETING-HOUSE. May 25, 1696.

"Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

CURTAIN.

Interior of the new meeting-house discovered; perhaps not quite finished; a table; no fixed seats; several stools, chairs and impromptu seats of different kinds; with some attempt at orderliness and neatness under difficulties.

Enter the men of the town, singly and in groups, with greetings for each other, and any casual, appropriate conversation. Possibly one or two still swallowing a hurried breakfast after doing the chores.

Enter Willis, town clerk, with book, bundle of pens, ink-well and sand-box, all which he deposits on the table. Then he looks about to see if the room is in order for the meeting, and makes some small changes in the setting. The men stand about in groups without order, and of course are particularly in disorder when Stephen Willis advances to table and raps the meeting to order.

STEPHEN WILLIS. John Bradshaw, Constable, thou wert required
By the Selectmen, in due ordered course,
To notify the people of our town,
The freeholders and other habitants,
That here within their meeting-house they do
Convene in general town meeting; now
To see how may the town be minded well
To act upon those questions in the writ
Set forth — Hast thou so done?

BRADSHAW. Aye Master Clerk,
All this hath been most faithfully performed.
In name of his most gracious Majesty,
Yea, William, even him of Orange, King
Of England, Ireland, Scotland and of France,
By grace of God; Defender of the Faith;
By order of our town's Selectmen, and
In virtue of mine office and the law;
I, Bradshaw, duly chosen Constable,
With fifteen days of notice, as required,
Did warn and summon all and singular
The men of this our Medford, that they meet
At seven of the clock in the forenoon,
Upon the five and twentieth day instant,
That is to say, of May, the year of grace
One thousand and six hundred ninety-six,

And of the reign of our good King the VIIIth,
Within their meeting-house upon the hill
Hard by the Marble Brook; therein to take
Such lawful action on the town's affairs,
(Being within the purview of the writ),
As may be for the common good and to
The glory of Almighty God — Amen.

And this same writ have I upon the door
Of our said meeting-house displayed, and eke
Have ta'en such further means for its report
As by the law commanded.

WILLIS. Wherefore we,
Thus timely warned and legally, and now
Being so met, do stand in lawful case
To hold discourse upon our town's affairs,
And so to act as may our conscience fit.
And first, by all use, custom and the law,
We now proceed to choose from out our men
A Moderator. I await your wish
Hereon.

JOHN HALL. I do propose that we elect
To moderate our meeting, Peter Tufts,
Our Representative at General Court.

WILLIS. Which nomination, I perceive at once
Is seconded by Goodman Whitmore, and (*Whitmore nods*)
If other nominations there be none,
We may proceed to vote. What do I hear?
Leftenant Tufts is chosen by acclaim! (*All, Aye, Aye.*)
So be it then — Leftenant Peter Tufts
Is chosen Moderator, I proclaim.

TUFTS (*exchanging places with Willis*).
Let us invoke a blessing from on high. (*Reads a prayer.*)
Have we at hand a copy of the writ?

WILLIS. Aye, sir, it lies before you on the desk.

MODERATOR. My thanks — 'Tis here set forth we are to see
What steps the town will take to "dignify,"
Or place our people in their meeting-house.
What is your pleasure here?

C. BROOKS. It doth behoove
Us that we act upon this weighty point
With all discretion and decorum due.
'Twere seemly our inhabitants be placed
With such respect to age and quality,

Nor not without regard for generous gifts
Toward the building of our meeting-house,
As that our meetings shall be surely marked
With proper dignity and aspect grave.
Considerations like to these require
Much earnest, even prayerful argument,
More fitted to deliberations apt
Of wiser heads amongst us, and a corps
Less numerous than this our forum. I
Do therefore move appointment now by us
Of a committee bidden to this task.

WILLIS. Aye, but, in such case who shall fitly place
The placers? Shall they justly seat themselves?
Not so, I trow. Our wiser men would not
So undertake to do.

BROOKS. Indeed I am
Persuaded thou art right, nor did I think
To put such situation to our men.
I would amend my motion to provide
That our Selectmen first of all shall place
Those men, appointed then to place the rest.

MODERATOR. How many shall on this committee be,
And who?

BROOKS. The Moderator I would say;
The rest, I am content they shall be named
By wisdom of the Moderator — and
For number I would counsel five in all.

MODERATOR. You hear the mind of Brother Brooks. Are there
Objections to this method? If not so
We may proceed to vote on't. Those who would
So many be appointed so, for such
Most weighty service, now will show their will,
Erecting each a hand to show the same. (*A pause.*)
Or, otherwise if minded, by the same
Signification, *now*. Plainly it is
Affirmatively voted. (*A pause.*) I do name
To this committee Caleb Brooks, John Hall,
Our Town Clerk, Stephen Willis, and to these
Good men and true add Stephen Francis' name. (*A pause.*)
There hath been courteous application made
That Major Nathan Wade have liberty
To build within the meeting-house a pew.
Is this in keeping with the town's desire?

JOHN HALL. I move to grant such liberty, with this
Proviso, Major Wade invite some one
Or two to sit with him.

MODERATOR. Do we agree
With this? (*A pause.*) It is so voted — Major Wade
We find hath liberty to build a pew
When he shall see good reason so to do. (*A pause.*)
It now appears that to the land whereon
Our meeting-house doth stand, no title yet
Is vested in the town. Much do we owe
To our good Brother Thomas Willis, that
He hath provided for our use this place,
Nor would we he should feel the least distrust
There might be aught uneasy to our minds;
But yet in fairness to the town, and him,
It seemeth we should make the record clear,
Against all accidents.

THOMAS WILLIS. I am content,
Nay, much desirous to provide defense
Against such ills — and I do move to make
Instructions to our good Selectmen now
To that good end.

MODERATOR. Well, then, 'tis put to vote
That the Selectmen duly "go to get
Sufficient title to the ground whereon
This meeting-house is built." In favor, "Aye";
Opposéd "No." (*A pause.*) Unanimously aye.
And so in the affirmative the clerk
The vote will duly place on record. (*A pause.*) Next,
The writ recites that certain persons' heads
Are free by law from country rates, because
Of age, or otherwise; and we are called
To say if these same heads by us shall be
Now rated to the meeting-house, and to
The other charges of the town as well.

BRADSHAW. Unless there be good reason contra shown
I do so move; that is to say, that they
Be rated to the charges of the town.

FRANCIS. Which motion I support.

MODERATOR. 'Tis duly moved
And seconded. (*A pause.*) If there be no debate
Let those in favor vote by show of hand —
Enough — And now against the motion — None!
Note, Master Clerk.

And now it doth appear,
The carpenters that built the meeting-house
Have work performed more than they bargained for.
The writ doth bid us see what shall be done
To satisfy such charges just hereon,
As may be found.

HALL. The workmen who have reared
By labor of their hands this edifice
To be our house of worship, and as well
Our place of business, if they have wrought
Beyond the obligation by them ta'en,
Not meaning such excess to be their gift,
(For each of them already has set down
His name in contribution to the fund,
And each, like us, is subject to the rate
Imposed therefor), in fairness should receive
Just payment for the work by them so done.

BRADSHAW. But if the work performed beyond their gage
Hath not been authorized, nor may not be
Full needful to the house, we should beware
How that we spend the substance of the town
Unwarranted by our necessities.
Tho' we be blessed in many comforts now
Our fathers found not easy in their day,
Yet are we fain to watch with care our purse,
Being but ill bestead in that.

WHITMORE. I would
We have from the committee by the town
Appointed to the building of the house
Opinion on the value of this work.
How saith our Brother Brooks?

BROOKS. Why, that the work
Was proper and most needful to the house
And greatly forwards our convenience in't.
In sooth, we felt it must be had, and by
Our acquiescence sanctioned it, I think.
So stands the case.

WHITMORE. To me it seems most wise
We put the settlement of this affair
In hands of our Selectmen: and I move
"'Tis left with the Selectmen to agree
With the said workmen on the price of work
That 's done, more than their bargain as 'foresaid;
And that the said Selectmen are empowered
To make a town rate for their payment" just.

MODERATOR. The motion you have duly heard. Is there
Debate on any further point? If not
What is your pleasure on 't? Is 't seconded?

SEVERAL. By me! By me! By me!

MODERATOR. 'Tis so indeed.
By show of hands we 'll indicate our will.
In favor, now. (*Pause.*) And now opposed. (*Pause.*) The ayes
Are in majority by far. (*A pause.*) The Clerk
Will note 'tis in affirmative.
Is there
Aught else at this time we should do? (*A pause.*) Not so,
I find. A motion to adjourn would now
Be timely. (*A pause.*) 'Tis so moved, and voted; I
Do therefore rule this meeting is dissolved.

(*Curtain. All standing.*)

SCENE II.

A MEETING OF THE BUILDING COMMITTEE ON THE OBORN ROAD.

March 6, $\frac{1699}{1700}$

"*Man that is born of woman.*"

(*Enter right, John Bradshaw and Stephen Francis.*)

FRANCIS. It seemeth, Master Bradshaw, we two are set, with Brother Whitmore — nay, here cometh Master Whitmore now.

(*Enter Whitmore, left.*)

Good even, Brother Whitmore, and well met. Thy name but now was on our lips.

WHITMORE. Good even, good friends! My name upon your lips? But why?

FRANCIS. Why, thou knowest, — but I bethink me now, thou wert not at town meeting this forenoon. Thou shouldst have good excuse for that, else standest thou in danger of a fine for non-performance of a public duty!

WHITMORE. I am but now returning home from Cambridge, where my good wife's father lieth ill of a fever. Surely a journey of charity excuseth much.

BRADSHAW. Aye, so it should. We trust by God's mercy thou has left Master Eliot in mending health. But thou shouldst know at once: — The meeting this day voted that the town will build a gallery in our meeting-house, with three seats in the gallery. The seats to run through from one end of the gallery to the other, and a pair of stairs made to go up at each end.

And the seats to be parted in the middle, the one half for men and the other half for women. And the town did choose thyself and Brother Francis here and me to agree with whoso may build the gallery as 'foresaid.

WHITMORE. Meseemeth all this will make much work and cost; what with two pairs of stairs and the partition in the midst; and all to gain but three seats across.

I suppose, nàtheless, we fain would make room below for the pews of Madame Wade and Master Thomas Willis. Our town must fail not in the honor due both quality and service.

FRANCIS. Aye truly. But before me riseth another doubt as well; mayhap a greater. Talk not of trouble till thou hast seen the sorrows of a seating committee! Thou knowest I did my endeavor, with much prayer and travail of spirit, on the placing committee, with our honorable Representative Tufts, and the Clerk, and Master Brooks, and Brother Hall, to seat the congregation as might be fitting to their stations. And yet I misdoubt me there is not one satisfied, save those that sit in the women's pew in the one corner, and Thomas Willis' in the other, and the deacons' seat between the two; and their seats be prescribed. The men might be dealt with, by good fortune and patience — but the women!!! And now I foresee we must e'en go through it all again, apportioning the gallery seats.

But the women must be borne with — the good Lord bless them.

BRADSHAW. Amen! 'Twould be no marvel, when we come to the placing, if the town saw fit to change its mind; but our present duty is laid out.

Let's to our task then, like the steadfast men we be. (*Exeunt.*)

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Recent gifts to the Society include a watch imported from England in 1820 by Dr. Luther Stearns, a member of the well-known family whose name is intimately connected with the history of Medford. It has a silver case, and is a valuable addition to the Society's collection.

Among other gifts received from the grandson of Major George L. Stearns is the dress sword which the major wore when on recruiting service during the Civil War. As is known, the major was active in recruiting the colored soldiers during the rebellion. Major Stearns was a friend of John Brown, and perhaps it was from him that he got the "Pike," which is also one of the me-

mentos received. The pole, which is about six feet long, carries on the end a double-edged dagger about eight inches in length, and is a most formidable weapon.

Entirely different from this relic of war is an exquisitely made yarn-holder, evidently used by the major's wife. It is collapsible, and may be mounted on a stand. Surely an emblem of industry when knitting was an art and not an affectation.

Since the last publication of the HISTORICAL REGISTER bids have been called for the building of two new schools in Medford. A new James A. Hervey school, containing eight rooms, is to be erected in West Medford upon the site of the old school bearing the same name, which has been demolished. It will cost approximately $80,000, and is designed by Francis Whitten, Jr., of Hutchins and French. Mr. Whitten designed the new Gleason school on Playstead road, which was opened in September. The second school to be erected is located in the Forest park section, on Governors avenue, near the Lawrence Memorial Hospital. This building will replace the portable school used at present. It will contain six rooms, and provisions have been made for a community hall, for use by the residents in that district. It was designed by McLaughlin and Burr, and will cost around $90,000 when completed.

When contracts for these schools have been awarded the work will go forward at once.

It is expected they will be completed and ready for occupancy beginning next school year.

With the removal of the car tracks on High street from Winthrop square to Medford square, and the resurfacing of the street, which is progressing at the present time, Medford will have another fine thoroughfare to her credit. The street is already completed from Winthrop square to West Medford station and is one of the most attractive streets to be found in any suburb.

A foot-bridge is being erected over the railroad tracks near the Boston and Maine station in West Medford for the benefit of the school children attending the Gleason school and for residents of that section of the city.

OLD SHIPS AND SHIP-BUILDING DAYS OF MEDFORD.

By Hall Gleason.

(Continued from Medford Historical Register, June, 1931.)

1853- **Asterion.** Medium clipper ship, 1135 tons. Owners, David Snow & Co., Boston. Sold August, 1860, to Bucklin & Crane of N. Y. N. Y. to S. F. 131 days. Wrecked on a reef near Baker's Island, Pacific Ocean, September 24, 1863. An account of her loss is given by Capt. W. H. McLain in his "Reminiscences." "In 1863, at the age of seventeen, he sailed as one of the crew in the *Asterion* for Howland's Island. On her return she was lost on Baker's Island. . . . The crew had great difficulty in fighting their way through the surf to the beach. A few stores and some wreckage drifted ashore and out of the latter rude huts were constructed. For over two months they dragged out a miserable existence, their principal food being snakes, which they dug from their holes in the ground, and sea birds which they caught. A constant lookout was kept for passing vessels and finally a sail was sighted which they were able to signal and which took them off. It was the *Herald of the Morning.*"

Ship, 1300 tons. Not sold. Built by J. T. Foster.

1855. **Sancho Panza** of Boston. Medium clipper ship, 876 tons. Owners, John E. Lodge & Co. of Boston. Built by Samuel Lapham. Sold British Acct. March, 1863, and renamed *Nimrod.* Sold later to Germans, rig altered to bark. Sailed from Pictou, N. S., for Liverpool on October 31, 1890, and never heard from.

Young Greek of Boston. Bark, 458½ tons. Owners, Alpheus Hardy & Co. of Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis. Sold British Acct. April, 1864.

Conquest. Ship, 1064 tons. Owners, Alpheus Hardy and Joshua Sears, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis for above. Wrecked at Harbor Island December 2, 1865, while bound for New Orleans from Boston.

Pleiades. Ship, 597 tons. Owners, Benjamin N. Allen and Ambrose H. White, *et al.*, Boston. Built by J. T. Foster. Destroyed by fire May 16, 1859, near the Isaac's, Bahamas, while bound for Queenstown with cotton from New Orleans.

Luocothea. Ship, 950 tons. Owners, ——. Built by J. T. Foster.

Zephyr. Bark, 414¼ tons. Owners, Sylvester K. Small of Boston. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Sold and hailed from San Francisco May, 1868. Newcastle, N. S. W., to S. F. Wrecked on Mayne Islands February 13, 1872.

Rival. Ship, 983 tons. Owners, Howes & Crowell of Boston. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Sailed from Rangoon, Burmah, March 27, 1872, for Falmouth, England, and was never heard from.

Electric Spark. Medium clipper ship, 1216 tons. Owners, Thatcher Magoun & Son of Boston. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Sister ship to clipper *Thatcher Magoun.* Maiden voyage, Boston to S. F., 106 days, and the only one in which she did not meet unfavorable conditions. Crew mutined on a voyage from S. F. to Callao in 1857, and had possession of the ship for two weeks. Captain Titcomb was locked in his cabin and would have starved except for a supply of preserved food of which the cook and steward, who were part of the mutineers, were ignorant of. Struck Conninbeg Rock near the Wexford coast, Ireland, September 26, 1869, was beached and became a total loss.

Goddess. Ship, 1126 tons. Owners, Baxter Brothers, 1855. Sold to N. C. Nash & Co. February, 1861. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Sold to Norwegian Acct. September, 1864. Name changed to *Nordens-Drouning.*

Thatcher Magoun. Medium clipper ship, 1248 tons. Owner, Thatcher Magoun. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. Her figurehead was a life-like image of the father of ship building on the Mystic, and who died the year she was launched. She made five passages from Boston to S. F., the fastest being 113 days and the slowest 152 days: seven from N. Y. to S. F., fastest 117 and slowest 149; two from Liverpool in 150 and 115 days. The average of the fourteen is 128.7 days. S. F. to N. Y. in 96 days in 1869. Sold to Norwegian Acct. and renamed *Hercules.* Reported lost off the coast of Africa in the early '80s.

Goodspeed of Boston. Schooner, 283½ tons. Owners, David Hinckley, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by Hayden & Cudworth.

Captain Paine. Bark, 512 tons. Built by Hayden & Cudworth.

1856. **Silver Star.** Ship, 1195 tons. Owners, Reed & Wade, *et al.*, Sam'l G. Reed, successor. Built by J. O. Curtis. Wrecked while loading guano, November 10, 1860, at Jarvis Island, South Pacific Ocean, for the U. S.

Flying Mist. Medium clipper ship, 1183 tons. Owners, Theodore and George B. Chase of Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis. Her figurehead was a full-length female in flowing garments. She received favorable notice in all the ports she visited. Boston to S. F. in 115 days in 1857, during which she made only 374 miles in eleven days and was off the California coast for three days. N. Y. to S. F. in 123 days in 1859. Blown ashore and became a total loss at Bluff Harbor, New Zealand, with a cargo of sheep and merchandise from Glasgow, Scotland. The crew, the 18 shepherds, and 820 out of the 1760 sheep aboard were saved, the rest of the cargo lost. Last of the California clipper ships built in Medford.

Bold Hunter. Ship, 797 tons. Owners, Paul Sears and Reuben Hopkins, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by James O. Curtis for above. Captured and burned October 6, 1863, about lat. 19° N., long. 20° 35' W., by Confederate cruiser *Georgia* while bound for Calcutta with coal from Dundee, Scotland.

Young Turk of Boston. Bark, 384 tons. Owners, Alpheus Hardy & Co. of Boston. Built by James O. Curtis. Made passage Boston to Gibraltar, 1859, in 15 days.

Addie Snow of Boston. Ship, 989 tons. Owners, David Snow, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by J. T. Foster. Lisbon for Santos with salt. Struck some rocks near Fort Lage, mouth of the harbor, on August 18, 1861, was beached and became a total wreck.

Hesperus. Ship, 1019 tons. Owners, Thomas B. Wales & Co. Built by J. T. Foster for above. Destroyed by fire January 8, 1861, at Woo Sing, China, while discharging coal from Liverpool.

1857. **Bunker Hill.** Ship, 994 tons. Owners, James Lee, Jr., of Boston and James O. Curtis of Medford. Built by James O. Curtis. Sold January, 1863, to Henry Gardner. (Capt. William P. Davis.) Burned at Manilla February 3, 1875, and sold foreign. Name changed to *Elcano*. Last report 1891.

Lizzie. Bark, 502 tons. Owners, C. Taylor & Co., 1859. Built by James O. Curtis. Sold October, 1863.

Wild Gazelle of Boston. Bark, 490 tons. Owners, Alpheus Hardy and Joshua W. Davis, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by James O. Curtis. (Tonnage new law 414.44.) Sold to Baltimore. Baltimore to Paysandu. Abandoned at sea in a sinking condition September 7, 1872.

1858. **Nautilus.** Ship, 551 tons. Owners, Lombard Whitney & Co. of Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis. Sold to German Acct. January, 1863. Name changed to *Ottone*. Sold Norwegian Acct. Name changed to *Christiania*. Last report 1894.

Curib. Bark, 212 tons. Built by J. O. Curtis.

Industry. Ship, 1070 tons. Owners, Theodore Chase & Co., 1858. George B. Chase, *et al.*, successors. Sold to Vernon Brown & Co. July, 1868. Built by J. O. Curtis. Sold December, 1870. Last report 1881.

Templar of Boston. Ship 791¼ tons. Owners, Thomas B. Wales & Co. of Boston. Sold to Baker & Morrill of Boston February, 1866. Built by J. T. Foster.

1859. **Mary Edson.** Bark, 369 tons. Owners, Moses Nickerson of Boston; Ryder & Hardy September, 1864. Built by James O. Curtis. Sailed from N. Y. with petroleum and lumber November 14, 1873, for Beyrout and was never heard from.

Cambridge. Screw steamer, 858 tons. Sold to U. S. Government July 30, 1861. Built by J. O. Curtis. Sold Philadelphia June 20, 1865. Name changed to *Minnetonka*. Owners, Sprague, Soule & Co. Last report 1885.

Mogul. Ship, 798 tons. Owners, William Perkins & Co. Built by J. T. Foster. Sold to British Acct. May, 1863. Quebec for Tyne. Abandoned at sea November 24, 1880.

1860. **Rebecca Goddard** of Boston. Bark, 487 tons. Owners, 1860-1870, Iasaigi & Goddard; May, 1870, Laforme & Frothingham; Rideout, Roberts & Co., 1875; C. S. Glidden. Built by James O. Curtis. (New tonnage 412.89.) Converted into a schooner, three masts, barge, 1893. 1894 1896 hailed and owned Pensacola, Fla. Last report 1896.

Mermaid. Ship, 503 tons. Owners, Lombard, Whitney & Co. Built by J. O. Curtis. Sold to French Acct. June, 1863. Name changed to *Blanche*.

Young Rover of Boston. Screw steamer aux. bark, 418¼ tons. Owners, Alpheus Hardy and Joshua W. Davis of Boston. Sold to U. S. Government July 27, 1861. Sold to —— Curtis of Boston June 22, 1865. Built by J. O. Curtis. Boston to the East Indies. Wrecked, June 29, 1866, on a reef ten miles south of Monefa Reef, near Zanzibar.

Matilda. Ship, 874 tons. Owner, J. Wellsman of Charleston, S. C. Built by Joshua Foster.

Punjuab. Ship, 780 tons. Owners, Thomas B. Wales & Co. of Boston. Built by J. T. Foster. Sold to British Acct. June, 1863. Name changed to *Benares*. Hong Kong for S. F. Lost December, 1862.

Mogul. Bark, 500 tons. Built by J. T. Foster.

1861. **Cutwater.** Ship, 985 tons. Owners, Henry Hastings & Co. Built by J. O. Curtis for above. Sold to German Acct. in 1882. Name changed to *Port Royal*. Arrived at Grimsby December 17, 1887, from Pensacola and was probably condemned.

Quisnell. Ship, 1025 tons. Owners, James Funk, *et al.*, of N. Y. Built by J. T. Foster. Last report 1896.

1862. **Somersetshire.** Ship, 1034 tons. Owners, E. S. Innes, *et al*, of N. Y. Built by James O. Curtis. Sold foreign and renamed *George Gilroy*. Condemned in 1889.

Pearl. Bark, 536 tons. Owners, George G. Ryder, Isaac Hardy, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis. Last report 1893.

D. C. Molay. S. S., 1300 tons. Built by J. T. Foster.

Agra. Ship, 951 tons. Owners, Thomas B. Wales & Co. Built by J. T. Foster. Name changed to *Heinrich*. Last report in 1896.

Tanjore of Boston. 907 tons. Built by J. T. Foster. (Tonnage new law 957.76.) Sold foreign and renamed *Anna*. Sold to Holland in 1874 and renamed *Betzy and Arnold*.

1863. **Nesutan.** Ship, 947 tons. Owners, James O. Curtis, *et al.*, of Medford. Built by J. O. Curtis. Sold foreign. Last report 1895.

Nepaul. Ship, 996 tons. Owners, Thomas B. Wales & Co. of Boston. Built by J. T. Foster. Sold to British Acct. April, 1864, and owned by Emmons & Son. Name changed to *Mutlah*. Sold to German Acct. Name changed to *Lina*. New River, N. B., to Liverpool, 17 days, in 1864. Abandoned waterlogged August 27, 1887, in lat. 36° 20' N., long. 71° 10' W., while bound for Dordrecht from Pensacola with lumber.

Cosamundal. Ship, 600 tons. Built by J. T. Foster.

Eastern Belle. Ship, 1030 tons. Owners, Walthew Cuthbert & Co. of Liverpool, Eng. Built by J. T. Foster. Last report 1880.

1864. **Fall River.** Screw steamer, 952 tons. Owners, Old Colony S. B. Co. of Fall River, Mass. Built by J. O. Curtis. Last report 1886.

1865. **Horatio Harris.** Ship, 1076 tons. Owners, J. S. Sturgis & Co. Built by J. O. Curtis. Sold Holland Acct. Name changed to *Samarang*. N. Y. for Sharpness. Sank near the entrance of N. Y. Harbor November 7, 1880, after a collision with steamer *Germanic*.

Nellie Hastings. Brig, 467 tons. Owners, Henry Hastings & Co. of Boston. Built by J. O. Curtis. Abandoned, sinking, after a heavy gale, March 13, 1875, in lat. 49° 38' N., long. 14° W., while bound for Singapore from Liverpool.

1866. **Madawaska.** Brig, 511 tons. Owner, H. Hastings. Built by Hayden & Cudworth. First voyage Boston to Richibucto, arrived June 18, 1866. Lost 1875.

1867. **John Worster.** Bark, 611 tons. Owners, Henry Hastings & Co. Built by J. O. Curtis for above. Last report 1895.

Mystic Belle of Boston. Ship, 754½ tons. Owners, 1867-1878, William Hammond & Co.; 1878-1890, Edward Lawrence, Jr.; 1890-1898, George M. Winslow. Built by J. T. Foster. Converted into schooner barge, three masts, in 1890. 1899-1902 owned and hailed from N. Y.

1868. **Springfield.** Ship, 1043 tons. Owners, Henry Hastings & Co. of Boston. Built by James O. Curtis. Sold to German Acct. 1880. Name changed to *Christina*. Biance. Last report 1897.

Don Quixote. Ship, 1174 tons. Owners, William Hammond, *et al.*, of Boston. Built by J. T. Foster for above. Sold German Acct. about 1879. Afterward sold Norwegian. Rig changed to bark. O. K. 1903.

1869. **Cashmere.** Ship, 936 tons. Owners, Henry Hastings & Co. Built by J. O. Curtis for above. Rig changed to bark, 1881. Abandoned September 12, 1885, in Van Diemen's Straits after being dismasted in a terrific typhoon while bound for Hiogo, Japan, with oil from Philadelphia.

J. T. Foster. Ship, 1207 tons. Owners, Nickerson & Co. Built by J. T. Foster. Sold Swedish Acct. in 1874. Name changed to *Grepen*. Rig changed to bark. Alive in 1900.

1873. **Pilgrim.** Ship, 956½ tons. Owners, Henry Hastings & Co. of Boston. Built by J. T. Foster. Rigged a bark in 1880. Sold to N. Y. parties about 1888. Wrecked on Turk's Island May 20, 1893, while bound for Cienfuegos, Cuba, with coal from Philadelphia.

NOTE: The term clipper ship refers to the fast type of ship built for the California trade between 1850 and 1856. The information concerning them is largely from "American Clipper Ships," by O. T. Howe and F. C. Matthews.

The abbreviation S. F. is for San Francisco; N. Y. for New York.

Owner's residence is Boston when not given.

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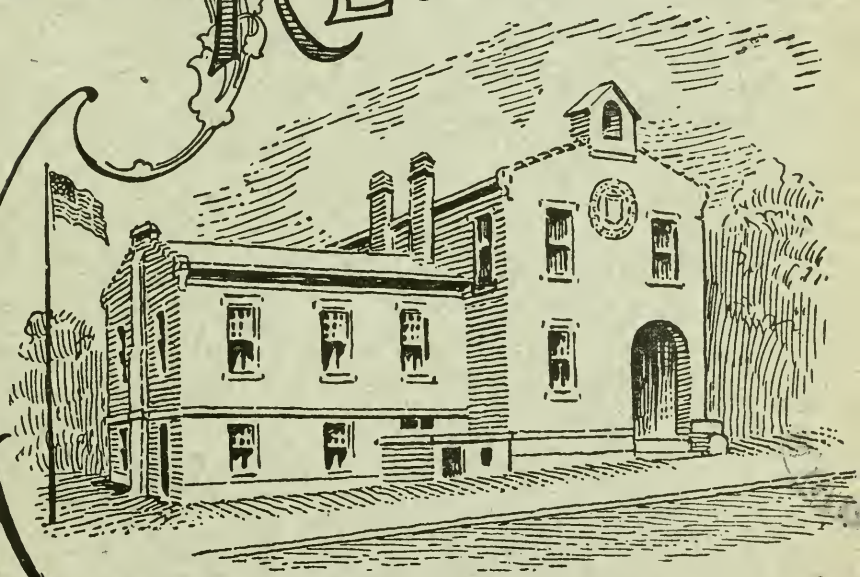
HISTORICAL REGISTER



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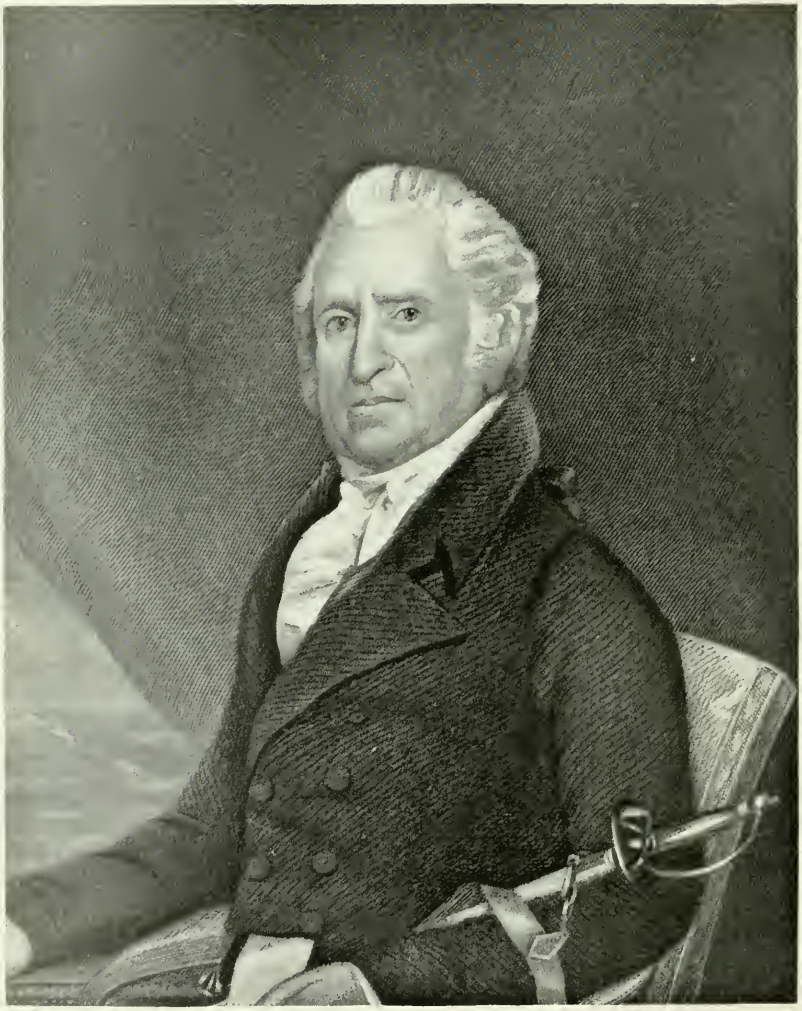
FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.



Gov. JOHN BROOKS.
Host of Washington in Medford.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XXXIV. DECEMBER, 1931. NO. 4.

MEDFORD AND GEORGE WASHINGTON.

RUTH DAME COOLIDGE AND RICHARD B. COOLIDGE.

[Presented, with amplifications by Richard B. Coolidge, before the Medford Historical Society at the Peter Tufts or Cradock House, November 23, 1931.]

PERHAPS no figure looms up from the past with the romance, charm and dignity of George Washington. Many a historic novel of the Revolution introduces him; many an old house in the early colonies claims to have harbored him overnight. Our Medford Royall House has a tradition that George Washington slept in the upper guest chamber, and that he found the somewhat elusive General Lee within its walls, but no authentic record exists to corroborate the very possible incident. Fortunately, however, the presence of Washington in Medford rests not only upon quite conclusive inference, but upon documentary proof.

Washington came to Massachusetts three times, and twice at least of the three times he came to Medford. He very possibly came all three.

His first visit to Massachusetts was in February, 1756, when as a young officer of twenty-four, already colonel and head of the colonial forces in Virginia, he came to Boston to consult Governor Shirley on a question of technical military precedence. Washington had met the governor before in Virginia when, before the disastrous battle of the Monongahela, Braddock had called the colonial governors to a council of war. Here in Alexandria, Governor Shirley had met Washington.* Governor Shirley's son and namesake had been secretary to General Braddock, and in the following battle had been killed in the height of action. Now Washington, who had brought off the remnant of the once proud British

* Irving's Washington.

army, came to General Shirley, commander-in-chief of the king's forces in America since the death of Braddock, and was entertained probably by the governor for about ten days.*

If we think of Washington only as a grave, unsmiling, careworn general we must change our conception of him when, in the eager enthusiasm of young manhood, with two of his aides and black servants, all resplendent in new liveries, he galloped along the rough, frozen roads of the eastern colonies. Washington was not only a magnificent horseman but a connoisseur of fine horses, and was always magnificently mounted, so that the little cavalcade was well worthy of the attention which it received all along the route.

In Boston he had a sad errand in telling Governor Shirley the details of the death of his son in battle. Apart from this, his stay must have been an absorbing and keen delight to him. He visited the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, in which the plans of military operations for the next year were being ably debated. In this Washington was intensely interested, not only from his military interest in the coming campaign, but from his knowledge of the Virginia legislature. The histories add that he received "the most hospitable attentions from the polite and intelligent society of the place, and visited various points of interest, such as Castle William in the harbor."

At this time Isaac Royall was on the governor's council, and Royall's Tory neighbor, Robert Temple of Ten Hills, the next estate, was Shirley's son-in-law. What more natural than that Washington, whose diary shows that he sometimes rode sixty miles a day, and who usually rode from Rockingham to Princeton, five miles, in forty minutes, should ride about the countryside of Boston and receive the hospitality of the governor's family and friends? And the country seat of Isaac Royall was one of the show places of the suburbs, mentioned by another

* Spark's Washington, Vol. I, p. 132.

traveler of Washington's time as being "One of the Grandest in North America."* This, however, is the purest surmise.

Washington's second visit to Boston was in 1775, as commander-in-chief of the American army. Boston, in which Washington had visited among the Tories, was already invested with a long line of siege-works and redoubts. At the top of Winter Hill, beyond the Medford line, was a fort. "On our side," wrote Washington to the president of Congress, July 10, 1775, "we have thrown up intrenchments on Winter and Prospect Hills, the enemy's camp in full view at the distance of a little more than a mile. . . . The troops raised in New Hampshire, with a regiment from Rhode Island, occupy Winter Hill; a part of those from Connecticut, under General Putnam, are on Prospect Hill." He also wrote in the same letter, "Upon my arrival I immediately visited the several posts occupied by our troops." In another letter to Richard Henry Lee in Congress he wrote, "Our lines on Winter and Prospect Hills and those of the enemy on Bunker's Hill are in full view of each other, a mile distant, our advance guards much nearer and the sentries almost near enough to converse." We know, in addition to this, that General Stark had his headquarters at the Royall House and his men in Medford, so that Washington, visiting the outposts of his army, must have come into Medford, and in this survey he probably visited the American general who now occupied the fine country seat of Isaac Royall. This, however, is inference, very probable, but not authenticated.

A more certain proof of Washington's presence in Medford comes with a deed of heroism familiar to every Medford school child. There lived in Medford at this time a brave, determined woman whose name was Sarah Bradlee Fulton. She had already helped her husband and brother when, after the Boston tea party, she and her sister had transformed them quickly from redmen

* Journal of Capt. Francis Goelet, October 21, 1750.

to colonials; after the battle of Bunker Hill she had helped to nurse the wounded soldiers brought back to Medford from the scene of battle. About where the Central Fire Station now stands was a large open space which had been turned into a rude field hospital, and there, from her home almost across the street, in a house whose site is now marked by a tablet, Sarah Bradlee Fulton came to help as nurse. Many of the unfortunate dead were buried together and their bodies later moved to the old Salem street cemetery, but others of the wounded were saved by the heroic efforts of the Medford women.

Miss Helen Wild writes*:—

During the siege of Boston, Major Brooks, later our honored governor, was given despatches by General Washington to be delivered inside the enemy's lines. Late one night he came to John Fulton, knowing his patriotism and his intimate knowledge of Boston, and asked him to undertake the trust. He was not able to go, but his wife volunteered. Her offer was accepted. A long, lonely, dangerous walk it was to the waterside in Charlestown but she reached it in safety, and finding a boat, rowed across the river. Cautiously making her way to the place she sought, she delivered her despatches and returned as she had come. When the first streak of dawn appeared she stood safe on her own doorstone.

In recognition of her services General Washington visited her. It is said that in the fashion of that day, John Fulton on that occasion brewed a potation whose chief ingredient was the far-famed product of the town. The little silver-mounted ladle was dipped in the steaming concoction and the first glass from Mrs. Fulton's new punch bowl was sipped by His Excellency. This was the proudest day of Sarah Fulton's life. The chair in which he sat and the punch bowl and ladle were always sacred, and are still treasured by her descendants.†

Another very human relationship of Washington was with John Brooks, who rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Continental army, and later, major-general of the militia of his state. During the war he was close to Washington in many campaigns, helping to fortify

* Historical Register, Vol. I, No. 2.

† The account of this visit of General Washington to Mrs. Fulton in the house on Main street was related by Mrs. Fulton to her grandson, Francis Wait, uncle of Judge William Cushing Wait.

Dorchester Heights, acting so distinguished a part in the retreat after the battle of White Plains that his regiment received the distinguished acknowledgments of Washington for its gallant conduct. With Washington, too, he suffered the winter of Valley Forge. But one of the moments in which he best served his commander was at the end of the war when, at Newburg, in March, 1783, the officers of the American army, exhausted by the campaign, not only in hardships and sacrifices but likewise in purse, for most of the officers had spent in their country's service all they owned and all they could borrow, were finally, by some rebellious patriots, urged to retain their arms and take by might what was due them by right. To Washington it seemed the crowning disgrace of the war, if the men who had served for freedom should turn their arms to self advantage, no matter how inherently unjust was their treatment. On this occasion the commander-in-chief, to whom this day was one of the most anxious of his life, rode up to Colonel Brooks with intent to ask how the officers stood affected. Finding him, as he expected, to be sound, he requested him to keep his officers within quarters to prevent them from attending the insurgent meeting. Brooks replied, "Sir, I have anticipated your wish and my orders are given." Washington, with tears in his eyes, took him by the hand and said, "Colonel Brooks, this is just what I expected from you."*

Colonel Brooks was to be one of Medford's greatest men — seven times governor of the Commonwealth — but his friendship with Washington was to have still another expression. In October, 1789, as first president of the United States, Washington set out on a tour of the country, partly "to acquire knowledge of the face of the country, the growth and agriculture thereof, and the temper and disposition of the inhabitants toward the new government," partly as a measure of health. It is always to be remembered that Washington was a success-

* Brooks' History of Medford.

ful farmer, a careful overseer of his own estate, a commander-in-chief who had given thorough inspection to his troops in time of war. So this tour may be considered a personal inspection by the new chief overseer of the nation, a personal reconnaissance of the states committed to his charge.

October 15, 1789, he wrote in his diary,* "Commenced my journey about 9 o'clock for Boston. . . . Was accompanied by Major Jackson, Mr. Lear, and six servants as a retinue." At Worcester he found an aide of Major-General Brooks of the Middlesex militia to arrange details for a military parade on his arrival. To this Washington was averse, feeling that he came not in a military but a civil capacity. He sent word "to inform General Brooks that as I conceived there was an impropriety in my reviewing the militia or seeing them perform manœuvres otherwise than as a private man, I could do no more than pass along the lines." The next day he noted that the militia "made an excellent appearance with General Brooks at their head."

The formal visit to Boston was made and the general proceeded. On Thursday, October 29, he had a busy day. First he visited Cambridge. "After leaving Cambridge, at the distance of four miles we passed thru Mystic,† then Malden, next Lynn." On Friday the 30th he passed over the bridge between Salem and Beverly and comments in his diary, "This bridge is larger than that at Charlestown but shorter than the other over Mystic. All of them have drawbridges." This bridge was the newly finished one at Penny Ferry, now Malden or Wellington bridge. It had been built in 1787, and it was by this road that Washington now traveled to Malden and Lynn.

The record of this visit of General Washington is recorded in a very interesting manner. Caleb Swan, who lived in the old house still surviving as a part of the

* Washington's diary.

† Medford is commonly called Mystic in the old records. Cf. Goelet's diary.

Home for the Aged at Winthrop square, had a "Brooks' History of Medford" which he interleaved, and in which he recorded many notes of passing interest as commentaries on the text of the history. I am adding to this paper a copy from the interleaved paper, yellow with age, which he wrote concerning the visit of Washington:—

The visit of General Washington to General Brooks in 1789— (mentioned page 69) — was in the forenoon. He came on horseback, escorted by several gentlemen from Boston. Their horses were taken to the barn of Mr. Isaac Greenleaf nearly opposite the house of Dr. Osgood — where Capt. Ward from Salem afterwards built his house and died — and now owned and occupied by Mr. Thatcher Magoon, Jr.†

Mrs. Samuel Swan was then at school in the Town School kept by Mr. Prentiss — now Mr. Train's house — and next west of Genl. Brooks house.* — She remembers the children were all brought out in line in front of the School to see General Washington (every scholar held a quill in their hand —) Mr. Greenleaf's son Isaac, now living in Medford aged 80 — also remembers the visit — and that the horses were brought to his Father's barn.

Benjamin L. Swan remembers hearing of this visit, from Governor Brooks himself — while he was on a visit to Medford, he called on General Brooks, who invited him to go and see his fine bed of Mangel Wurtzel in his garden and while there, the General told him the last time he saw General Washington was on the above visit to him.

Mrs. Howe told Dr. Swan she remembers hearing Mrs. Ingraham speak of seeing General Washington on this visit. —June 15, 1859 Mrs. Howe also remembers hearing Mrs. Ingraham say she received a polite bow from General Washington as he passed her house — She was gaily dressed for the occasion.

Mrs. Howe also recollects Governor Brooks telling her that General Washington breakfasted with him.

Mrs. Abner Bartlett says Mrs. —— told her that Col. Brooks requested Mrs. Brooks to have some Indian corn cakes at breakfast as General Washington was fond of them.

One other record of Washington's visit is still left to us. Next the meeting-house, on its eastern side, stood the home of the minister, David Osgood, the fine old

* General Brooks lived at this time in a house to the West of the meeting-house, formerly called the Jonathan Watson House. The meeting-house was on the site of the present church of the First Parish (Unitarian). The school was to the west of General Brooks' House, the site later occupied by the Train House.

† Now St. Joseph's Convent.

house that is still the home of the minister of the First Parish. The house was almost new when Washington saw it, as the Rev. Mr. Osgood had built it for himself in 1784, and doubtless the minister and his family stood by the door to see the president ride by. At all events, Dr. Osgood kept a diary, beginning January 1, 1777, and ending December 5, 1822. This diary is still in the safe of our Medford Public Library, and there in tiny script can still be seen the entry, "Oct. 29 1789. Gen. Washington pasſ thro' ye town & calls (or called) upon Gen. Brooks. Fair."

There is one final service only, one debt of devotion that Medford could pay, and that was the sad service of remembrance. On yellowed paper in the library is the copy of the oration which General Brooks delivered in memory of General Washington on the day appointed for the recognition of his service to America. It must be that many of the boys and girls who had watched the president riding through Medford with a military escort crowded into the meeting-house, close beside the home of General Brooks where Washington had once breakfasted, to pay honor to him after death. A committee chosen by the town gave the following directions in a circular printed and circulated in the town:

1. At one o'clock P.M. the stores and shops of the town to be shut. The bell is to toll from one o'clock till the procession shall arrive at the meeting-house. The inhabitants to assemble at Union Hall, with a black crape or ribbon upon the left arm above the elbow, as mourning. The scholars of the town school to join the procession in a body. The procession to move at two o'clock under the direction of the committee.
2. Females, of all ages, are requested to wear black ribbons and to be seated in the meeting-house before the arrival of the procession.
3. Male strangers are requested to join the procession.
4. After the procession is seated, music suited to the occasion.
5. Prayer by the Rev. Dr. Osgood.
6. Music.
7. Eulogy, by the Hon. John Brooks, Esq.
8. Music. After which, the bell to toll till sunset.

The "Brooks' History of Medford" proceeds to say:

Everything was thus done by the town which could express grief at the loss or respect for the memory of the venerated chief. Gen. John Brooks, the companion in arms of the illustrious warrior, and one of his favorite friends, was the person, of all others, to deliver the public eulogy, and it was done on the 13th of January. On that day all business was suspended as on the sacred Sabbath, the shops closed, the flags at half-mast, the meeting-house robed in black, and every inhabitant dressed in mourning apparel; and these badges were continued for thirty days. In forming the funeral procession, the children of the town preceded; the military with muffled drums were in attendance as an escort; and the officers of the town, the chaplain and the orator were accompanied by strangers of distinction. The meeting-house was crowded to its utmost capacity and the funeral music and impressive prayers were in proper keeping with the solemnities of the commemoration.

The eulogy was afterwards printed with this title-page:

An eulogy on General Washington, delivered before the inhabitants of the town of Medford, agreeably to their vote and at the request of their committee on the 13th of January, 1800. By John Brooks, A.M., M.M.S. s and A.A.S. Printed by Samuel Hall, No. 53 Cornhill, Boston.

The Rev. Dr. Osgood, who had served his parish faithfully from the outbreak of the Revolution, also preached an appropriate sermon to his parish on Washington. This was printed by vote of the town, with Washington's farewell address, and a copy was given to each family. These old expressions of Medford's grief are still found in our public library. "When February 22d arrived, the meeting-house in Medford was open for religious exercises and the day was kept as sacred."* And through the two hundred years that have passed since that first celebration of his birthday, the name of Washington has lived in Medford not in tradition, but in the authentic history of the town and the townspeople that knew and loved and served with Washington.

* Brooks' History.

THE OLD TIME MEDFORD TOWN MEETING.

A PLAY.

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(*Continued from Vol. XXXIV, No. 3.*)

THE PROLOGUE AND THE FIRST, SECOND AND FOURTH SCENES BY WILSON FISKE, THE THIRD SCENE BY RUTH DAME COOLIDGE.

PRELUDE—SCENE III.

WHEN, on March 6, 1699/1700, the town authorized the building of a gallery for the meeting-house, it was voted that this should be divided, one half for the men and one half for the women, as was the floor below. At the town meeting on January 31, 1700/1701, the men voted to exclude the women from the gallery. Then something happened, but exactly what can be determined only by the results. In little over a month the men reassembled in town meeting and voted that the women should occupy their half of the gallery, " notwithstanding any former vote to the contrary."

What pressure did the patient and obedient wives of Medford exert on their husbands ?

It is with great hesitation that I permit the following interpretation of that pressure to go into the sacred pages of the REGISTER. The women of this little scene are carefully chosen from the old town records ; their ages, their families, even their grandmothers, are accurate. The house where they met, which commanded the meeting-house, is still standing, but the interpretation of the women's wrath and rebellion and their plot of revenge is such rank imagination that it could not stand save for the fact that it helped create a touch of fun in a serious evening's program by the First Parish and the Historical Society, and may go into print as a transcript of the attempt of the Society to make relive the days of olden Medford. The work of Mr. Fiske is based on the records and is accurate ; mine, however, though based on some records, is largely fancy.

RUTH DAME COOLIDGE.

SCENE III.

AN INDIGNATION MEETING AT THE BRADSHAW HOME.

January 31, $\frac{1700}{1701}$

"*Reckon not without the hostess.*"

(*John Bradshaw's home near the first meeting-house, January 31, 1700.*)

(*Still standing at the corner of High street and Hastings lane.*)

Molly Bradshaw, thirteen years, daughter of Mistress Mary Bradshaw, is discovered sweeping up the hearth with a wing.

(*Enter Mary Bradshaw, left.*)

MARY. Molly.

MOLLY. Yes, Mother.

MARY. 'Tis well thou art almost a woman grown and able well to help me.

MOLLY. It is my duty and my pleasure, ma'am.

MARY. Thou knowest well today is town meeting, and because our house doth stand so near the meeting-house, 'tis likely that some of the women of the Parish do call upon me the time our men are at the meeting.

MOLLY. Yes, mother, and surely all the women wish to know how the vote goes about the women in the gallery.

MARY. Aye, they are so earnest that they will venture out despite the cold. Now child, thou canst help me today by churning butter and peeling apples for a pie this noon.

MOLLY. Aye, father dearly loves deep apple pie.

MARY. And chiefly see to it that the younger children keep from under foot. See that Ruth doth work upon her sampler, and that John and Jonathan, albeit they are little, help in combing wool for my new coverlet.

MOLLY. Aye, mother, thou hast taught me Satan ever finds some work for idle hands to do.

MARY. And see that little Sara crawl not near the fire.

MOLLY. Yes, ma'am.

(*Enter John Bradshaw, left, bearing some extra wood for fireplace.*)

MARY. Hast thou surely eaten plenty for thy breakfast, John?

(*Exit Molly, center; John pats her on head as she passes him and she curtsies.*)

JOHN. Thou art a rare wife, Mary, and hast lined me most thoroughly with hasty pudding and with hot mince pie.

MARY. I do love to cook what pleaseth my husband.

JOHN. Thou canst not please me better than with mince pie for breakfast, and that thou knowest well.

MARY. I know that thou wouldst pleasure me as well — John — (*buttonholing him*).

JOHN. What is it, Mary? It grows toward eight o'clock and the meeting is called promptly.

MARY. I know, John, that thou art a deacon of the church, and doest all things as thy conscience bids, yet, if thou mayst, pray bear me in thy mind when thou votest today.

JOHN. Thou wouldst have me vote to let the women hold their half of the gallery?

MARY. Aye, John, they dearly love their chance to sit up yonder, and surely in God's sight they are equal with the men.

JOHN. Equal they surely be, yet good and helpful and able as they be, still — they be women and the weaker vessel.

MARY. But, John,—

(*Loud rapping at door, enter Stephen Francis, a man of fifty-five, with his young second wife, Hannah, both well swaddled in wraps.*)

FRANCIS. We may come in? Hannah here would come with me to call on Mistress Bradshaw while I did go to meeting.

HANNAH. I have been so long indoors, with the snowdrifts blocking the road, that I long to see some other face than my good husband's.

STEPHEN. What 's that, Hannah?

HANNAH. (*Hand under his chin.*) 'Tis all thou hast and I like it well, but sometimes I would see another, even if it were a woman's —

STEPHEN. Well, well, do as thou pleases, so long as thou dost interfere not with man's work.

(*Mary helps Hannah remove wrap.*)

HANNAH. And Stephen, thou wilt vote for the women to stay in the gallery, wilt thou not? (*She hangs on his arm.*)

STEPHEN. No! Thou belongest on the floor and so the other women.

HANNAH. (*Who is used to wheedling.*) But, Stephen —

STEPHEN. Paul says that women must cover their heads in church, but he did not mean that they should sit up in the balcony and see how other women are covering theirs. No, I say.

HANNAH. But, Stephen, I only wished to see whether Madam Wade had received a bonnet from England.

STEPHEN. (*Throwing up his hands.*) Plague take the women. Next thou wilt be demanding a bonnet from England for thyself. Come quickly, Bradshaw, lest they press us further. (*Molly brings in John's cape and hat and exits.*)

MARY. John, thou wouldst not care to take my little foot-stove with thee today? (*Lifts foot-stove from hearth.*)

JOHN. Foot-stove, ptah! Wouldst make a woman of me today? Tut, tut! keep thy luxuries for thyself, Mary, and (*gently*) keep thy own sphere too. No woman graces it better. (*Exeunt men, stage right. Mary goes to window and watches him as he goes down the street.*)

HANNAH. I do confess I am sorely curious about the town meeting.

MARY. So feel we all. 'Twould not perhaps have been so hard had not the men most freely granted us the right to sit in one half of the gallery when first they built it new.

HANNAH. Aye, in full town meeting too!

MARY. And now they suddenly repent and threaten to exclude the women utterly from the gallery!

HANNAH. Methinks we are like naughty children who have whispered in meeting. I confess myself still angry. I am not through with Stephen Francis yet!

(*Enter stage, right, Mistress Jemima Hall, wife of John Hall, and sister-in-law to Mary Bradshaw.*)

JEMIMA. Good morrow, sister Mary, I did ride up with John on a pillion to spend the morning with thee. Hast thou no spinning that I may do?

MARY. Thou art most welcome, and thy labor, too. Thy children are well?

(*Enter Molly, left, with work in her hand.*)

MOLLY. Oh, mother, see, here doth come Mistress Peter Tufts and her daughter, Anna!* Master Tufts is helping them from out the sleigh.

MARY. 'Tis a great honor, Molly. We 'll welcome them. (*Exeunt Mary and Molly, right.*)

HANNAH. (*Who has dropped her work and is standing by the window.*) The men are stamping their feet. 'Twill be a short session I mistrust.

JEMIMA. I declare! Anna Tufts hath with her John Brocus with whom her banns were cried last Sunday — a fine strapping lad.

HANNAH. Aye, but too masterful. I 'd as lief be an old man's darling, methinks, as a young man's drudge.

JEMIMA. And look you! There doth come Madam Wade† herself in her sleigh, all wrapped in bearskin. This is honor indeed!

HANNAH. Honor is it, or curiosity? She doth fare abroad most mavelously since her husband died.

JEMIMA. He died and left her the richest woman in town, and a pew on the floor in the meeting-house, and the liberty to go where she would. Methinks she doth not mourn as one that would not be comforted in her old age.

HANNAH. She is coming up the steps and Mary is still helping Mistress Tufts while she warms herself by the kitchen fire. Let us welcome her.

(*Exeunt Hannah and Jemima, left. Enter, right, Anna Tufts, followed by John Brocus.*)

ANNA. (*Petulantly.*) Most certainly thou hast a right to thy own opinion. I never said thou hadst not.

JOHN BROCUS. But, Anna, thou knowest thou art the one woman in the world for me, but when it comes to the others sitting in the gallery and whispering and ogling — they do corrupt the young men.

* Residents of the Cradock or Peter Tufts house at this time. Peter Tufts was representative to the General Court.

† Mistress of the Wade house, the brick house on Bradlee Road.

ANNA. The young men! What dost thou mean?

JOHN. Thou must have seen last Sunday, even after our banns were read, how William Pattin did stare upon thee.

ANNA. William Pattin!

JOHN. Aye, thou needst not start because I found it out. Mind thee, dear Anna, after we are wed I shall not bear it that another man stare my wife out of countenance. I shall protect thee, Anna.

ANNA. And thou wouldst vote the women out of their places in the gallery because forsooth William Pattin did make sheep's eyes at thy property—

JOHN. Property! No sane man would call thee property, Anna, leastwise not until after he had married thee (*puts his arm about her*). Sometimes methinks the days of witchcraft are not done, and thou art a witch who hast charmed the heart clean from my breast.

ANNA. Then thou wouldst vote as thy little witch directs thee for the women in the gallery?

JOHN. What, and let William Pattin feast his eyes on thee and ogle at thee all the sermon long! No, not I!

ANNA. (*Wrenching herself free.*) Then thou must know I'll have no further banns read for thee and me! I be no witch before marriage nor no property after! And I shall be free to smile at William Pattin an I will!

JOHN. But, Anna—

ANNA. Nay, go, go, go! I'll have no more of thee, and 'tis well I found out betimes the tyrant thou wouldst prove. Farewell!

(*John slams on his hat and exit, right.*)

(*Enter, left, Mercy Tufts, Anna's stepmother, and Mary Bradshaw.*)

MERCY. What was that, Anna, a lover's quarrel?

ANNA. Truly I do love him, mother, but I will not marry him an he votes to drive the women from the gallery.

MERCY. I did think he loved to watch thee in the gallery, Anna.

ANNA. He is jealous, mother, of William Pattin, and every maiden knows that William Pattin only looked at me because Abigail Willis sat beside me.

MERCY. And didst thou tell him William Pattin was wooing Abigail?

ANNA. (*Sniffing.*) Nay, why should I? Let him think what he will, if he do not think me true. I will marry no man who will not grant I am his peer to sit beside him in the gallery.

MERCY. But thy father, Anna, hath set his heart upon this marriage, and a father's will is law.

ANNA. Mother, thou knowest father is too kind and fair to enforce this marriage without my due consent.

MERCY. Aye, thy father, child, I 'm sure will pleasure thee.

(*Enter stage, left, Hannah and Jemima, escorting Madam Wade. Mary Bradshaw goes to meet her while the others curtsy.*)

MADAM WADE. Good morrow, my good townswomen. (*They help her remove wraps.*)

MARY BRADSHAW. We do rejoice to see you here among us.

MADAM WADE. As I do to see you. (*She advances to a chair in center.*) My position in the town necessitates a knowledge of the town's concerns, and I would do what woman may to see that they go well. (*Takes snuff.*)

MERCY TUFTS.* My grandmother, Anna Bradstreet, did believe that town affairs should be the interest of every educated woman.

MADAM WADE. Especially when the business of the meeting doth so concern us women.

MARY BRADSHAW. Aye, we women all do marvel what did cause the men to doubt if it were seemly that the women sit in the gallery.

MADAM WADE. Thou knowest my pew is on the floor near the pulpit and I do not see what passeth in the gallery.

MERCY. I too do sit on the floor, but thou, good Mistress Francis, thou sittest in the gallery and mayst guess perchance what did hap there to make men change their minds.

HANNAH. Because we saw too much.

MADAM WADE. Why, tell us what thou sawest from the gallery, Hannah!

HANNAH. Aye, marry, I did see thy new and charming bonnet, straight from England, was it not, Madam Wade?

MADAM WADE. Well, I confess it was, my dear. But then thou knowest my position in town doth demand that I should dress beseemly.

HANNAH. That hat, dear Madam Wade, beseemed thee well. And I said to Stephen such a hat as that would well become me too.

MADAM WADE. And what said he then?

HANNAH. He said I paid more heed to Wade than Woodbridge† and to bonnets than to Bible.

MADAM WADE. How very unreasonable. What, pray, would be the use of importing bonnets with great expense from the mother country and not wearing them to meeting?

*Mercy Tufts was daughter of Rev. Seaborn Cotton by his wife Dorothy Bradstreet, daughter of Gov. Simon Bradstreet by his wife Ann Dudley, the poetess.

†Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge was the first minister of the first meeting-house.

MERCY TUFTS. My grandmother, Anne Bradstreet, the first New England poetess, as ye know, did say that women all should honor the Lord with their best, and surely that would be with the best our wardrobes do command.

HANNAH. I am still angry toward Stephen Francis, but I think he will buy me a new bonnet from London ere I be through with him.

MADAM WADE. 'Twill cost him a pretty penny, but look thou get it from him. Tell me what else thou sawest, for surely a good bonnet is naught amiss.

HANNAH. Why, I did mark last Sabbath how our Anna here did blush when the banns were read 'twixt her and her intended, and how John Brocus did swell like a turkey cock with pride. (*Laughter.*)

ANNA. Perchance he 'll lose some feathers ere he strut again. And didst thou mark how William Pattin did make eyes at Abigail Willis ?

MERCY. Well, all the world doth love a lover, and I do believe the good Lord doth himself. My grandmother, Anne Bradstreet, who was the daughter of one governor and the wife of another, did write on lovers.

MADAM WADE. And what else sawest thou, Anna ?

ANNA. Why, beshrew me if I did not see John Hall go fast asleep last Sunday and the tithing man come marching up (*she imitates with a cane*) and tap him on the bald pate with the rabbit's foot. He jumped as he had seen an angry spirit.

JEMIMA. He saw an angry spirit when he did get home. I did scold him well for disgracing all the family by sleeping under Mr. Woodbridge's nose.

MADAM WADE. But it might make him angry to be seen from the gallery. And what else, Anna ?

ANNA. And I did see good Mistress Bradshaw's children crowding round her footstove striving which should warm his little hands.

MARY BRADSHAW. It was so cold I gave them greater liberty than the dignity of holy worship did mayhap permit.

ANNA. And I could see the face of the Willis baby, that was christened the morning after birth, grow purple as the frozen water from the font did touch her.

MADAM WADE. Poor infant ! Oftentimes I wish that the meeting-house were as warm as my home and that of Mistress Tufts. Their good brick walls are surely built to last three centuries.

MOLLY BRADSHAW. (*Entering left.*) Oh, mother, I cannot make the butter come !

ANNA. Let me help thee, Mary. I do feel as I would love to beat on something, were it only buttermilk. (*Exeunt Anna and Molly, Anna gesticulating with her fists.*)

MARY BRADSHAW. (*Glancing out of the window.*) The meeting must be long. I see no sign of life about the meeting-house save the swishing tails of the horses in the shed.

MADAM WADE. Wilt thou not sing us one of thy old ballads, Mistress Hall, whilst we do wait? Perchance our heedless tongues will rest a bit.

JEMIMA. I 'll gladly do so. Wilt thou hear the old tale of Barbara Allen?

ALL. Pray sing.

(*Jemima sings a ballad while Mary rocks the baby and the others are busy at their tasks. As she closes, Abigail Willis enters, left, with Anna Tufts. They stand at door and listen to last few verses.*)

MADAM WADE. Charming, my dear.

MARY BRADSHAW. I do love to hear thee sing, sister Jemima. And here is Abigail. Thou art welcome, Abigail.

ABIGAIL. (*A small, shy maiden, curtsies.*) Thank thee, Mistress Bradshaw; and I rejoice I came in time to hear thee sing, Mistress Hall.

ANNA. I marvel how in olden days these rejected lovers all did die of love. I should not do so; nay, nor will John Brocus, either. (*Exit.*)

MARY BRADSHAW. Is there aught that I can do for thee, Abigail?

ABIGAIL. My aunt did beg I would come here this morn and see if thou didst have an extra share of camomile and thoroughwort.

MARY BRADSHAW. Why, surely, I have plenty. But tell me, who is sick?

ABIGAIL. The baby has been ailing ever since she was christened in the meeting-house.

JEMIMA. Mayhap God saw and marked her for his own. Six children have I borne and of the six he hath borne three away.

(*Mary Bradshaw kneels beside cradle and puts her hand over the sleeping child.*)

MERCY TUFTS. And I have had eight children and of those but two are living. (*Drops hands in her lap.*) Sometimes I do think —

MADAM WADE. I know what I do think — that God might longer spare our little ones an they breathed not quite so soon the cold air of our meeting-house.

MERCY. But suppose they died without baptism, would you consign them, then, to everlasting wrath?

MARY BRADSHAW. 'Tis cruel hard for us New England women to lose so many children. But we do strive to be good helpmates to our husbands, and serve our God in peace and quietness.

HANNAH. Sometimes methinks the whole of this new world doth rest upon the frail shoulders of us women. We card and spin, and weave and dye, and bake and cook, and cut and sew. What woman of us but has ached from stooping o'er the fire or standing by the loom? Do we not labor all day long as tireless as our husbands, and then by the light of the fire still keep our fingers busy with knitting and spinning? And at night the care of the house and the children is still on us. We murmur not, but yet at times we ask, have we not shared your labor, and is not ours a half of the reward? (*All stop, spellbound.*)

MADAM WADE. Thou speakest for us all.

MERCY. And we do ask but little, but a few seats in the gallery.

MARY BRADSHAW. A little love and romance in our dull week's work.

HANNAH. The worm will turn, will it not, at last?

MADAM WADE. Aye, and 'twas the last straw that broke the camel's back. Wait till we hear how they vote. Are the doors yet open of the meeting-house?

JEMIMA. (*At window.*) Nay, 'tis still quiet.

MARY BRADSHAW. The baby is asleep and I do wonder whether ye all would care to see the coverlet that I am weaving on the loom in the spare chamber. My dyes were good and the pattern is chariot wheels. Methinks it is right pretty and I would that you might care to see it.

(*All women rise, speaking as they make their way out.*)

MERCY. I do love chariot wheels.

JEMIMA. Is the dye of indigo?

HANNAH. My weaving is what makes me happiest.

(*All exeunt, stage center, except Abigail, who is held back by Anna, entering stage right.*)

ANNA. Oh, Abigail, I have broke my troth with John!

ABIGAIL. Have broke your troth? Why, surely, what did he?

ANNA. He would not vote to let the women share the foregallery and did say that I and women all were men's property.

ABIGAIL. And didst break thy troth for that? Why, truly, Anna, if I could have the man I loved I 'd gladly be his property — and sit on the roof-top, if he so willed.

ANNA. 'Tis fortunate thou lovest a kindly man, for William Pattin would not say a cross word to a bear an it began to hug him.

ABIGAIL. He 'd not say a cross word to me.

ANNA. Not an thou wert a bear. He 'd say — even a bear has its good points. (*Opens her arms and simulates a hug.*)

ABIGAIL. Fie, fie! Why sayest thou William Pattin? Dost thou think—

ANNA. Think? I know! I sit not in the gallery with mine eyes shut. Thou naughty girl! Didst think he made sheep's eyes at me? (*Looks out of window.*) Wait! Wait a moment! (*Dashes from room, stage right.*)

ABIGAIL. (*At window.*) 'Tis William himself and Anna is calling him from the doorstep. Mercy, someone is coming from the meeting-house! I do believe—yes, it is none other than John Brocus! Alack! what will he think?

(*Enter Anna, stage right, leading William Pattin.*)

ANNA. Here is no partition to divide ye two as in the gallery of the meeting-house. Thou hast cause to rejoice at the women in the gallery, hast thou not, William?

(*William walks toward Abigail and takes her hand.*)

ANNA. Thou wouldst vote for the women in the gallery, wouldst thou not, William?

WILLIAM. I did do so, and gladly.

ABIGAIL. But thou knowst I would not sit save where my father and — and — my husband did deem it right for me to sit. (*Anna makes a face and retires to other part of room.*)

WILLIAM. (*Putting his arm about her.*) But that is by my side, is it not, Abigail? Thou timid little maiden, thou dost know I have waited long for a chance to tell thee so, and would not now had not Anna helped me out. (*He lowers his voice, while Anna ostentatiously turns her back and pokes the fire. He kisses Abigail.*)

ABIGAIL. William, William, thou must not! Suppose that they should find us! (*Abigail runs off stage, left. Enter unobserved, stage right, John Brocus. William wheels around and comes to Anna with out-stretched hands.*)

WILLIAM. God bless thee, Anna. I do owe thee more than ever I can tell thee.

JOHN BROCUS. Not long has it taken thee to profit by the breaking of thy troth. Hailing another man, boldfaced, on the public street and bearing him into the house where thou mightst be with him alone. Off with the old love, on with the new. I am well rid of my bargain.

ANNA. And I, too, thou jealous, suspicious tyrant.

(*William starts to speak but Anna silences him.*)

JOHN. Thou mayst be glad to know that the men have voted to exclude the women from the gallery, false, prying, ungodly females. (*Exit, stage right.*)

ANNA. Nay, tell him not the truth, William. I beg thee conceal the matter a few days.

WILLIAM. I am sorry, Anna.

ANNA. Nay, grieve not. I am happy for thee and Abigail. (*Exit William, stage right. Anna is silent a few moments, wiping her eyes a little tremulously.*)

(*Reenter all the women, stage center, murmuring as they come, "Right pretty." "Well woven." "Good color." "Fine design."*)

ANNA. John Brocus hath been here and he doth say the men have voted to exclude the women from the gallery.

MADAM WADE. They never dared!

MERCY TUFTS. 'Tis an injustice!

HANNAH. All because I did so love to see the newest bonnets.

MARY BRADSHAW. They think their consciences do guide them.

ANNA. I think they be all jealous lest we look more freely than we might. (*Other women gather in back, discussing.*)

JEMIMA. Tut, tut, child! thou art angered over thy broken troth.

ANNA. It angers me they tell me where to sit. No man shall bid me marry him as if I were his dog.

ABIGAIL. But I do believe she still loves John Brocus.

ANNA. No, not I. (*Women come forward.*)

HANNAH. I do believe that if we women all did bind ourselves together in a pact we could compel our husbands to see reason. I can twist Stephen around my finger.

JEMIMA. I am willing to assist, if we could make them to rescind the vote. But what would you suggest?

MARY BRADSHAW. The way to every man's heart is through his stomach, every woman knows.

MERCY TUFTS. We could not starve them.

MARY BRADSHAW. No, but we could fail to serve them something they did yearn upon.

MADAM WADE. I will tell thee what will touch their stomachs most.

ALL. What is it?

MADAM WADE. Pie. Give them no pie till they rescind the vote.

ALL. No pie!

MERCY. No squash pie, golden from the oven?

MADAM WADE. No squash pie.

MARY BRADSHAW. No pumpkin pie, spicy with cinnamon?

MADAM WADE. No pumpkin pie.

JEMIMA. No venison pasty?

MADAM WADE. No venison pasty.

HANNAH. No apple pie, juicy and sweet?

MADAM WADE. No apple pie.

ANNA. Nor of the blueberries we picked in the woods and dried on the attic floor?

MADAM WADE. No blueberry pie.

ABIGAIL. No mince pie? (*Voice is almost tragic.*)

MADAM WADE. No mince pie.

ALL. I agree.

ABIGAIL. But suppose our fathers order us to make them pie?

ANNA. We can have an accident; there can be, — too much salt in the pie, or — some pepper in the pastry.

MADAM WADE. (*To Abigail.*) What hast thou in thy hand, child?

ABIGAIL. Some camomile and thoroughwort I am taking to my aunt for little Susannah.

MADAM WADE. Perchance a sprinkling of herbs from the kitchen ceiling might befall the pie and do the men no great harm. (*Laughter.*)

(*Enter Molly, stage right.*)

MOLLY. See, the meeting is over and the men are coming. (*Exit.*)

MADAM WADE. I will be gone. Thy coverlet is very pretty, Mistress Bradshaw. And you will have more time, methinks, to weave when the cooking is made easier. (*Exit.*)

JEMIMA. Farewell, sister. But I do not know what John will say when he sees no custard pie.

MARY BRADSHAW. Perchance 'twill make his disposition softer. (*Exit Jemima, right.*)

MERCY. We 'll do our part, though I do believe that Peter Tufts did vote for us. He will not forget that my grandmother was Anne Bradstreet. (*Exit Mercy.*)

HANNAH. I'll see that Stephen Francis is a pieless man, and I 'll get me a new bonnet from it, too. (*Exit Hannah.*)

ANNA. Let them be pious for we 'll see they 're pieless. (*Exit Anna.*)

ABIGAIL. She ever has her joke, dear Mistress Bradshaw. Thank thee for the herbs, and if I needs must mix them in the pie —

MARY BRADSHAW. Thy father may sweat a little for it, but 'twill do him no real harm.

(*Goes quickly to the door, calls "Molly." Enter Molly with a dish of apples she is paring.*)

MARY BRADSHAW. We will have no apple pie for dinner. We 'll change that venison pasty into a stew with carrots and parsnips.

MOLLY. But mother, father likes not stew, and when Indian John gave him the deer he did say that we then should have some venison pasty.

MARY BRADSHAW. We shall have stew, with plenty of carrots. And the apples, I have decided we shall make them into applesauce for the children.

MOLLY. And our dessert, mother? Why not the apple pie?

MARY BRADSHAW. No pies at present, and mayhap our men may learn the taste of a new kind of pie.

MOLLY. And that is?

MARY BRADSHAW. Humble pie.

EARLY MEDFORD RECORDS.

$\frac{1700}{1701}$ william pattin of cambridge and abigail willis of medford maried. — the 24th day of June 1700, John Brocus & Anna Tufts was maried. —

SCENE IV.

THE TOWN AGAIN. March 3, $\frac{1700}{1701}$

"*Humble pie.*"

CURTAIN.

Town meeting in session. Peter Tufts, Moderator; John Bradshaw, Clerk.

MODERATOR. What is 't I hear? Do I attend aright?
Good Brother Francis, dost thou mean in fact
Thou wouldst the women still may freely sit,
Upon the Lord's day, in the gallery,
The men their neighbors;—being both beyond
The view of seats, of pulpit and of pew?
Methought thou wert, aforetime, when on this
We held debate, most zealous for the strict
Observance of the strictest of the strict
Requirements of propriety. Dost thou
Abate thy zeal?

FRANCIS. I said not quite so much.
Nay, in my motion made but now, I did
Intend that forasmuch as it doth seem
There are amongst us some who like not well
The rule we late adopted, touching this
Vexed seating question, it were fit they have
Fair opportunity some plan to name
May better fit their views, and to the rest

May be not unacceptable. I moved
For reconsideration of our vote —
No more.

BRADSHAW. Aye, Master Moderator, those
Who find our late resolve offensive, or
Who doubt its wisdom, or its good effect
Upon the peace we all would fain preserve,
Should have occasion better ways to show.

PATTIN. 'Tis hinted there be those whose womenfolk
Do call themselves ill-fared that, if there be
Some fear of unbecoming levity,
Themselves, and not the men be thus sought out
For censure.

FRANCIS. Are the men not prone as they
To slip the other side of modesty ?
And for their piety, their reverence,
Their dutiful obedience to the least
Requirement for the show of all respect
For things and times and places holiest
Will any hold our women are surpassed ?

MODERATOR. Thou reasons 't well. Wilt now a motion make ?

FRANCIS. Why, no, I did but mention how I heard
'Twas held. I'll preach no soft indulgences
Nor counsel vacillations on our part
Not I.

WHITMORE. Uneasy rests my patience in
The face of arguments like this. Too much
We hear of rights of women, — and their wrongs
As well. Bethink ye ! Independence lifts
Its hard and stubborn head amidst our homes.
Are not our wives and daughters softly bred ?
Protected by our laws, our loves, our arms ?
And shall, forsooth, the women play, for that,
The mentor to the men, and set the laws
For our behavior ? Let them sit below
And save themselves the stair.

BRADSHAW. Thou art severe
Good Brother John. Thy withers are unwrung
I 'm sure. Thou art not wont thus fiery hot
To speak. I ever think of thee as one
All kind and gentle with his folk.

BROCUS. And for
Thy scorn of independence, — was it not
For this our fathers braved the wilderness
And conquered it? I 've heard thee tell the tale
An hundred times. And none can better tell't.

BRADSHAW. 'Tis even so. But somehow I know not
What is to do. I would —

MODERATOR. Perchance I may
A venture make. If you — or some of us
Will move — I think we 're ready for it now —
Reversal of our vote upon this point
Of seating in the gallery, why then
We 'll answer yea or nay, and show how we
Our own minds know, and mean our way to have.
Such move would bring a test. The mover e'en
May vote against it if he will.

BRADSHAW. I make
Such motion; with proviso that we vote
With corn and beans.

MODERATOR. The Clerk will so prepare.

(*Each voter passes before the Clerk's desk and receives one bean and one kernel of corn. When all are served* —)

MODERATOR. The Clerk will read the motion as 'tis put.
Each man will drop one ballot in the box.
The corn doth stand for aye, the beans for nay.

CLERK. (*Reads*) "'Tis put to vote whether the town will part the front gallery in the midst, the one half for men and the other half for women, notwithstanding any former vote to the contrary."

(*All pass the Clerk again, each man dropping a ballot in the Clerk's box. The box is opened by the Clerk and emptied on the table. No beans are found.*)

(*During the reading of the motion Anna Tufts appears at a window upstage. The men being all attentive to the reading and therefore turned from her, do not see her. As the men in voting file slowly past the Clerk's box, which is down-stage, Anna scales the window, climbs on the Clerk's chair and looks over their heads. She is the first to discover the result of the vote and exclaims, almost with a shriek.*)

ANNA. THERE ARE NO BEANS! THERE ARE NO BEANS!

(*Anna jumps quickly from the chair, terrified by her own temerity in intruding upon the meeting. The Moderator, her father, recovering from his incredulous amazement, reaches for her sleeve with some idea of disciplinary action, while Brocus, her lover, makes as if to embrace her, encouraged by her discovery that he has voted as she demanded, but*

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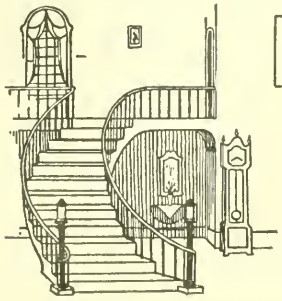

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